MOLTON FAMILY
AND
KINSMEN

THOMAS HUNTER MOLTON

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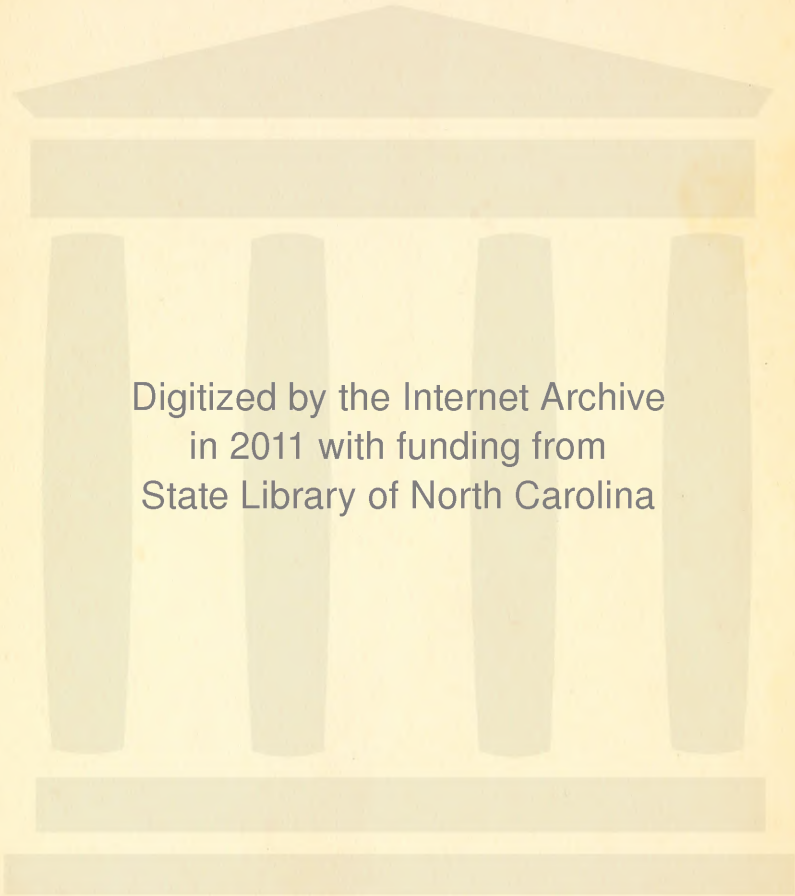
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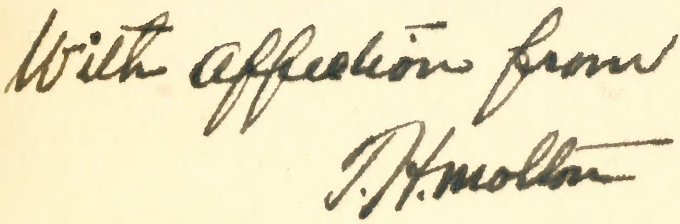
MOLTON FAMILY AND KINSMEN



North Carolina State Library
Raleigh

MOLTON FAMILY

and

KINSMEN

Hooks, Hunter, Whitfield, Linn, Tuttle,
Henley, Harris, Summerlin, Ware,
Glover, Smith, Williams, Upmann
and others.

Reminiscences to the year 1857

BY

THOMAS HUNTER MOLTON
III

1922

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A FOREWORD

SOME one has said that man can immortalize himself by doing one of three things: Plant a tree, get married and have children, or write a book. I have taken unto myself two wives, have become the father of four fine children, and have planted hundreds of trees, so I might well say that I need not write a book; but I am induced to write—not a book, but a small story telling something of my family and my own personal life. This story I dedicate to my children and grandchildren and in memory of my wife and son who have passed to the Great Beyond.

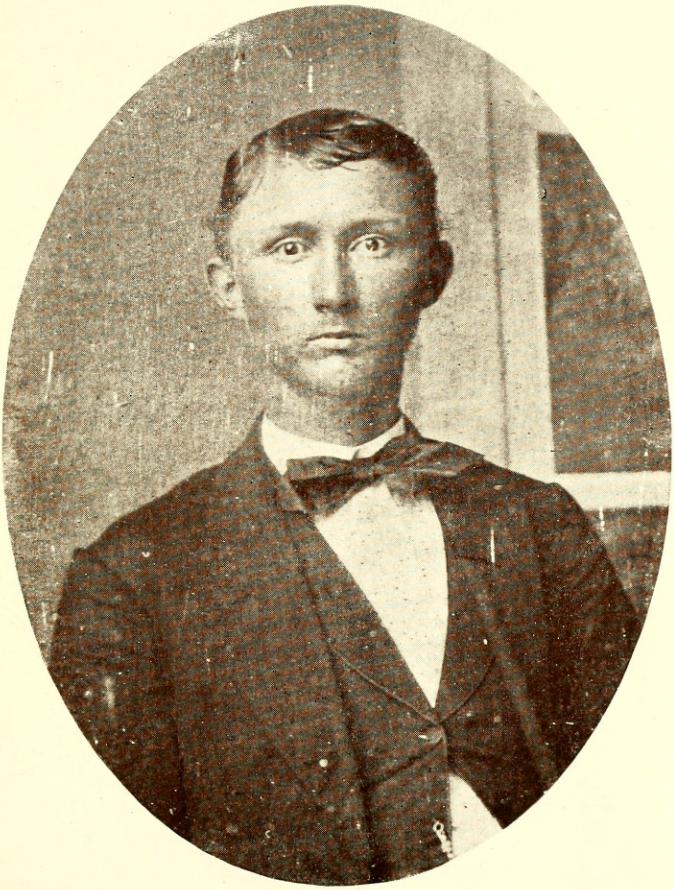
About twelve years ago, when my boy was living, I thought that it would be interesting to him in the years to come to know something of his ancestors, who they were and what they were. Having that thought in mind, I gathered much information, quite sufficient to write a book. This information being gotten at different times, I placed it in a scrapbook, much more than I propose to relate in this story.

I idolized my boy, and his death was such a shock to me I abandoned the idea of making any attempt to write this story. But now, after a lapse of ten years, I am induced by members of my family and friends to give to posterity information that no other living person can give. I am the eldest member of the family of my generation and feel some sense of duty to perform what I once intended as a pleasure.

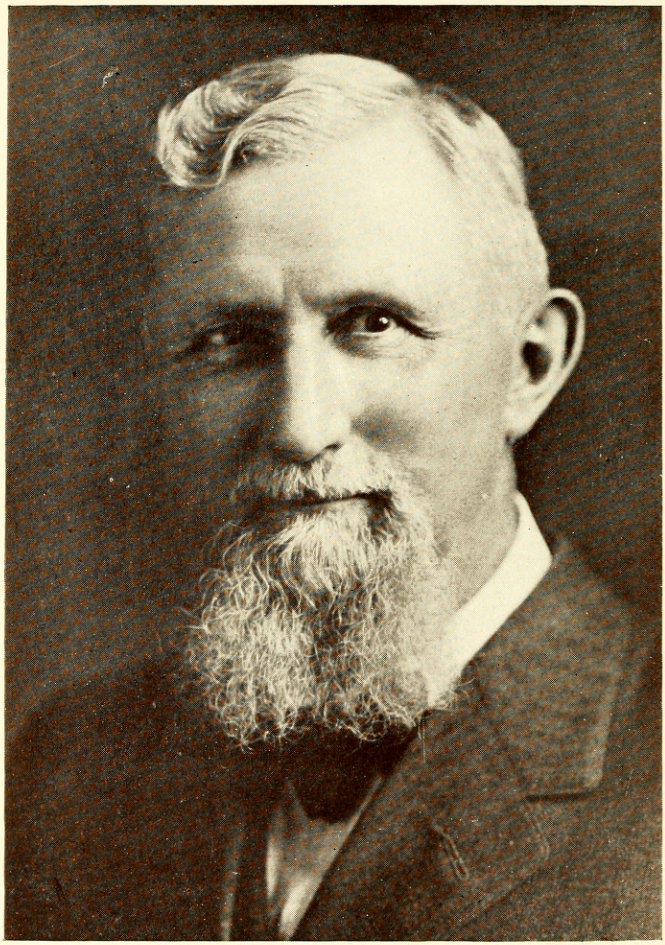
My children may not appreciate my effort now, but I have confidence that the time will come when they will be interested and glad that their father did write.

Thomas Hunter Molton.

Fairhope, Alabama,
July, 1922.



Thomas Hunter Molton
Age 18 Years



THOMAS HUNTER MOLTON

THE MOLTON FAMILY

Beginning with Abraham Molton, a Major in the Revolutionary War

THE first Molton, so far as I have been able to trace, was Abraham, a Major in the Revolutionary War. According to his will, found in the records of Duplin County, North Carolina, he had sons and daughters as follows: John, Murael, Abraham, Patience C. and Elizabeth, and mention is made of a grandson, Abraham Hall, grandson Molton Dickson, grandson James Hall, and of his son-in-law, Jesse Peacock.

I engaged Professor Heman S. Shaw of Wilmington, North Carolina, to search the records in several counties as to the Molton family, and his report, quite lengthy, states that John Molton, son of Abraham, was quite active in Revolutionary times, and after the war was sheriff of Duplin County and one of the signers of an Oath of Allegiance, which, Professor Shaws says, was virtually a Declaration of Independence on the part of the signers. He says the most distinguished member of the Revolutionary period in that county was Colonel Abraham Molton, whose name appears in colonial records as far back as 1754, also in Volume 15, page 499.

Mention is made by Professor Shaw of Jacob Molton, probably the brother or near relative of Col. Abraham Molton, who in 1786 received 97 £ 4s for services in the Revolution.

He also mentions correspondence with Brigadier-General Alexander Lillington and Gov. Burke, all of which goes to show that Col. Abraham Molton was prominent in civil as well as in military life.

I found in my search for interesting data in regard to Major Abraham Molton in January, 1907, in a number of the North Carolina booklet published by the North Carolina Society Daughters of the Revolution,

editors Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton and Mrs. E. E. Hoffett, "Midway Plantation," Raleigh, N. C., the following reference to Major Abraham Molton:

"After the departure of Cornwallis, Craig's forces first proceeded to New Berne with the purpose of subduing all the country east of the Northeast River, and on June 28, 1781, Gen. Lillington sent a dispatch from Richlands, Onslow County, to Major Abraham Molton in Duplin, informing him that the British with about eight hundred Tories and regulars were advancing from Rutherford's Mill towards Richlands, and instructing him to muster all the forces he could without delay. Molton immediately informed Gov. Burke of the situation and proceeded to raise a levy of troops in Duplin."
Colonial Records, Vol. XV., pp. 496 and 499.

The above named Miss Mary Hilliard Hinton was official artist for the state of North Carolina, and from her I procured a coat of arms of the Whitfield family.

In the will of Abraham Molton, no mention is made of his son Michael, but Professor Shaw states that Michael Molton lived in Duplin and in that part of Bladen, formerly known as New Hanover. He represented the county in the House of Commons in 1804-5, and was a son of Colonel Abraham Molton. Michael Molton moved to Tennesee and was Colonel of a regiment in General Jackson's army. I have authentic information in regard to the career of this soldier. He went with his regiment on three expeditions down the Mississippi River and participated in the Battle of New Orleans in 1812 when Jackson whipped the British as the final battle between the United States and Great Britian, known as the War of 1812. After this war was over, Colonel Michael Molton continued in the service of the Government and with his regiment came with General Jackson down through Alabama to quell the troublesome Indians, and Colonel Michael Molton with his regiment participated in the Battle of Horseshoe Bend, in Tallapoosa County, Alabama. In that battle his son, Lieutenant Clark Molton, was killed. Further reference to this branch of the family I propose to make hereafter.

Professor Shaw states that the last member of the Molton family in North Carolina was John T. Molton, who lived at a railway station named Moltonville, situated near Clinton. He married Nancy McCallop, widow of James McCallop, and her maiden name was Faison.

I am indebted to Mrs. Noverline Molton Baldwin of Beaumont, Tex., for much information in regard to the elder members of the Molton family. It was not my privilege or pleasure to know her until December, 1912, and then it was by chance that I found out who she was. She was born in Montgomery, a great-granddaughter of Col. Michael Molton and granddaughter of John Edmonson. She wrote an interesting letter to the Montgomery Advertiser on the subject of the early days of that city, signing her full name, and I then wrote and asked her where she got the name "Molton." She replied, and we had considerable correspondence. I became so much interested I took a trip to Beaumont, where I was entertained by her and her two daughters, Mrs Bettis and Mrs. Stroeck. The daughters, like their mother, are very large and handsome ladies. Mrs. Baldwin had two very large scrapbooks full of family history dating back to Revolutionary time; and from these records I learned much that I had never heard of before. It was my pleasure to have Mrs. Baldwin visit me in Birmingham and I went with her to Montgomery and saw the place where she was born and the location of John Edmonson's home.

A DILIGENT SEARCH

My father and his brothers and sisters all died when I was young, and none of them left any family record, so it has required quite a search to get authentic information, but from a diligent search made by me and deductions by Professor Shaw, I undertake to say that my grandfather, Major Thomas Molton, was the son of John Molton, and his mother was a Miss James. So far as I can learn, my grandfather, Major Thomas Molton, had only one brother, who moved to Missouri

from North Carolina about the time grandfather moved to Alabama, and one sister, Kitty Peacock, the wife of William Peacock, who came to Alabama and settled in Montgomery. My grandfather's first wife was Sarah, daughter of General Ward of Duplin County, North Carolina. They had two daughters, Sarah and Eliza, both of whom married Templeton Reed, sheriff of Montgomery County, Alabama, and died when young women. My grandfather's second wife was Catherine, daughter of Honorable Charles Hooks, for many years member of Congress from Duplin District, North Carolina. By this marriage he had five sons and four daughters: Charles Hooks (my father), William Peacock, Thomas James, Robert Hogan and Marshall Harris; daughters, Narcissa J., Julia Ann, Catherine A. and Sarah Eliza.

My father, Colonel Charles Hooks Molton, was born in Duplin County, North Carolina, on August 18, 1825. He died at the old Molton homestead, Laurel Hill, in Elmore County, Alabama, on October 3, 1871, and was buried in a cemetery in the city of Montgomery. He and my mother, Julia Ann Hunter (daughter of John and Elizabeth Whitfield Hunter), were married in the old Croom home in Greensboro, Alabama, in 1846. Their children were as follows: Son, died in infancy in 1847; Lizzie Whitfield, born July 20, 1849, died in Jefferson County, Alabama, December 31, 1905; Sallie Collier, born April 24, 1851, died in Birmingham, October 21, 1878; Thomas Hunter, born in Montgomery County, Alabama, November 15, 1853, still living; Julia, born in Montgomery County, March 24, 1856, died May 24, 1857; Charles Hooks, born in Montgomery County, August 9, 1858, still living in Birmingham; Annie Julia, born in the city of Montgomery, March 2, 1861, living in Birmingham; William Forrest, born in the city of Montgomery, June 3, 1863, living in Birmingham; Robert Marshall, born at the old Molton place, Elmore County, January 20, 1866, living in Birmingham.

My eldest sister, Lizzie Whitfield, married Andrew

J. Terrell, a splendid man and a good husband. He lives in Bibb County, Alabama. My brother Charlie married, not until he was 45 years of age, his third cousin, Mrs. Bessie Jane Wadsworth, nee Harris; they have no children. My sister Annie married Charles J. Smith, and had seven children, three of whom are still living: Hunter Molton, Lelia Jordan Torgerson, and Joseph Riley III. Brother Will married Betty Hurt, and they have three daughters: Mary, married William C. Patrick; Haywood, married Curtis Bush Hasty, and Annie, unmarried. Robert married Mary Gohlson, and has one daughter, Amelia Embry. Sallie never was married.

My father's eldest full sister was Narcissa Jane, born December 3, 1821, in Duplin County, North Carolina. She first married John Henley, and her second husband was Judge Hugh Watson. Her children by her first husband were as follows: Thomas Molton, b. December 3, 1839, d. April 4, 1888; Catherine, b. December 22, 1841, d. September 9, 1842; John Charles, b. September 29, 1842, d. May 15, 1909; Michael H., b. March 18, 1844, d. May 18, 1854; Narcissa Jane, b. July 28, 1846, d. November 12, 1848; Annie Julia, b. March 15, 1848, d. July 6, 1848; Robert Walter, b. August 11, 1850, d. January 9, 1864. John Henley, the husband of Narcissa, was a native of Ireland, b. December 12, 1809, d. October, 10, 1853. Judge Hugh Watson was a native of Alabama, and died about thirty years ago.

William Peacock Molton was my father's twin brother, b. August 18, 1825, d. October 9, 1902. He never married. Thomas James Molton was born December 12, 1827, d. March 3, 1896; Julia Amanda Molton, b. November 24, 1829, d. October 5, 1873; Captain Robert Hogan Molton, b. August, 1831, d. August 8, 1895; Catherine Ann, b. 1833, d. October 5, 1873; Marshall Harris Molton, b. December 13, 1835, d. December 24, 1915; Sarah Eliza, b. July 26, 1838, d. June 29, 1861.

Thomas James Molton married Mary Ware, daughter of Dr. Robert J. Ware, and to them were born three children: Zennie, Robert Ware and Thomas J. Zennie died when she was quite young. Robert Ware is still living, but never married. Thomas J., a very handsome young man, died as the result of a gunshot wound received by accident while out hunting.

Julia Amanda Molton married Robert Y. Ware, son of Dr. Robert J. Ware, and brother of Uncle Tom's wife. To this union there were children as follows: Ann, b. October 16, 1848, d. August 10, 1850; Kate, b. about 1850, died of yellow fever in Montgomery, Alabama, in October, 1873; Mary, b. December 10, 1852, d. February 6, 1900; Robert James, b. August 28, 1853, d. January 9, 1854; Robert Y., b. March 30, 1855, living in Autauga County, Alabama; Julia, b. about 1856, died when ten or twelve years old; Molton, b. about 1858, d. about 1880; Walter, b. about 1860, died when a small boy.

Captain Robert Hogan Molton married Rachel Haywood Moore, first cousin to my mother. To this union there were born children as follows: Mary Lizzie, b. February 9, 1850, d. June 18, 1863; Kate Haywood, b. November 17, 1854, d. May 19, 1855; Lillie Belle, b. August 13, 1856, d. March 5, 1873. This good man, after losing his own children, took into his home and raised the two youngest orphan boys of my father, William F. and Robert M., and the orphan son and daughter of his sister, Catherine Glover, Allen and Minnie. Allen, born in 1864, died about fifteen years ago, and Minnie, born in 1867, now the widow of W. E. Ledyard, lives on a plantation five miles east of Montgomery, with her only child, Denison Ledyard, a young man twenty-eight years of age.

Captain Robert Hogan Molton enlisted in the service of the Confederacy soon after war was declared and served as captain in a company of Hilliard's Legion during the entire term of the war. He was in active

service except for a time when he suffered a wound caused by the passing of a minie ball through the thigh.

The record would be incomplete without mentioning Uncle Robert's wife, Aunt Rachel Haywood. As elsewhere mentioned, Uncle Robert took into his home my two youngest brothers when they were left without father or mother. No real mother ever devoted more time and attention to her own than Aunt Haywood gave to Willie and Robert. Although an invalid she exercised patience with the little fellows and endeavored to teach them principles of right. She was one of the sweetest and purest Christian characters I have ever known. After suffering for years she passed away in 1882.

Catherine Ann Molton, b. in Montgomery County, Alabama, in 1833, died of yellow fever at Tuskegee, Alabama, October 5, 1873. She married Allen Glover of Greene County Alabama, a member of one of the most prominent and wealthy families in west Alabama. To this union there were born children as follows: Molton, Kate Allena, Allen Walton, Minnie and Robert, a twin brother of Minnie, who died in infancy.

Marshall Harris Molton, b. in Montgomery County, Alabama, December 13, 1835, d. December 24, 1915, m. Julia Toombs Dubose October 23, 1856. They had but two children, William Dubose, who died at the age of five years, and Kate Julia, b. March 4, 1859, d. at Birmingham, August 31, 1907, who married Joseph R. Smith, Jr., of Birmingham, April 26, 1876. They had children as follows: Margaret Julia, b. January 18, 1877, d. June 26, 1920, m. Hon. Hugh Morrow, a prominent lawyer of Birmingham; Joseph Molton, b. September 23, 1878, m. Bessie Hogan Murphree January 5, 1906, living in Birmingham; Annie Octavia, b. December 12, 1880, m. Calvin Jones January 8, 1902, living in Birmingham; Henley Jordan, b. October 19, 1885, m. Celina Watkins Robinson April 16, 1919, living in Birmingham.

Sarah Eliza Molton, b. July 26, 1838, d. June 29, 1861. She married Dr. B. F. Blount of Chambers

County, Alabama, and to them was born only one child, Sallie, who died when about five years of age. Dr. Blount was a prominent physician, afterwards the proprietor of a large drug store in Montgomery, Alabama, where he lived for many years. He finally moved to Memphis, Tennessee, where he died of yellow fevor in 1873. Aunt Sallie was a remarkably fine musician.

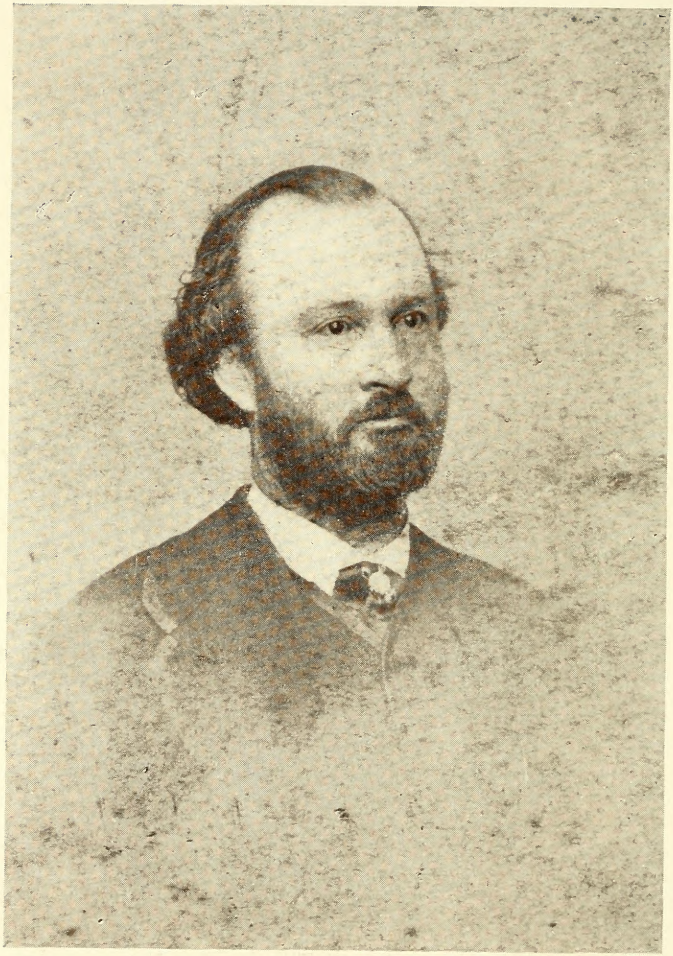
The town of Molton, now spelled "Moulton," situated in Lawrence County, Alabama, was named for a branch of the Molton family who came from North Carolina and settled, first at Town Creek near Molton. There is also a street in the city of Montgomery now spelled "Moulton," which was named for Colonel Michael Molton, whose widow came to Montgomery in 1817 after he died in Tennessee, mention of which has already been made.

In a little booklet published in Montgomery in 1920 by the Tintagil Club, under the title of "Official Guide to City of Montgomery, Alabama," there appears authentic information that the first form of government of that town was a board called "Intendants" (aldermen now), consisting of thirteen of the original men who settled the town, and in this list is given John Edmonson, who married the daughter of Colonel Michael J. Molton. John Edmonson was the first lawyer who settled in Montgomery and also clerk of the first court. He issued his own license when he married Miss Molton.

Another of the intendants is given as M. Hooks, whom I presume was Marshall H. Hooks.

John Edmonson was proprietor of the old Montgomery Tavern, situated on the east side of Commerce Street, about half way between Bibb and Court Square. He and his wife were conducting this hotel at the time of Lafayette's visit and General Lafayette stopped with them. One of the most fashionable and much talked-of social functions in the early days of Montgomery was known as the Lafayette Ball, and this ball was held in a building on the corner of Commerce and Tallapoosa Streets. A descendant of John Edmonson, Mrs. Nove-

Charles Hooks Molton, Sr.



THOMAS JAMES MOLTON

Mrs. Julia Amanda Molton Ware

Robert Hogan Molton

line Molton Baldwin, now living in Beaumont Texas, showed me a silk dress worn by her grandmother, Mrs. John Edmonson, at the Lafayette ball. This celebrated social function was talked of for many years following, and as a child I used to hear some of the old ladies speak of having attended the ball.

MY FATHER

My father was a large man, 5 feet 11 inches in height, normal weight 210 lbs. He was very athletic, fond of hunting, and no description of him would be better than the language of Hon. William A. Gunter, a prominent lawyer of Montgomery, who described my father as "a mental and physical giant." He and his brother William were twins, and the eldest of a family of five brothers, four sisters and two half sisters. He was at the University of Alabama in 1845, when his father's health became so bad that he was compelled to give up his studies at the University and go home to take charge of his father's plantation. His father passed away that year, and my father had the responsibility of assisting his mother, who proved to be a fine manager herself.

After marriage my father bought a plantation from a man by the name of Bob Ashurst, eight miles east of Montgomery, on the Wares Ferry Road, and that is where I first saw the light. He afterwards sold that place and bought an adjoining plantation nearer Montgomery, which had been developed by Major Green Wood, a beautiful plantation with a comfortable house and beautified with flowers, fruit, etc. He resided at this place until 1861, the year that the Civil War commenced, and then moved his family to Montgomery. He inherited a few slaves from his father and my mother owned a few slaves which she had inherited from her father. He was a successful planter, and in less than twenty years had become a rich man in those days and times, owning at the time that the war closed over two hundred slaves. Unfortunately he sold his plantations, a second one being added to the Wood place, known as

the Meyers place, and made an effort to cross the Mississippi River with his slaves, but was caught in Newton County, Mississippi, on a plantation which he owned there. This plantation in Newton County, Mississippi, was far removed from civilization, so after the war was over he sold the place and moved back to Alabama, purchasing the old Molton place, 3054 acres, which his father owned at the time of his death.

Farming after the war, with free negro labor, proved unprofitable to nearly every southern planter, and I used to hear my father say that before the war it seemed that "everything he touched turned to gold, and after the war everything turned to ashes."

My mother departed this life on August 2, 1867, leaving seven children. My father struggled along, fretted and worried, until October, 1871, when he was stricken with apoplexy and died. This left seven orphans in the family and I was the eldest boy. My father's brothers and sisters held a conference as to what to do with the orphans, and it was agreed as follows: That Aunt Narcissa Watson should take into her home my sister Lizzie; Aunt Kate Glover was to take into her home my sister Sallie; Uncle Tom Molton was to send me to school; my Uncle Marshall Molton was to take my brother Charlie into his home in Birmingham, to which place he moved that fall; Aunt Julia Ware took sister Annie into her home; Uncle Robert Molton took my brothers Willie and Robert, the two youngest, into his home. The next year sister Lizzie married Andrew J. Terrell. In 1873, two years after my father's death, there was an epidemic of yellow fever in Montgomery, which caused the death of Aunt Julia and Aunt Kate. This deprived my sisters Sallie and Annie of homes. Uncle Marshall Molton was a widower and my brother Charlie was not happy in his surroundings, and in the treatment he received in my uncle's home at Birmingham. Uncle Tom became bankrupt about that time, and the extent of the education which he gave me was six months at Professor Tutweiler's school at Green

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Springs, Hale County, Alabama. In 1882 Uncle Robert Molton's wife died and he broke up housekeeping, so that deprived my two younger brothers of a home.

RESPONSIBILITIES

Being the eldest boy in the family and the only one with any earning capacity, I did the best I knew how in assisting my brothers and sisters. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I did something to make them splendid men and women. I have a greater satisfaction in knowing that they appreciated and loved me for the sacrifices I made.

My first effort after my father died was farming, but without means it was a hard road to travel. I struggled along and did the best I could, but was not able to save a dollar until after my youngest sister married in 1882. Then I began to save a little money and commenced trading in real estate and have been in the game ever since. I have met with some measure of success and have thought that perhaps God favored me because I had made sacrifices for others.

On the 6th day of November, 1888, after I moved to Birmingham, which was in October, 1886, I married Lizzie Linn Scott, the widow of Captain W. L. Scott, who had died four years before. My wife's father was Charles Linn, a native of Sweden. We were blessed with four children, Ellen Linn, now Mrs. Albert Upmann, of Havana, Cuba; Kate, died in infancy; Gertrude, the wife of Elliott T. Williams of Birmingham; Thomas Hunter, Jr., died on December 25, 1911.

My wife departed this life on the 29th day of April, 1919. Mrs. Upmann has no children; Mrs. Williams has a fine boy now six months old, named for his father, Elliott T., Jr. He was born August 24, 1921, and is now a buster.

My serious illness commenced in April, 1920, and about the 5th of May I became unconscious. After 30 days' treatment by several physicians who gave me up to die, I was carried to the Sheppard-Pratt Hospital, Baltimore. On July 4th consciousness returned.

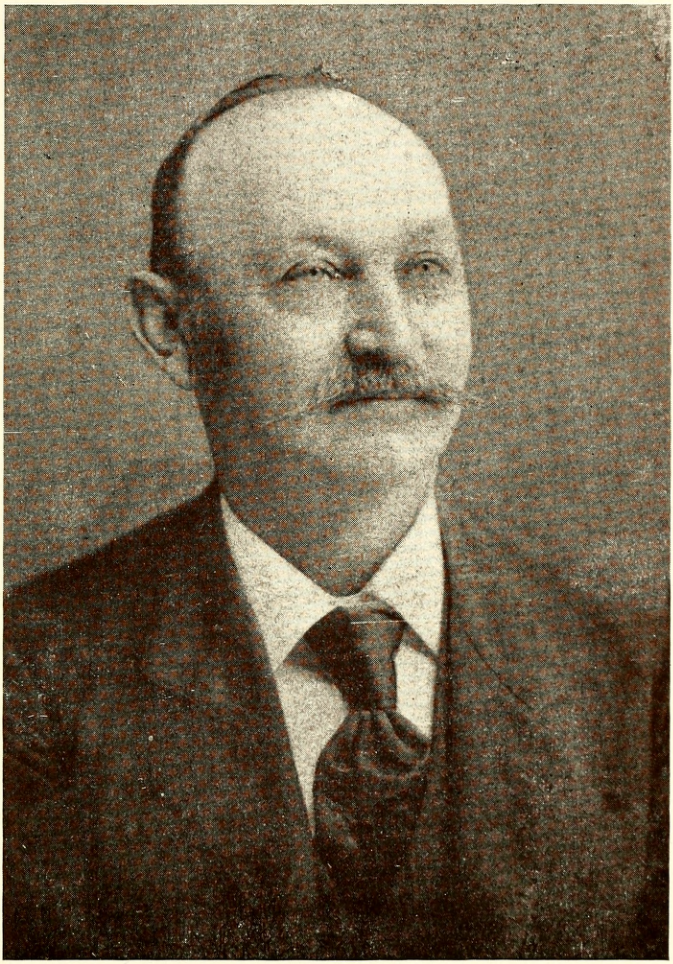
EFFICACY OF PRAYER

Within 30 days after I became conscious, I received perhaps 200 letters from friends and relatives and 50 per cent of them said they were praying for me. Their prayers were answered.

Another case of the efficacy of prayer was handed down through generations. My mother's half-brother, John West, was, when a young child, seriously ill and finally pronounced as being dead. His mother said, "No, my child is not dead;" and she clung to his body and prayed with the faith that knows no denial. (This she inherited from her illustrious kinsman, Rev. George Whitfield.) She said she did not believe that God would take her child. She knelt by the bier and prayed for days, now and then holding her watch to the child's mouth to see if there was dampness on the crystal. On the fourth day she shouted aloud: "There is dampness on the watch, bring warm water; my child will live." He grew to be a useful Christian, married and raised a large family.

I lived in Birmingham until the 23rd day of December, 1920, when, having had a very severe illness, on the advice of my physician, I started out to the Gulf Coast. I stopped in Mobile for nine days, and was under the treatment of Dr. Bondurant, who sent me to Fairhope. Here I have regained my health and am endeavoring to prolong life by dealing with nature, outdoor exercises, riding horseback, tilling the soil, growing crops, fruits, flowers and vegetables.

On May 6, 1922, I married Adele Tuttle Williams, widow of W. P. Williams, of Shorter, Alabama. Her father was Charles Elliott Tuttle, of Mobile, Alabama.



Marshall Harris Molton

MRS. SARAH ELIZA MOLTON BLOUNT

Mrs. Julia Anne Hunter Molton
Lizzie Whitfield Molton

Sallie Collier Molton

THE HUNTER FAMILY

North Carolinians who made their new home in Alabama

ISAAC and Priscilla Hunter were the parents of John Hunter.

John Hunter was born in North Carolina November 20, 1777, died in Greene County, Alabama, February 28, 1839. Elizabeth Whitfield Hunter, his wife, was born in North Carolina November 20, 1786, and died December 3, 1836, in Greene County, Alabama. To this union were born children as follows: Haywood Hogan, John, Mary Louise, and Julia Ann (my mother).

Haywood H. Hunter, b. November 28, 1818, d. June 3, 1873, m. Virginia Ann Jordan December 23, 1844. To them were born children as follows: Claudia, b. October 20, 1846; Elouise, b. April 1, 1848, d. January 17, 1860; John Charles, b. October, 1849, d. December 25, 1864; Robert Macon, b. April 20, 1851; Julia, b. January 2, 1853, d. July 15, 1862; Elizabeth, b. May 15, 1855, d. December 9, 1874; Haywood Lawrence, b. September 2, 1857, d. September 16, 1857; Annie Haywood, b. August 11, 1859, d. January 13, 1860; Harry Whitfield, b. February 14, 1861, m. Maggie Byrd, August 2, 1908, living in Mobile; Haywood Hogan, Jr., b. February 14, 1863, m. Lizzie Donovan, no record; Charles Molton, b. August 26, 1867, m. Mamie Yates, living in Walker County, Alabama; John, b. January 1, 1870, d. October, 1877.

John Hunter married Betty Simmons, not until he was 52 years of age, then settled down as a farmer in Marengo County, Alabama, and they had two children: Louise and John III.

Mary Louise married Col. Carter Wade; they had no children. Both died a number of years ago, dates of which I have no record.

Julia Ann married Charles Hooks Molton (my mother and father). I have already given the names, dates, etc., of their children. She was small, but a handsome woman; educated at the Judson Institute, Marion, Ala., and St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

John Hunter and his wife, Elizabeth Whitfield, moved to Alabama and settled in Greene County on a plantation known as The Fork, near Forkland, about the year 1830, and there they died and were buried on what is now known as the old Glover plantation, near Forkland, in Greene County. On the tombstones there appears the following:

Elizabeth Hunter, born Nov. 20, A. D. 1786, died Dec. 3, A. D. 1836, age 50 years and 13 days.

John Hunter, born Nov. 20, A. D. 1777, died Feb. 28, A. D. 1839, age 62 years, 8 months and 8 days.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Whitfield Hunter, was the daughter of John and Jemima Haywood Whitfield. Jemima Haywood was sister of John Haywood, who was for forty years treasurer of the state of North Carolina, and was an unusually handsome man, as is shown in a steel engraving in the History of the Public Men of North Carolina, compiled and written by Delancy Haywood. I saw Delancy Haywood in Raleigh about twelve years ago, at the time he was engaged in the writing of his history. Of course, he was an educated man, and I found him a perfect Chesterfield in manner.

Grandmother Hunter was a small woman. Grandfather Hunter very large. He is said to have weighed about 350 pounds. His son, Haywood Hogan, was a powerful man, about 6 feet 2 inches high, and weighed 200 pounds. He was one of the bravest men I ever knew. When he lived in Texas he was attacked at his own front gate by three desperadoes. He fought without a weapon until overcome. He was left by his antagonists

for dead after stabbing him with a Bowie knife five times in the back, gouging one eyeball out, etc. They were mounting their horses just as his little boy, Bob, then eight years of age, brought him his gun. He managed to rise to his feet and with each barrel killed one of the desperadoes. The next grand jury gave him a vote of thanks. He was so terribly wounded he never was himself again.

THE HOOKS FAMILY

Famous for the notable men and women who bore that name

I FOUND in the records in Duplin County the will of Thomas Hooks, and in this will his wife's name is given as Susana, and the following children are mentioned: David, Susana McGowen, Polly Slocumb, Lavina Slocumb, Fanny Watkins, Thomas Hooks, William Hooks, Charles Hooks, Hillary Hooks.

Charles Hooks was married three times, first to Betsy Williams, January 1, 1789, second to Kitty Dickson, March 29, 1795, and third to Ann Hunter, daughter of Isaac and Priscilla Hunter, of North Carolina, on November 15, 1796. By his first marriage it seems, from the records, that he had children as follows: James, b. March 2, 1790; Thomas, b. November 16, 1791, and Charles A., b. September 18, 1793. By the second marriage it appears he had but one child, a son named Dickson, b. January 20, 1796. By his third wife he had children as follows: Marshall H., b. December, 1797; Eliza Jane, b. December 9, 1799; Catherine Ann (my grandmother), b. October 31, 1801, m. Thomas Molton; Narcissa A., b. May 22, 1803, m. Peter Coffee Harris; Amanda Ann, b. April 16, 1807; David I., b. November 10, 1812, d. a few years after the Civil War in Louisiana, near Shreveport, where he was engaged as a cotton planter.

Charles Hooks moved to Alabama with his son-in-law, Major Thomas Molton, in 1826, and settled about three miles north of Montgomery, near the Alabama River, and there resided until his death, October 18, 1843, and was buried on the old Molton plantation, known as Laurel Hill, now Elmore County, Alabama.

My great grandfather, Charles Hooks, was said to have been a very profane man and used many "cuss"

Catherine Molton Glover

Narcissa Jane Molton Henley

CHARLES HOOKS MOLTON, JR.

Mrs. Annie Julia Molton Smith

words (not so uncommon in those days as now), but it was said that he only cursed his friends and was extremely polite to his enemies. After his removal to Alabama, he still was fond of politics and ran for the legislature one time, against the earnest protest of his family who induced him to leave North Carolina because his political friends "were eating him out of house and home." His son-in-law, Thomas Molton, followed his footsteps all over Montgomery County to defeat him for the legislature, and Col. Hooks referred to his son-in-law as "that damned Thomas Molton who defeated me and I'm damned glad of it."

Marshall Hooks married Tabby Fitzpatrick, sister to Benjamin Fitzpatrick, who was governor of Alabama before the Civil War and at one time United States senator from Alabama.

To this union there were born four children as follows: Betsy Jane, b. February 2, 1829, m. William K. Harris, judge of probate of Macon County, Alabama, December 4, 1850, d. November 29, 1903; Catherine Celia, b. 1830, m. Judge John C. Campbell of Bullock County, Alabama; Sarah Ann, b. 1832, date of death unknown; David Charles, b. 1834, d. 1848. Betsy Jane and her husband, William K. Harris, had children as follows: Willie Elmore (a girl), b. May 15, 1857; Betsy Jane, b. January 11, 1859; Mary Hunter, b. September 30, 1861. Willie Elmore married A. B. Vandegrift of Birmingham, Ala. She died in 1921, leaving one daughter, Willie, who married Ewing Caruthers of Memphis, Tenn. Betsy Jane married, first, Frank L. Wadsworth, and by this union there were born two children, one dying in infancy and the other, F. L. Wadsworth, Jr., still living in Tuskegee, Ala.; Betsy Jane married, second, my brother, Charles H. Molton. Mary Hunter married Robert Y. Ware, and by this union there were born five children, one dying in infancy; Willie Kirk married Murray White of Birmingham; Bessie Wadsworth, unmarried; Mary Hunter, unmarried; Robert Y.

Ware, Jr., married Miss Louise Nunn, still living in Montgomery.

Catherine Celia Hooks, who married Judge John Campbell of Bullock County, Alabama, had eight children whose names I do not now recall.

The next one of the Marshall Hooks' children was Sarah Ann, who married David Graves Fitzpatrick, and they had several children, records of whom I have none. The next one of the children was David Charles, who died at the age of 14.

David, brother of Hon. Charles, had a son, David, who settled at Livingston. He had two sons, one named Erastus W. and the other, Samuel. Samuel moved to St. Stephens, Washington County, Alabama, where he lived until his death about the year 1883, at the age of 74. This Samuel Hooks married Sarah Wright, a near relative of Gov. Wright of North Carolina, and to this union were born the following children: Sons, Samuel, Oliver, William, Augustus Fletcher and Robert David; daughters, Antoinette, who married Mr. Beck of Camden, Wilcox County; Sibble, married a Mr. Bowling of Washington County; Olivia, married Dr. Johnston of Sumter County; Eliza, never married; Etta, married J. W. Oliver of Mobile, now living at Jackson, Alabama.

The four eldest sons of Samuel Hooks entered service in the Civil War, and three of them were killed, the surviving one being Augustus Fletcher, who married Ella Posey of Washington County, Alabama, and to this union were two children: Augusta Elizabeth, unmarried, living in Mobile; Lucy Annie, married Robert E. Gordon of Mobile; they still reside in Mobile and have an interesting family of children, one boy and four girls. The boy is named for his grandfather, Augustus Fletcher; girls, Ella Posey, Lelia McDonald, Roberta and Lucy Hooks.

A YOUTHFUL HERO

Augustus Fletcher Hooks was but fourteen years of age when he entered the Confederate Army. He entered as a young private, but came out at the end, after four

years' service, as captain of a company. Considering his youthful age, I feel that he deserves special mention as one of the patriotic heroes of the family. The story of his career as a soldier is better told by a comrade in arms who wrote some years ago as follows:

Among the prominent business men of Washington County, none stand higher and have taken greater part in the business world than Captain A. F. Hooks. Born in 1846, he married Miss Ella E. Posey. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in Company E, 11th Alabama Regiment Infantry, serving through the four years and twice being wounded. He was in nearly all the principal engagements of the army of Virginia and was a valiant soldier. He was with the noted Charles Broadway Rouse the morning he started home, he walking all the way from Virginia to Alabama, and Rouse, the blind philanthropist, who made his fortune out of the first 5 and 10c store established in the United States, walked to the city of New York, where he afterwards established his successful business. It is an interesting coincidence that these two men parting at the end of the war, with nothing, walked to their respective destinations, began work and made a success of life.

Captain Hooks participated in every battle with his command from the first battle of Manases to the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, and, strange to say, his command was never defeated.

Captain Hooks was commander of Camp John James U. C. V. Captain James commanded Captain Hooks' company, and Captain Hooks was standing by his side when he was killed. Seeing his captain killed, he pushed forward giving orders and leading his men, filling his captain's place, and it was not until the battle was won that the company knew that their captain had been killed. It was then that the youngest boy of the company, A. Fletcher Hooks, was made captain.

He was in all of the chief battles of the army of Virginia, from the first battle of Manasses, the Battle of Seven Pines, seven days' battle around Richmond, Malvern Hill, Harpers Ferry, the famous battle of Gettysburg, the Battle of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania Court House, the siege of Petersburg, and the blowing up of the Crater, he being the third man to scale the walls and look into that dreadful abyss the enemy had made for themselves. The 9th of April he surrendered at Appomattox Court House and walked home and the 16th of April, seven days after the surrender, he was 18 years of age, having served his full four years of the war.

Captain Hooks is a true Democrat and has done much public service but has never held public office, but has frequently been importuned to become a candidate.

David Hooks, son of Thomas and brother of Charles, moved to Montgomrey, where he lived for a few years, then moved to Knoxville, Tenn., where he died. His two sons, David and Sam, and one daughter moved to Sumter County. I have given names of some of Sam's children and grandchildren. His daughter, Antoinette, m. Alfred Beck of Wilcox County, and they had children as follows: Everette, never married, d. at age of 22; Ella, m. her cousin, Coster Hooks, and they had two children; Warren, never married; Effie Mae, m. Mr. Worthington, and they have three small children; Sallie, m. A. G. Barnes and to this union there were born five children: Alfred, Mary, Everette, Tom and Minnie. No record of any of these brothers and sisters, except Minnie, who married E. M. Elliott, and they have six children: E. M., Jr., Barnes, Loudie, Everette, Minnie and Sarah.

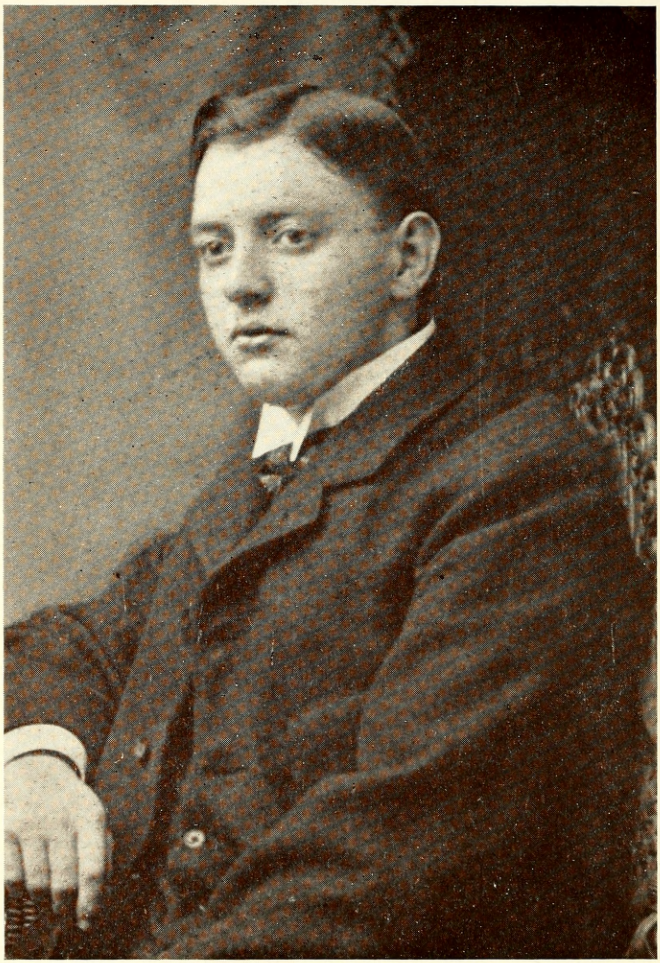
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Elliott live in Birmingham, having purchased the elegant home of Capt. W. H. Graves on Virginia Avenue. Mrs. Elliott is a very handsome woman, and it has been a great pleasure to know her, since she moved to Birmingham.

Mary, Sister of David and Sam Hooks, m. Edward Williams and had two sons, David and Erastus, and three daughters, Martha Anne, m. L. T. Ormand; Laura, m. Dan Chapman; Mary, m. a Mr. Russell, no further record of them.

L. T. Ormand has four sons, E. W., W. G., T. F. and W. F., and three daughters, Mary, Eva and Martha. I have no acquaintance with any, except Tom F., who now lives in Birmingham. He is a substantial business man and resembles the Hooks family.

Samuel Hooks' son, Robert, brother of Fletcher, is still living in Clarke County, Alabama, and I have the pleasure of knowing his daughter, Miss Georgia Hooks, who lives in Mobile. She is tall and handsome, independent, and making her own living as an employee in the postoffice at Mobile.

Mrs. Lizzie Linn Molton



MARION LEE SCOTT

Mrs. Ellen Linn Molton Upmann

Mrs. Gertrude Molton Williams

A son of Hon. Charles Hooks by his first marriage named Charles A., had two sons, Charles Williams and Samuel, and four daughters, Eliza, married a Mr. Rew who lived for many years before and after the Civil War on their plantation six miles from Meridian, Miss., and they have two maiden daughters still living in the old Rew home. Another daughter of Charles A., named Margaret, who married her first cousin, David Hooks, and they lived for many years and died at Livingston, Ala. They had several children, one of whom was E. W. Hooks, whom I knew very well, and it was my pleasure to know his mother, who was a loyely old lady. Another daughter of Charles A., named Laura, who never married. Still another daughter whose name I do not remember married Sam Shivers.

Charles Williams Hooks first settled in Sumter County and moved to Mobile about the year 1860 when he was engaged in the drug business for many years. His widow now resides in Mobile, an old lady more than 80 years of age.

I have an interesting recollection of the Rew family. On the journey from Montgomery to Newton County, Mississippi, on Christmas day, 1864, we drove up to the Rew home, not knowing who lived there. Mr. Rew came out to his gate and asked my father where he was from. His reply was "from Montgomery, Ala." He then asked of my father if he knew the Molton family; when father told him his name, he most cordially invited him to come in and meet some of his kin folks. It was a bitter cold day. One of the young lady daughters was playing the piano and when we entered the house there was a blazing wood fire which we much enjoyed. Father ordered the wagons to drive on and we spent two hours in this most comfortable home of new-found kin. I have no record of Charles Hooks' other two sons by his first marriage and only found out a short time ago that his son, Charles W., ever moved to Alabama. My information is from his widow and Miss Fannie Rew; therefore reliable.

It may prove interesting to the present generation and those of the family to come to relate that my grandfather Molton and great-grandfather Charles Hooks came from North Carolina in 1836 when there were no railroads, bringing with them their slaves, wagons, horses, mules, cattle, and everything of that kind. Charles Hooks bought a place adjoining what is known as Pickett Springs, the place now being called the Connelly place. This is where he kept his home up to the time of his death. He was buried in the Molton private cemetery at the old homestead, known as Laurel Hill. His widow, Ann Hunter, lived in or near Tuskegee with her son, Marshall H. Hooks, several years after her husband passed away, and she is buried in Tuskegee.

My grandfather Molton first bought a plantation about three miles southeast of Montgomery, which place proved to be unhealthy. Then he bought a place just east of the Oak Hill Cemetery, which he sold to a Mr. Chambers, and from there moved to the home fourteen miles from Montgomery, situated in Elmore County. This place contained 3054 acres of land, and was very productive in those days. His negro quarters was situated on what is known as "second bluff land." He built a home a mile back on a high hill, which was called Laurel Hill. He died in this home and was buried in the cemetery about three hundred yards from where the old house stood.

THE WHITFIELD FAMILY

The original stock that came from England to America

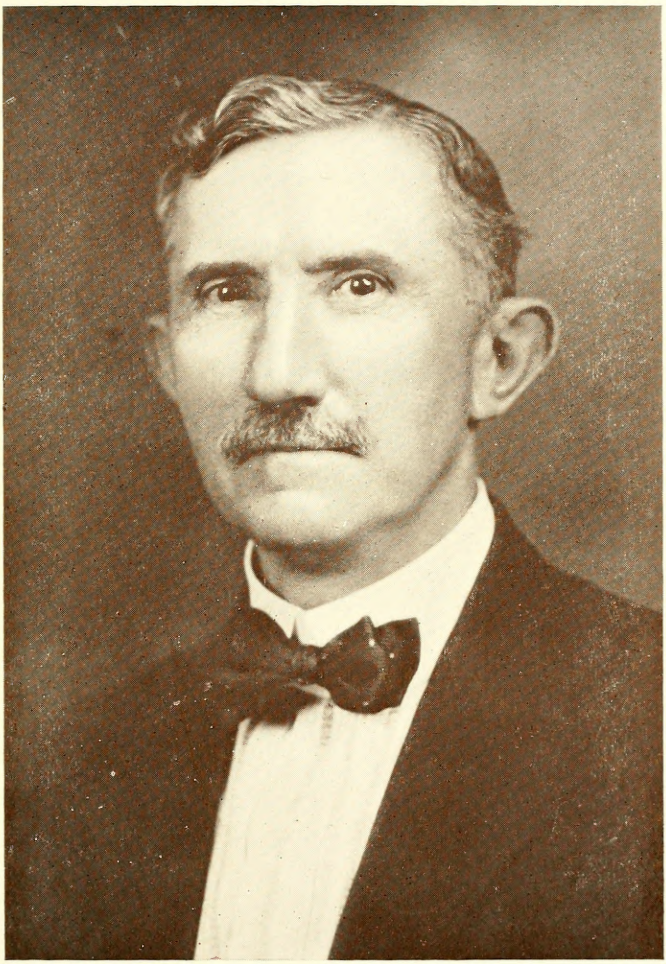
MY ANCESTORS on both father's and mother's side came from England. The first of whom I have any record was Sir Thomas Whitfield, who was knighted in 1606 and came to Bertie County, Virginia, about the year 1607. Sir Thomas was the father of William Whitfield, and William was father of Matthew Whitfield, who married Elizabeth Goodman about the year 1713, in Gates County, North Carolina. Matthew had four sons and six daughters. The fourth son, Constantine, married Barbary Williams. Their seventh child married Jemima Haywood, whose first child, Elizabeth, married, first, Richard West, second, John Hunter.

The most illustrious member of the Whitfield family was Reverend George, who, with John and Charles Westley, founded the Methodist Church. He was born in Gloucester, England, in 1714 and died in Newberry, Mass., in 1770. My records fail to tell me the relationship, but have always heard that he was closely related to elder members of the family who first settled in North Carolina.

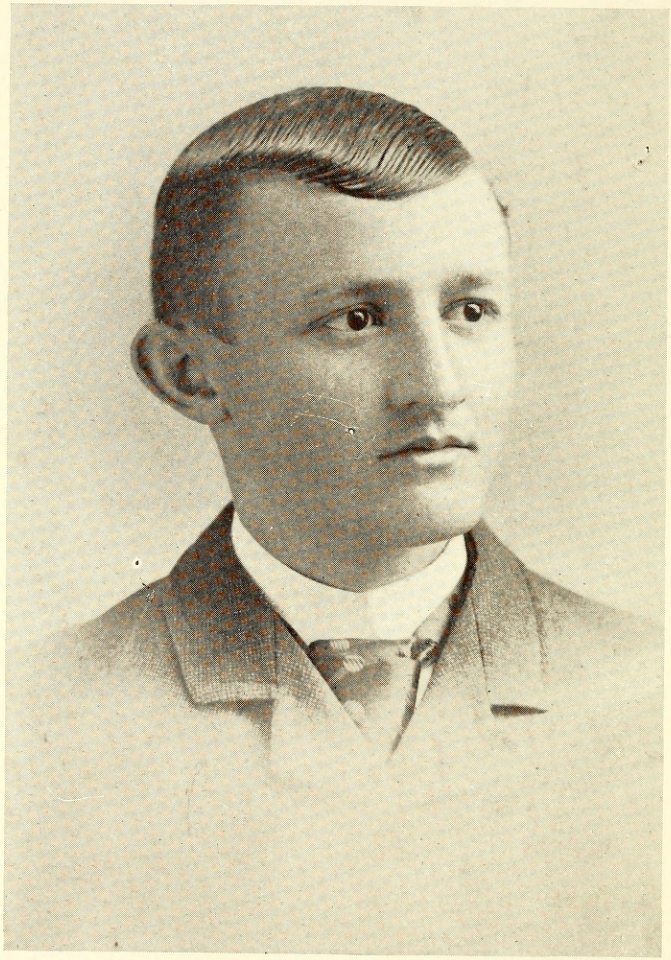
John and Elizabeth Hunter were the father and mother of my mother, Julia Ann Hunter.

The Whitfield family were very prolific, and in the years to come their descendants became scattered all over the South. Two brothers, Gen. Nathan Bryan Whitfield and Gaius Whitfield, settled in Alabama one hundred years ago in Marengo County. Their descendants were large slave owners and were known as very rich people. They were planters and were highly educated, and quite a number of them took up medicine as a profession, and at one time there were more than half a dozen Doctors Whitfield in the town of Demopolis. Another branch of the family moved to Missis-

sippi and there became prominent as educators. One, James Whitfield, became president of the State Senate and afterwards governor of Missisippi. He was a banker in Columbus, where he died. Another Henry Whitfield was at one time president of the University of Mississippi, and is at the present time candidate for governor of Mississippi. Still another branch of the family settled in Florida, and one became a great lawyer and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Florida. My great-grandfather was John Whitfield, b. March 20, 1760, d. February 28, 1815. His wife was Jemima Haywood Whitfield, b June 21, 1766, d February 26, 1837. A son of John, named John, b August 6, 1782, d Nov. 1, 1826. Another son, Sherwood, b. September 28, 1788, d. August 29, 1828. Elizabeth (my grandmother), b. November 20, 1786, d. December 3, 1836. William and Constantine, twins, born October 1, 1790. Constantine d. February 7, 1866. Date of William's death unknown. Jemima, b. November 20, 1796, d. in Arkansas July 15, 1876. Rachel Donald Jones, b. January 27, 1806, d. July 6, 1885. Keziah Arabella, b. May 3, 1803, d. 1877. George, b. April 6, 1808. No record of his death. I never knew but one of Grandmother Hunter's sisters, and she was Aunt Keziah Croom, mother of Uncle Robert Molton's wife. She was a lovely old lady and I was with her when she died in 1887.



William Forrest Molton



Robert Marshall Molton

THE HENLEY FAMILY

Originating in Ireland but for many years active in Alabama affairs

THE early part of the eighteenth century there lived in Dublin, Ireland, Thomas Henry Henley, born 1732. One branch of the family early came to America being related to the Carrols of Maryland, the ancestors of John Lee Carroll, governor of Maryland. James Michael Henley, son of Thomas Henry Henley, and known to have been a man of affairs, was born November 11, 1766, and died February 22, 1825. In 1788 he married Catherine Savage, the daughter of Mary Cotter and Martin Savage, who married on April 6, 1765. The children of James Michael Henley and Catherine Savage were as follows: Thomas, Michael, Charles Frazier, John Joseph, Maria Catherine, Eliza, Frances Louisa, Anna Margaret, Catherine and Olivia Letitia. Two of the daughters never married but lived together to an old age at Fontainbleu, France. Another daughter married an Englishman, John Hussey Walsh. Their son, Walter Hussey Walsh, became the head of a large connection by that name, many of them now living in London.

John Joseph Henley, son of James Michael Henley, was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 12, 1809, died in Montgomery, Alabama, October 10, 1853. He received a complete education in Dublin and was always known as a scholar and a student. The library of the University of Alabama now contains a collection of volumes, Latin, Greek and French, a part of the books which John Joseph owned. Coming to America as a young man he settled in Montgomery as a cotton buyer. Later he became the first banker in Montgomery. He was succeeded in the bank by James Farley, who was for many years the leading banker of the city. He married Narcissa Jane, daughter of Thomas Molton.

Of several children only two reached maturity—Thomas Molton and John Charles. John Joseph Henley died October 10, 1853.

Thomas Molton Henley, b. in Montgomery County, Alabama, December 3, 1839, d. in Bibb County, Alabama, April 4, 1888, m. Alcesta Smith. To them were born the following children: Mary Narcissa, b. May 17, 1877, living; Robert Hector, b. February 4, 1879, living; Annie Olivia, b. May 29, 1881, living; Tettie Jane, b. December 27, 1883, m. Eugene Baker Henry, living; Thomas Molton, b. April 6, 1886, married Anna Johnston and living in California; Malcolm John, b. June 23, 1888, d. April 29, 1890. Eugene and Tettie Jane Henry have two sons, Thomas, b. June 7, 1913, and Eugene Baker, Jr., b. May 13, 1917. Thomas and Anna Henley have one girl, Marilyn, b. April 27, 1921.

John Charles Henley was born in Montgomery, September 29, 1842. He attended the schools of Montgomery, a private school in Tennessee and was a student of the University of Alabama when the Civil War occurred. He went at once to Mobile and enlisted in Hilliard's Legion, later the Fifty-ninth Alabama Regiment. He was early made a captain and was known the rest of his life by this title. He saw four years of continuous service, the last two years being in Lee's army around Richmond. He was severely wounded at Drury's Bluff on the James River. At the close of the war he returned to Montgomery but in a few years came to Birmingham, where in 1876 he married Mrs. Annie Linn Matthews, daughter of Charles Linn. Captain Henley entered the employ of the First National Bank, of which Charles Linn was president, and remained in this work for many years, later retiring from active business, being at that time vice-president of the bank.

John and Annie Linn Henley had three sons: Walter E., b. January 30, 1877; John Charles, Jr., b. October 9, 1880, and Courtney Scott, b. December 20, 1889.

Walter began his career in my office, afterward

going with the Birmingham Trust and Savings Company in which institution he is now a director. For many years he has been vice-president-treasurer of the Little Cahaba Coal Company, which operates large coal mines in Bibb County. Walter developed into a man of fine executive ability. After his father's death he managed his mother's estate and is now executor of this estate. He, like his father, is clear-headed, sober, industrious and successful. He received his education in the public schools of Birmingham and at Auburn college.

John Charles, Jr., was educated in Birmingham, at Pantops in Virginia, and at Princeton University, where he graduated in 1902. His first work was with the reportorial and editorial departments of the Birmingham News. In 1910 he acquired the Birmingham Publishing Company which he has since operated as president. On April 26, 1906, he married Lamira Minter Parker of Memphis. They have four childdren: Lamira Parker, b. November 27, 1908; Edmonia Berry, b. July 17, 1910; Annie Linn, b. December 19, 1913, and John Charles III, b. December 1, 1920.

Courtney Scott Henley acquired his education in the public schools of Birmingham, at the Kentucky Military Institute and at Washington and Lee University. At the outbreak of the World War he promptly went into an officers' training camp at Atlanta and was commissioned captain of Company M, 327th Regiment, 82nd Division, and went across to fight for his country. He was wounded at the battle of the Argonne, his right leg being struck. It was later amputated. Courtney was cited for bravery and received the Distinguished Service Cross. He is now engaged in the real estate business, in which he is making a success.

THE HAYWOOD FAMILY

For more than a hundred years prominent in North Carolina

THE Haywood family has been prominent in North Carolina for more than one hundred years. They were too numerous for me to undertake to give anything like an accurate list of their names, but from the best information obtained the following might be considered as reliable.

John Haywood married Mary Lovett, moved from New York in 1740, and settled in Edgecomb County, North Carolina, died in 1758. His son, William Haywood, married Charity Hare. He died in 1779. His children were as follows: Jemima Haywood, m. John Whitfield (my great-grandparents); Ann Haywood, m. Robert Williams; Elizabeth Haywood, m. Henry Irvin Toole; William Henry Haywood, m. Ann Shepperd; John Haywood (State Treasurer), m., first, E. Williams, second, Elizabeth Williams, d. in 1827; Sherwood Haywood, m. Eleanor Hawkins, d. 1829; Stephen Haywood, m. first, Elizabeth Lane, second, Delia Hawkins; Mary Haywood, m. Esheldred Ruffin.

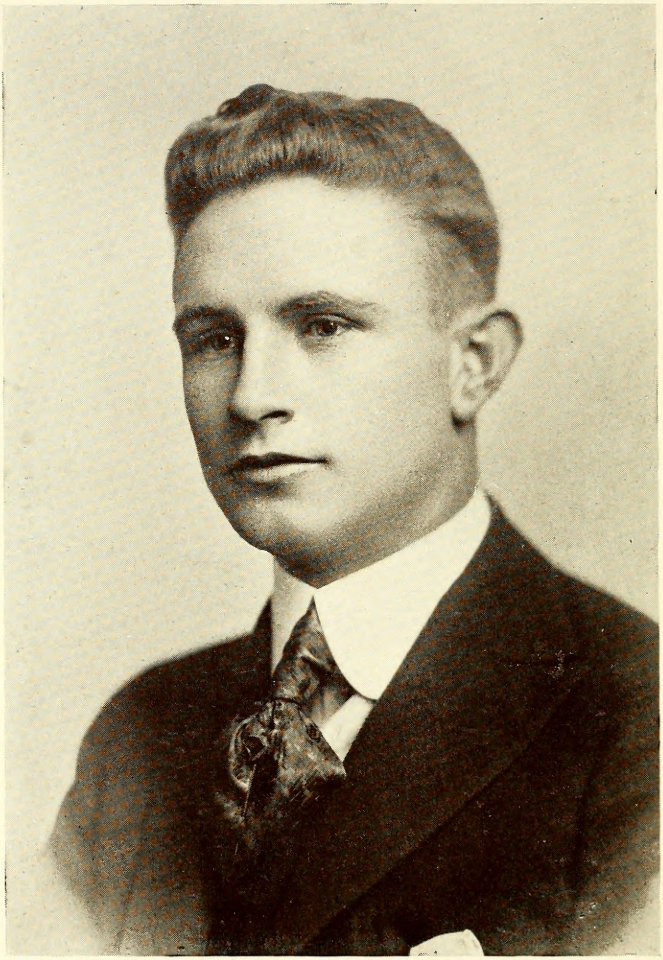
Children of Jemima Haywood and her husband, John Whitfield, were as follows: John Whitfield, m. Carolina Wright; Sherwood Whitfield, died young; William Haywood Whitfield, m. Nancy Herring; Constantine Whitfield, m. Elizabeth Jones; Elizabeth Whitfield, m. first, Richard West, second, John Hunter; Jemima Whitfield, m. first, Robert Middleton, second, Alex Williams; Keziah Arabella Whitfield, m. first, Henry Moore, second, Jesse Croom; Mary Ruffin Whitfield, m. Jesse Hooks; Rachel Whitfield, m. John Jones; George Whitfield never married.

The children of Jemima Whitfield and Robert Middleton are as follows: Alice Whitfield Middleton, died unmarried; Robert Middleton, died unmarried; Sarah

THOMAS HUNTER MOLTON, JR.

Elliott T. Williams, Jr.

ALBERT H. UPMANN



Elliott Tuttle Williams

Elizabeth Middleton, m. Henry Whitfield; Julia Gaius Middleton, m. Owen L. Filyaw; George W. Middleton, m. Mary Moore; Ransom Monroe Middleton, m. first, Virginia Herring, second, Susan Ellen Faison; Jemima Haywood Middleton, m. Jerry Pearsall; Rachel Jones Middleton, m. David M. Pearsall.

Charity Haywood m. _____ Laurence, whose children were as follows: Elizabeth Laurence, m. Edward Prince; William Haywood Laurence, m. Mary Prince; Arabella Laurence, m. Dr. Sidney Prince. This branch of the family moved to Alabama and settled in Jefferson County and Tuscaloosa County. Dr. E. M. Prince of Birmingham is a lineal descendant.

One of the Laurence families of Tuscaloosa, Lillie Laurence, married Judge Alto V. Lee of Eufaula, Alabama, who later moved to Gadsden and there died. He has several sons prominent in politics, one Fitzhugh Lee now state auditor.

There is another branch of the Haywood-Prince family which lived in Mobile for many years, one of whom married Richard Francis Knott of Virginia, who moved to Mobile, Alabama, and there died. There are now three sisters unmarried who have for a number of years conducted a private school in Mobile. They have a summer home at Fairhope, on Mobile Bay, and it has been my pleasure to meet and know them. One bachelor brother, John Knott, lives with his sisters.

My great-grandfather, John Whitfield, who married Jemima Haywood, rode horseback sixty miles for his wife, carrying with him a horse for her return to his home. When I was in North Carolina, my mother's cousin, Mrs. Haywood Middleton Pearsall, showed me the riding habit which her grandmother and my great grandmother wore on this sixty-mile journey on her wedding day. She allowed me to carry this beautifully made suit to Birmingham and there it was exhibited at an entertainment which my wife gave as a work of art, made of something similar to buckskin, and the ladies said one of the most beautiful pieces of needle-

work they had ever seen. She also showed and gave to me the silver, then in the shape of a salt cellar stand, which was made from the knee buckles worn by her grandfather and my great grandfather, John Whitfield, in colonial days when all of the gentlemen wore knee breeches. I have in my scrapbook a complete record of births, marriages and dates of death of the Whitfield and Haywood families, too long to print in this book.

THE PEARSALL FAMILY

An interesting incident in the history of a Molton Ward

MY GRANDFATHER was guardian for Jeremiah Pearsall, who had reached the age of maturity before my grandfather moved to Alabama. There was strong attachment between the guardian and ward, evidenced by two facts which I learned; first, I saw power of attorney executed by my grandfather to Jerry Pearsall, granting unto him the right and power to convey lands which my grandfather left unsold in North Carolina. Still another was the story told by his second wife, Jemima Haywood Middleton, my mother's first cousin, still living the last I heard from her, nearly one hundred years of age. She showed me a watch which my grandfather Molton sent back from Montgomery, Alabama, to Jeremiah about the year 1830 by some man who came from North Carolina to Alabama to visit relatives who had settled in Dallas County. That watch was still in good condition, running and keeping good time. I also saw correspondence between Jerry Pearsall and my grandmother and the Moltons after my grandparents moved to Alabama. I have in my scrapbook copy of power of attorney dated 1826 from Thomas Molton to Jere Pearsall, giving to him full power to sell lands grandfather left in North Carolina.

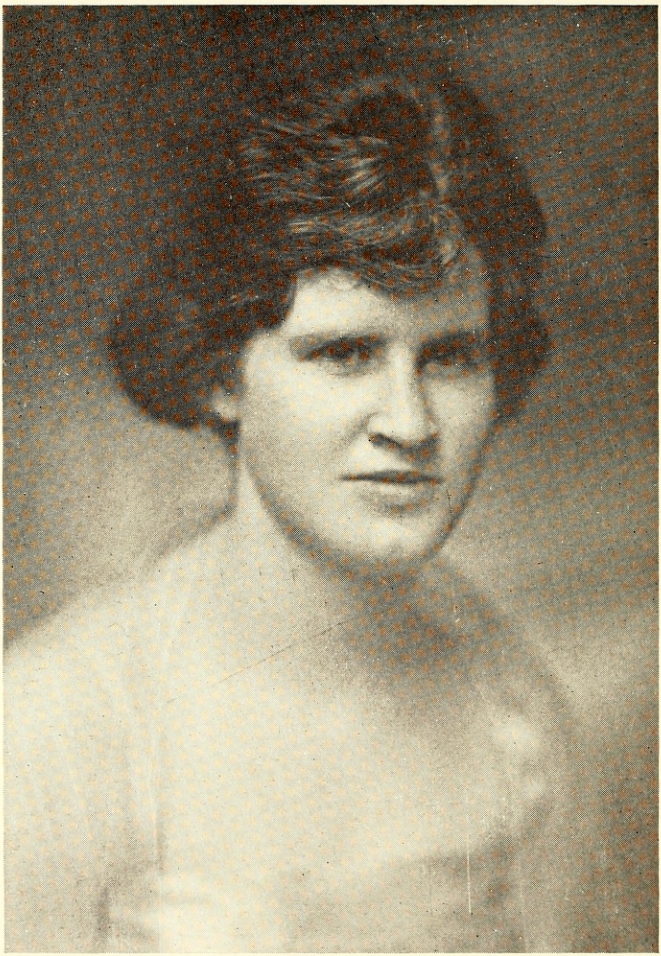
Not until reading Owen's Dictionary of Alabama Biography did I know that Jerry Pearsall ever moved to Alabama, but in Volume 4, page 1333, of Owen's book, will be found that Jerry Pearsall did move to Lawrence County, Alabama, about 1821. It is barely possible and most likely that this Jeremiah Pearsall, who moved to Lawrence County, Alabama, was an uncle of Jerry Pearsall, my grandfather's ward. I think this must be true because Owen's history states that he moved to Lawrence County in 1821, and I know from records that he lived for many years in North Caro-

lina after my grandfather moved to Alabama, and there resided with his last wife, my mother's first cousin.

This Jerry Pearsall who came to Alabama married Patience, daughter of Col. Abraham Molton of Duplin County, North Carolina. I never knew any of his family until a few years ago I met Mrs. John B. Weakley, whose mother was the wife of Gen. John D. Rather, and she was the grand-daughter of Jerry Pearsall and his wife, Patience Molton. Mrs. Weakley is the great-great granddaughter of Col. Abraham Molton.

Mrs. John B. Weakley resides in Birmingham. She is tall, large and a distinguished looking woman. Her husband is one of the prominent lawyers of Alabama. Her father, Gen. John D. Rather, had the reputation of being one of the best presiding officers who ever presided over a convention or legislative body of men. I remember him well when he was always chosen unanimously to preside over state Democratic conventions that assembled in Montgomery before Alabama adopted the primary system for nominating state officials, but little did I know at that time that his daughter was in the slightest way related to me.

Mrs. Adele Tuttle Molton



Mrs. Loula Williams Murphy

THE WARE FAMILY

Which brings in the connection of the Sistrunks, Baldwins and Whetstones

MY FATHER'S sister Julia married Robert Y. Ware, and my father's brother, Thomas James Molton, married Mary Ware, the son and daughter of Dr. Robert J. Ware, one of the early settlers in Montgomery County, Alabama. Dr. Robert J. Ware had two brothers, Col. James H. Ware and Young Ware. Col. James H. Ware lived to a good old age, but young Ware died when quite young. Also a sister, who married Major William Robinson of Lowndes County, Alabama.

Dr. Robert J. Ware married Miss White of Mobile. He died in 1867; his widow survived him a number of years and after his death resided with her only daughter, wife of my Uncle Tom. Dr. and Mrs. Ware had only three children: Robert Y., James H. and Mary.

Robert Y. married Julia Amanda Molton, and to them were born four sons and four daughters, as I have heretofore stated. Their daughter, Kate Ware, married Walter E. Sistrunk, one of the best friends I ever had. He was a great business man. Made a fortune at farming and merchandising, then lost it on a saw mill. I considered him one of the most expert farmers in Alabama since the Civil War. He died in June, 1912. Their daughter, Mary, married, first, David J. Whetstone, who died in December, 1873, in Montgomery, of yellow fever. She had by this marriage one son, only a few weeks old at the time of his father's death, now a substantial business man of Montgomery, Alabama. The widow, Mary Ware Whetstone, married her brother-in-law, Walter E. Sistrunk, and to this union were born six children: Kate, the wife of Dr. B. J. Baldwin of Montgomery, who have no

children; Roberta, b. August 17, 1878, m. David Ward Buhl, now resides in New York City, whose children are Mary Ware, b. in Havana, Cuba, September 19, 1900; Kate Baldwin, b. in Havana, Cuba, January 27, 1903, and Roberta Ware, b. in New York City, November 9, 1908; Jennie, the wife of William Jordan of Montgomery, has two children, William and Kate; Dr. Walter E. Sistrunk, a surgeon for the last twelve years with the Mayo's, at Rochester, Minnesota, and ranks as one of the great surgeons of America; Robert Ware, a young business man of Montgomery, and Mary Molton, unmarried, now living in New York City.

Robert Y., Jr., son of Robert Y and Julia Amanda Molton married Mary Harris, daughter of Judge William K. and Betsy Jane Harris. To this union their first-born, a boy named Robert, died in infancy; Willie Kirk, wife of Murray White of Birmingham; Bessie, unmarried; Mary, unmarried, and Robert Y. III., married Miss Louise Nunn and has one son, Robert Y. III.

James H. Ware, m. first, Miss Stokes of Georgia, second, Miss Willis, a sister of the wife of Gen. John T. Morgan. James H. had by his first marriage three children: Annie, Wade and Mary; by his second wife, Nina and Jimmie, the latter born a few months after her father died, and named for her father.

Mary Ware married my Uncle Tom Molton, as heretofore stated.

My recollection of Dr. Robert J. Ware is that he was a very proud and haughty man, a man of very great wealth, said to have owned about a thousand slaves and several thousand acres of land on the west side of the Tallapoosa River, much of it being in what is known as Tuckabatchie Bend and some purchased from the Indians.

Dr. Ware's home in Montgomery was the large two-story brick residence at the head of Washington Street, situated on six-acre block, and his flower gardens and orchards made it a show place. In April, 1865, when the Federal Army captured Montgomery, the general

in command selected the Ware home as headquarters for himself and staff. They put the Ware family in the second story and the lower floor used as headquarters for quite a while. The officers that constituted the staff proved to be elegant gentlemen and they became fast friends of the Wares and Moltons for years thereafter. When this army finally left Montgomery, several officers remained and amongst the number, Capt. Henry Wheeler, his brother, Lieut. Charlie Wheeler, Capt. W. L. Scott and Capt. Morgan engaged themselves as superintendents on the Ware plantation in Tuckabatchie Bend. Captains Wheeler and Scott afterward located in Birmingham.

I have already elsewhere mentioned the names of the children of Robert Y. Ware, also of my uncle, Thomas James Molton. I have also made mention of the interesting family of Mary Ware, who married, first, David J. Whetstone, second, Walter E. Sistrunk. She was one of the most brilliant women I ever knew. I recall that her teachers, the Misses Follansbee, of Montgomery, said that Cousin Mary was the brightest scholar they ever taught.

There are numerous branches of the Ware family and others related to me of which I have no record. I have gotten all that I could, but found a number of the family have no record, not even a family Bible. This accounts for omissions.

THE SLOCUMB FAMILY

Illustrious "Aunt Polly" and her dramatic history

THE most distinguished woman of my family was Mary (Aunt Polly) Slocumb. She was sister of my grandfather, Charles Hooks. She married Colonel Ezekiel Slocumb, colonel of a regiment in the Revolutionary War. Their plantation was about two miles from Goldsborough, North Carolina, and the part she took during that great struggle made her so prominent that her name appears as perhaps the only woman's name on a monument erected by the United States government in Washington City to the North Carolina patriots of the Revolution. Much is said of Aunt Polly in the early histories of North Carolina and by Miss Elliots in her "Daughters of the Revolution."

When she was left alone on the plantation with no one to protect her except her faithful slaves, an interesting story is told of her in "The Women of the Revolution," Volume 1, Chapter 24, also in Wheeler's "History of North Carolina," and the same story will be found in Professor James Coffee Harris' "History of the Harris-Hooks Family." I cannot do better than to copy this story as told by Professor Harris:

Wheeler's History of North Carolina, pp. 457 to 459, contains the account of the part taken by the Hooks and Slocumbs in the Revolutionary War, and it is from this that the writer has drawn the foregoing statements. In a work entitled "The Women of the Revolution," by E. F. Elliet, published by Baker and Scribner in 1850, there is in Vol. 1, Chapter XXIV, an account of the part played by Col. Ezekiel Slocumb and his wife, Mary Hooks, and her brother, Charles Hooks, in that hard struggle for liberty by the colonists. The part taken by them at the battle of Moore's Creek, North Carolina, was so important that it is noted on the monument erected by the United States to the Revolutionary

soldiers who perished there. More significant than this is the fact that the United States also inscribed on this monument a tribute to the memory of Mary Hooks, wife of Colonel Slocumb. This is probably the only monument ever dedicated by the United States to a woman, even in part.

"AUNT POLLY" AND THE BRITISH

From the volume alluded to above the following paragraphs are copied:

The first expedition into North Carolina, projected by Lord Cornwallis, was baffled by the fall of Col. Ferguson at King's Mountain. The disaster at the Cowpens forbade perseverance in the second attempt, and was followed by the memorable retreat of Greene. The battle of Guilford took place in March, 1781; and towards the end of April, while Lord Rawdon encountered Greene at Hobkirk's Hill, Cornwallis set out on his march from Wilmington, bent on his avowed purpose of achieving the conquest of Virginia. On his march towards Halifax, he encamped for several days on the River Neuse, in what is now called Wayne County, North Carolina. His headquarters were at Springbank, while Col. Tarleton, with his renowned legion, encamped on the plantation of Lieut. Slocumb. This consisted of level and extensive fields, which at that season presented a most inviting view of fresh verdure from the mansion-house. Lord Cornwallis himself gave it the name of "Pleasant Green," which it ever afterwards retained. The owner of this fine estate held a subaltern's commission in the State line under Col. Washington, and was in command of a troop of light horse, raised in his own neighborhood, whose general duty it was to act as rangers, scouring the country for many miles around, watching the movements of the enemy, and punishing the loyalists when detected in their vocation of pillage and murder. These excursions had been frequent for two or three years, and often of several weeks' duration. At the present time Slocumb had returned to the vicinity, and had been sent with twelve or fifteen recruits to act as scouts in the neighborhood of the British general. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was near Springbank, and reconnoitered the encampment of Cornwallis, which he supposed to be his whole force. He then, with his party, pursued his way slowly along the south bank of the Neuse, in the direction of his own house, little dreaming that his beautiful and peaceful home, where, some time before, he had left his wife and child, was then in possession of the terrible Tarleton.

During these frequent excursions of the rangers, and the necessary absence of her husband, the superintendence of the plantation had always devolved upon Mrs. Slocumb, nee Mary Hooks. She depended for protection upon her slaves, whose fidelity she had proved, and upon her own fearless and intrepid spirit. The scene of the occupation of her house and Tarleton's residence with her remained through life indelibly impressed on her memory, and were described by her to one who enjoyed the honor of her intimate friendship. I am permitted to give this account, copied almost verbatim from notes taken at the time the occurrences were related by Mrs. Slocumb.

It was about 10 o'clock on a beautiful spring morning that a splendidly dressed officer, accompanied by two aides, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza in front of the ancient looking mansion. Mrs. Slocumb was sitting there with her child and a near relative, a young lady, who afterwards became the wife of Maj. Williams. A few house servants were also on the piazza.

The officer raised his cap, and bowing to his horse's neck, addressed the lady with the question: "Have I the pleasure of seeing the lady of this house and plantation?"

"It belongs to my husband."

"Is he at home?"

"He is not."

"Is he a rebel?"

"No, sir. He is in the army of his country and fighting against our invaders; therefore not a rebel."

It is not a little singular that, although the people of that day gloried in their rebellion, they always took offence at being called rebels.

"I fear, madam," said the officer, "we differ in our opinion. 'A friend to his country will be the friend of the king, our master.' "

"Slaves only acknowledge masters in this country," replied the lady.

"A deep flush crossed the florid cheeks of Tarleton, for he was the speaker; and turning to one of his aides, he ordered him pitch the tents and form the encampment in the orchard and field on their right. To the other aid his orders were to detach a quarter ground and station pickets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added: "Madam, the service of his Majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property; and if it would not be too great an inconvenience, I will take up my quarters in your house."

The tone admitted no controversy. Mrs. Slocumb answered: "My family consists of only myself, my sister and child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners."

A BEAUTIFUL VIEW

From the piazza where he seated himself, Tarleton commanded a view of the ground on which his troops were arranging their camp. The mansion fronted the east, and an avenue one hundred and fifty feet wide, and about half a mile in length, stretched to the eastern side of the plantation, where was a highway, with open grounds beyond it, partly dry meadow and partly sand barren. This avenue was lined on the south side by a high fence, and a thick hedgerow of forest trees. These are now removed and replaced by the Pride of India and other ornamental trees. On the north side extended the common rail fence seven or eight feet high, such as is usually seen on plantations in the low country. The encampment of the British troops being on that part of the plantation lying south of the avenue, it was completely screened by the fences and hedgerow from the view of any one approaching from down the country.

While the men were busied, different officers came up at intervals, making their reports and receiving orders. Among others, a Tory captain, whom Mrs. Slocumb immediately recognized—for before joining the royal army he had lived fifteen or twenty miles below—received orders in her hearing to take his troops and scour the country for two or three miles around.

In an hour everything was quiet, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment of some ten or eleven hundred of the choicest of the British monarch.

(Here follows a description of dinner served to the British officers)

At this point the conversation was interrupted by rapid volleys of firearms, appearing to proceed from the wood a short distance to the eastward. One of the aids pronounced it some straggling scout, running from the picket guard; but the experience of Col. Tarleton could not be easily deceived.

"There are rifles and muskets," said he, "as well as pistols; and too many to pass unnoticed. Order boots and saddles, and you, Captain, take your troops in the direction of the firing."

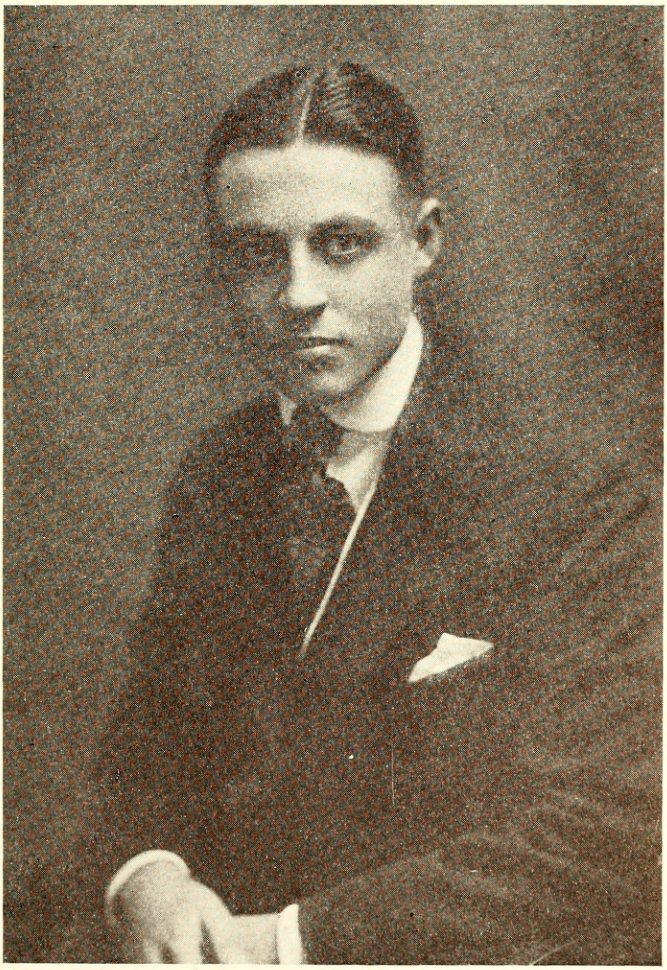
The officer rushed to execute his orders, while the Colonel walked out on the piazza, whither he was immediately followed by the anxious ladies. Mrs. Slocumb's agitation and alarm may be imagined, for she guessed but too well the cause of the interruption. On the first arrival of the officers she had been importuned, even with harsh threats—not, however, by Tarleton—to tell where her husband, when absent on duty, was likely to be found; but after her repeated and peremptory refusals, had escaped further molestation on the subject. She feared now that he had returned unexpectedly, and might fall into the enemy's hands before he was aware of their presence.

Her sole hope was in a precaution she had adopted soon after the coming of the unwelcome guests. Having heard Tarleton give the order to the Tory captain as before mentioned to patrol the country, she immediately sent for an old negro, and gave him directions to take a bag of corn to the mill about four miles distant, on the road she knew her husband must travel if he returned that day. "Big George" was instructed to warn his master of the danger of approaching his home. With the indolence and curiosity natural to his race, however, the old fellow remained loitering about the premises, and was at this time lurking under the hedgerow admiring the red coats, dashing plumes and shining helmets of the British troopers. The Colonel and the ladies continued on the lookout from the piazza. "May I be allowed, madam," at length said Tarleton, "without offence, to inquire if any part of Washington's army is in this neighborhood?"

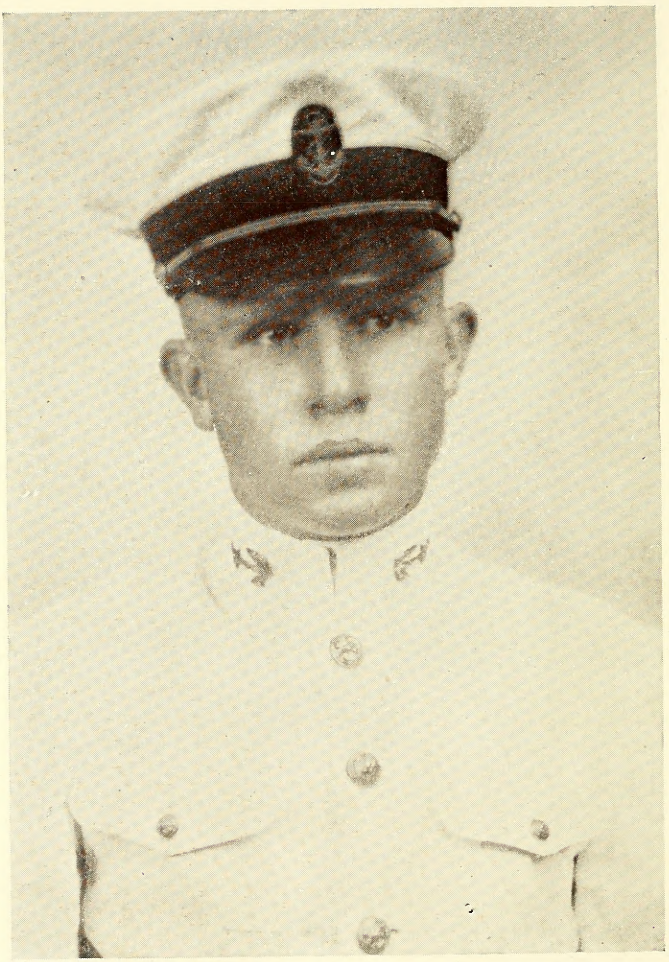
"I presume it is known to you," replied Mrs. Slocumb, "that the Marquis and Greene are in this state. And you would not, of course," she added, after a slight pause, "be surprised at a call from Lee or your old friend, Col. Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said shook your hand (pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre) very rudely when you last met."

(NOTE—It is said that in a close encounter between Washington and Tarleton during the battle of Cowpens, the latter was wounded by a sabre cut on the hand. Col. Washington, as is well known, figured in some of the skirmishes in North Carolina.)

This spirited answer inspired Tarleton with apprehensions that the skirmish in the woods was only the prelude to a concerted attack on his camp. His only reply was a loud order to form the troops on the right; and springing on his charger, he dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet, to a breach in the hedgerow, leaped the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment, which was already in line. Meantime, Lieut. Slocumb, with John Howell, a private in his band, Henry Williams, and the brother of Mrs. Slocumb, Charles Hooks, a boy about thirteen years of age, was leading a hot pursuit of the Tory captain who had been sent to reconnoitre the country, and some of his routed troops. These were first discerned in the open grounds east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia; while a running fight was kept up with different weapons, in which four or five broad swords gleamed conspicuous. The foremost of the pursuing party appeared too busy with the Tories to see anything else; and they entered the avenue at the same moment with the party pursued. With what horror and consternation did Mrs. Slocumb recognized her husband, her brother and two of her neighbors, in chase of the Tory captain and four of his Tory band, already half way down the avenue, and unconscious that they were rushing into the enemy's midst.



EDWARD LENNON MURPHY



FREDERICK PAUL WILLIAMS

About the middle of the avenue one of the Tories fell; and the course of the brave and impudent young officers was suddenly arrested by "Big George," who sprang directly in front of their horses, crying, "Hold on, massa! de debbil here! Look you!" A glance to the left showed the young men their danger; they were within pistol shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. Wheeling their horses, they discovered a troop already leaping the fence into the avenue in their rear. Quick as though they wheeled their horses and dashed down the avenue directly towards the house, where stood the quarter-guard to receive them. On reaching the garden fence—a rude structure formed of a kind of lath, and called a wattled fence—they leaped that and the next, and amid a shower of balls from the guard cleared the canal at one tremendous leap, and scouring across the open field to the northwest, were in the shelter of the wood before their pursuers could clear the fences of the enclosure. The whole ground of this adventure may be seen as the traveler passes over the Wilmington railroad, a mile and a half south of Dudley depot.

A platoon had commenced the pursuit; but the trumpets sounded the recall before the flying Americans had crossed the canal. The presence of mind and the lofty language of the heroic wife had convinced the British colonel that the daring men who so fearlessly dashed into his camp were supported by a formidable force at hand. Had the truth been known and the fugitives pursued, nothing could have prevented the destruction of the rest of the company on the east side of the plantation.

THE BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK

The united regiments of Colonels Lillington and Caswell encountered McDonald at Moore's Creek, where on the twenty-seventh was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. Col. Slocumb's recollections of this bravely contested field were too vivid to be dismissed by the lapse of years. He was accustomed to dwell but lightly on the gallant part borne by himself in that memorable action; but he gave abundant praise to his associates; he would say: "My wife was there!" She was indeed, but the story is best told in her own words:

The men all left on Sunday morning. More than eighty went from this house with my husband; I looked at them well, and I could see that every man had mischief in him. I know a coward as soon as I set my eyes upon him. The Tories more than once tried to frighten me, but they always showed coward at the bare insinuation that our troops were about.

Well, they got off in high spirits; every man stepping high and light. And I slept soundly and quietly that night, and worked hard all the next day; but I kept thinking where they had got to—how far, where and how many of the regulars and Tories they would meet, and I could not keep myself from the study. I went to bed

at the usual time, but still continued to study. As I lay—whether waking or sleeping, I know not—I had a dream; yet it was not all a dream. I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard cloak, bloody, dead; and other dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; everything was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear, it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments, and said aloud, "I must go to him." I told the woman I could not sleep and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare—as fleet and easy a nag as ever traveled; and in one minute we were tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed after a mile or two's gallop to bring reflection with it; and I asked myself where I was going and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back, but I was soon ten miles from home, and my mind became stronger every mile I rode. I should find my husband dying or dead, was as firmly my presentiment and conviction as any fact in my life. When day broke I was some thirty miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and had followed them without hesitation. About sunrise I came upon a group of women and children standing and sitting by the roadside, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road and gone toward the northwest (Cape Fear). Again was I skimming over the ground through a country thinly settled and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well marked trail of the troops. My little brother, Charles Hooks, twelve years of age, was my sole companion on my return trip.

HEARD THE CANNON

The sun must have been well up, say 8 or 9 o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard a cannon. I stopped still; when presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting. What a fool! my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now! Still I am so near I will go on and see how they come out. So away we went again, faster than ever, and I soon found by the noise of guns I was near the fight. Again I

stopped. I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles, I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare and dashed on in the direction of the firing and the shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading to Moore's Creek bridge, a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot—the very trees, and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw it all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centered in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm, and an unknown voice begged for water. A small camp kettle was lying near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it, poured some in his mouth, washed his face, and behold, it was Frank Cogdell! He soon revived and could speak. I was washing the wound in his head. Said he, "It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me." A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stocking and found the blood came from a shot hole through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart leaves. I gathered a handful and bound them tight to the hole, and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others—Doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day! I had not inquired for my husband, but while I was busy Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me, and was with his hat in hand about to pay some compliment, but I interrupted him by asking, "Where is my husband?"

"Where he ought to be, madam, in pursuit of the enemy. But, pray," said he, "how came you here?"

"O I thought," replied I, "you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one"—going to Frank and lifting him up with my arm under his head so that he could drink some more water—"would have died before any of you could have helped him."

"I believe you," said Frank. Just then I looked up and my husband, as bloody as a butcher and as muddy as a ditcher, stood before me.

(NOTE—It was his company that forded the creek, and penetrating the swamps, made the furious charge on the British left and rear, which decided the fate of the day.)

"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing there? Hugging Frank Codgell, the greatest reprobate in the army?" "I

don't care," I cried, "Frank is a brave soldier and a true friend to Congress."

"True, true! every word of it!" said Caswell. "You are right, madam!" with the lowest possible bow.

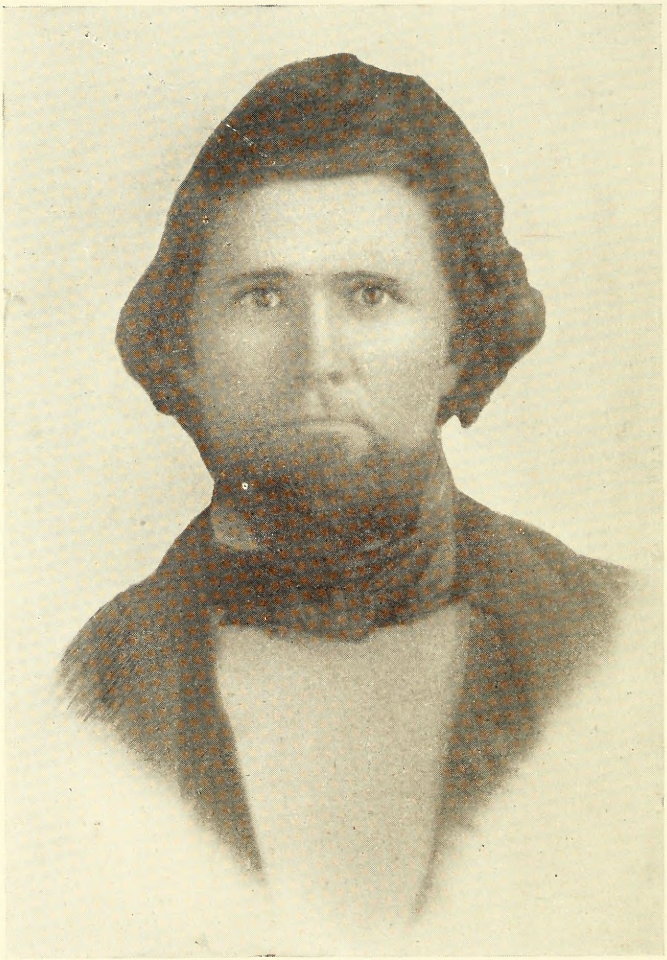
I would not tell my husband what brought me there, I was so happy; as were all! It was a glorious victory; I came just at the height of the engagement. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement had at all subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them, some very obnoxious, but the worst of the Tories were not taken prisoners. They were, for the most part, left in the woods and swamps wherever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt, but such as had been guilty of murder and house-burning. I, in the middle of the night, again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning and they could send a party with me; but no! I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!

A SHORT SKETCH OF LIFE OF MARY HOOKS

In due time for a "course of love," Ezekiel Slocumb and Mary Hooks were married, both being about eighteen years of age. The lovely and spirited bride immediately entered upon her duties at her husband's home on the Neuse; but they were not allowed to remain long in untroubled security. To prevent or punish the frequent depredations of the Tories, the boy husband joined a troop of light horse, who, acting on their own responsibility, performed the duty of scouts, scouring the country wherever they had notice of any necessity for their presence. In these prolonged absences, Mrs. Slocumb took the entire charge of the plantation, being obliged to perform many of the duties which usually fall to the lot of the rougher sex. She used to say, laughingly, that she had done in those perilous times all that a man ever did, except "mauling rails;" and to take away even that exception she went out one day and split a few. She was a graceful and fearless rider; and Die Vernon herself never displayed more skillful horsemanship in scampering over the hills of Scotland than did the subject of this memoir, in her excursions through the wild woods of the Neuse.

The true dignity of an American matron was shown in Mrs. Slocumb's reception and entertainment of the British officers, as already related. Her deportment was uniformly calm and self-possessed; her lofty spirit gave to her slender and fragile form a majesty that secured the respect of all the officers, and protected her from the slightest approach toward insolent familiarity. She presided at her table with dignity and courtesy, extending open

Anne Hunter Hooks



Haywood Hogan Hunter

hospitality to all her unbidden guests. Her liberality was acknowledged by strict orders that no depredations should be committed on anything belonging to the house or plantation. These orders were in general successfully enforced; but even military authority could not save the farm yard poultry or stock from a hungry soldiery. Not a feather was left, and many a fine bullock was knocked in the head. But in other things the protection availed her. On the news of the army's approach, she had taken the precaution to bury in the edge of a marsh near at hand her plate and other valuables. The soldiers suspected the place of deposit and plunged their pike-staffs into the ground about the spot until they discovered the treasure. They were compelled to restore it to the rightful owner.

Mrs. Slocumb's little son, at this time two or three years old, became a pet with several of the officers. The little fellow was permitted to share with them the pleasure and pride of prancing about on their splendid chargers. Perhaps to some of them his childish glee recalled their own domestic circles, and awakened in their stern hearts the holy feelings of home. They seemed delighted when the infant equestrian thus playing dragoon would clap his little hands and shout in his innocent mirth. This child was the Hon. Jesse Slocumb, member of Congress, who died full of honors in early manhood. His remains rest in the Congressional burial-ground at Washington. The brother of Mrs. Slocumb already mentioned was at the same time a member from the Wilmington District.

When the British army broke up their encampment at the plantation, a sergeant was ordered by Col. Tarleton to stand in the door till the last soldier had gone out to insure protection to the lady whose noble bearing had inspired them all with the most profound respect. This order was obeyed; the guard brought up the rear of that army in their march northward. Mrs. Slocumb saw them depart with tears of joy, and on her knees gave thanks, with a full heart, to the Divine Being who had protected her. A day or two afterwards her husband returned to her arms and a happy home. They lived together for sixty years in unbroken harmony, the patriarchs of all that country, and looked up to with unbounded love and respect.

She died on the 6th of March, 1836. Her venerable husband survived her about five years. Both now slumber together near the home where they lived and loved so long. Pleasant Green has passed into the hands of other owners; the noble old oaks that surrounded the mansion and lined the avenue have been girdled, and seem to lift their bare arms in lamentation for their ancient possessors. But the memory of those who dwelt there is linked with glorious recollections, which time can never efface from American hearts.

When the British officers took possession of her home, the general in command asked at the first sumptuous dinner served them by Aunt Polly if she would ask the blessing. They all stood with bowed heads and this is what she said:

Great God above, send down Thy love,
With sharp swords and sickles,
To cut the throats of these Redcoats,
For eating up my victuals.

About five years ago I was at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., and found the manager of the hotel a Mr. Slocumb. I asked if he was related to the North Carolina Slocumbs and his reply was that he supposed so, and a strange coincidence was that he turned to his desk and picked up a volume which he had just been reading; it was a history of the Slocumb family, written by Dr. Slocumb of New York State. In that history it seems that the Slocumbs were quite numerous, and only one branch of the family settled in North Carolina.

THE SMITH FAMILY

Headed by Dr. Joseph R. Smith, a pioneer of Jefferson County

MY COUSIN, Kate Molton, and my sister, Annie Julia Molton, married sons of Dr. Joseph R. Smith of Birmingham, and I have heretofore given the names of their children.

Dr. Smith was born in 1818, and was said to have been the first white child born in Jefferson County, Alabama. His father came from Tennessee and settled on a plantation about two miles from Bessemer, and there he raised a large family. Dr. Smith was a small man, but a very intellectual man. At great financial sacrifice to his father, he went to Lexington, Ky., and studied medicine, which was at that time the nearest medical school to his home. There were no railroads in those days, and he made the trip to Lexington in stage coaches, and once there, had to remain for two years until he received his diploma.

While at Lexington he met a very beautiful young woman and fell desperately in love with her. She was a member of a wealthy and aristocratic family by name of Smithers. He felt that he was only a poor country boy from the backwoods of Alabama and that the lady who had won his affections would not consider an offer of marriage; so he kept the secret of his love to himself and returned to Alabama without ever having imparted to any one his feelings toward this young woman. He still kept the secret to himself for two or three years and until he was well established as a practicing physician at old Elyton, the county seat of Jefferson County. Then after he felt assured of his success as a physician, he went to his father and told him that he wanted to return to Lexington and ask this young woman to be his wife. His father hooted at the idea and told him that he would be throwing away time and money to

go back and see this young woman, and that he had better continue in the work of practicing medicine and see if he could not fall in love with some young lady whose rearing and surroundings had been similar to his own. The father was so emphatic that the son took his advice and in the course of time he married Miss Jordan, a young woman of most respectable parents.

One of her brothers, Dr. Mortimer Jordan, attained great distinction in after years as a popular physician in Birmingham, and he left two sons, Williams and Mortimer, Jr., who likewise studied and practiced medicine in the city of Birmingham, where William still resides, enjoying a lucrative practice, and the other, Mortimer, was killed on the battlefields of France in the late war.

To the union between Dr. Smith and Miss Jordan there were twelve children. One, Joseph R. Smith, married my cousin Kate, daughter of Marshall H. Molton. Another son, Charles Jordan, married my sister Annie, and both of them are still living.

Dr. Smith's first wife died in the year 1875, and from his own lips I had a story which reads like romance. He said that very soon after his wife's death, his mind turned back to Mary Smithers, whom he had not seen nor heard from in so many years. By this time Birmingham had started and Dr. Smith had become a very rich land owner. In 1876 he said that he resolved that he must find Mary Smithers, if she were still living. Then there were trains to ride upon, and he went to Lexington in search of the girl he loved when he was a youth. When he reached Lexington, upon inquiry he found only one member of the Smithers family left, and that was a half brother, Judge Zach Gibbons, then judge of a court. He said that he called on Zach and proceeded to ask him what had become of each and every one of his brothers and sisters, naming Mary as the last one of his inquiry. Some were married and living in distant states, some were dead, and then Judge Gibbons told him that Mary had been married to Dr. Kilpatrick, a prominent Methodist divine; that he was

JOHN HUNTER

Mrs. Mary Louise Hunter Wade

dead and that the widow was living in St. Louis with only one son. He said that when Zach told him that he almost slipped out of his chair from emotion of delight.

The next train found him on his way to St. Louis, and there he found the widow Kilpatrick, and the old doctor, in telling me of the story, said, "And, Tom, do you know she made me go back to St. Louis two or three times before she came home with me as my bride?" They were married in 1876 and lived together as happily as any couple I ever knew for nearly thirty years. She died and he survived only a few years thereafter.

I never knew a more charming and gracious lady than Mrs. Smith. Her only son, Claude Kilpatrick, married the daughter of Mr. Liggett, the great tobacco manufacturer, and was one of the executors of the Liggett estate, and lived in great style and affluence until about two years ago. It was my pleasure to know him well and claim him as my friend.

To further illustrate what a beautiful and charming woman Mary Smithers was, there was another humble man in Lexington whose heart she won, Joel Hart, who afterwards became one of the greatest sculptors in the world. He, like Dr. Smith, feeling that he was not worthy of the hand of so beautiful and aristocratic a woman, did not offer his hand in marriage, but contented himself to worship this woman. He never married but went to Italy, where he achieved much distinction as a sculptor, and one of the greatest of his pieces of art was to chisel a marble statue, the image of Mary Smithers. This statue was called "Love Triumphant." He sent it from Italy to Lexington, Ky., and there it was set up in the courthouse and remained until the courthouse was burned some years ago.

When I moved to Birmingham in October, 1886, Dr. Smith was the largest individual taxpayer in the county. Most of his property consisted of real estate, and in a few months after my entrance into the real estate business he appointed me his agent, and for eigh-

teen years I looked after his interests, sold property, made leases, insured his buildings, and at the final conclusion, just before his death, I had the great satisfaction of his telling me that at one time when he became involved in some real estate deals I had, by good management, saved him from wreck and ruin. He was beyond question the greatest business friend I ever had, and I shall always cherish his memory with love and affection.

THE HARRIS FAMILY

A remarkable record of distinctions won by members of this group

OF THE present generation I think the children of Dr. Charles Hooks and Margaret Monk Harris have achieved more distinction than any of my relatives. Four of their children are listed among the notables in "Who's Who in America." Dr. Charles Hooks Haris was a first cousin to my father, their grandparents being Charles Hooks and Ann Hunter Hooks, making them related to me by two lines of descent. Dr. C. H. Harris attended the University of Alabama and graduated from the University of New York. The children of Dr. Charles Hooks and Margaret Monk Harris are as follows:

Professor James Coffee Harris, who commenced his career as a school teacher at the age of eighteen and successfully taught in Cedartown, Ga., and from there moved to Rome, Ga., where he was superintendent of the public schools for twenty-five years. He is now superintendent of the Georgia School for the Deaf at Cave Springs, Ga. He has written a history of the Harris-Hooks family, which gives much information in regard to the Moltons and Hunters. He is the author of works on science. Professor Harris was born April 28, 1858, was twice married, first to Ellen Lloyd Simmons, second to Kate Robeson. Children were as follows: George Simmons Harris, who is president of the Board of Directors of the Exposition Cotton Mills in Atlanta, Ga.; Agnes Ellen Harris, a brilliant woman who has several degrees from Columbia University, New York, making a specialty of domestic science, having been dean of the Woman's College at Tallahassee, Fla. She is now employed by the Agricultural Department to supervise state agricultural colleges in the teaching of home economics. Margaret Monk Harris, now Mrs.

W. A. Blair, living with her father at Cave Springs; James Coffee Harris, a graduate of Annapolis and now an officer in the navy.

Narcissa Ann Harris married Judge Charles G. Janes of Cedartown, Ga.; is now a widow and resides at Cedartown; no children.

Margaret Prairie Harris, resides at Cedartown, Ga.; never married.

Peter Charles Harris, graduated United States Military Academy, class 1888; honor graduate of United States Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., class 1895; nominated for brevet for gallant and meritorious conduct in battle of San Juan Hill 1898; director War Department Exhibit Pan-American Exposition in 1901; captain on General Staff from 1907 to 1911; graduate of Army War College 1908; assistant adjutant general at the beginning of the war with Germany, and for the last several years the adjutant general of the United States army. Resides in Washington.

William Julius Harris, prominent in business and politics in Georgia for many years, director of United States Census, chairman Federal Trade Commission, now United States senator from Georgia. He married a daughter of General Joseph Wheeler.

Dr. Seale Harris, graduate of the University of Georgia, and in medicine at the University of Virginia; founder of the Southern Medical Journal; nominated as a colonel in the United States Medical Corps during the German war, and made editor of the War Medicine Magazine, with headquarters in Paris until the war closed; now president of the Southern Medical Association and specialist in internal diseases at Birmingham, Alabama. Seale Harris m. Stella Rainer of Union Springs, Ala., and they have two children, Josephine and Seale, Jr.

Mary Adela Harris, married Professor W. T. Garret of Georgia; no children.

Hunter Harris, major in the regular United States army.

Elizabeth Beck Harris, married John Quinn of Sandersville, Ga., and has children as follows: Mary and Julia.

CHARLES DASHIELL HARRIS

General Peter Charles Harris had two sons; one died when about fifteen years of age, and his younger son, Charles Dashiell Harris, was killed in the late war and might be regarded as the greatest hero in the entire family. A tribute to him was written and published in pamphlet form by one of his classmates, and it affords me pleasure to print herein this story as written of this wonderful young man, which is as follows:

CHARLES DASHIELL HARRIS

No. 5745. Class of 1918 (Aug., 1917).

Killed in Action October 20, 1918, near Aincreville, France, aged 21 years.

Charles Dashiell Harris was born at Fort Niagara, N. Y., January 25, 1897. His education, begun in the public schools of Washington, D. C., was continued at Plattsburg, N. Y.; at St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., and at the Columbia Preparatory School, Washington, D. C., where he received his preparation for the Military Academy. He entered the United States Military Academy in June, 1914, and was graduated therefrom on August 30, 1917, a member of the class of 1918, the date of graduation having been advanced owing to the exigencies of war. Although one of the youngest members of his class, his standing at graduation was number five, while for the work of the final year he stood at the head of his class.

Upon graduation he was appointed captain in the regular army, being at the time of his appointment the youngest officer of that grade in the vast army then in process of organization in the United States. He was assigned to the 6th U. S. Engineers, Washington Barracks, D. C., and on December 2, 1917, left with his company (B) for Hoboken, N. J., en route to France.

The 6th Engineers were part of the 3rd Division, but arrived in France some months in advance of the remainder of the division.

The British being in need of the services of engineers in connection with the work of constructing heavy steel bridges over the Somme River and canal at and near Peronne, the headquarters detachment and two companies of the 6th Engineers, including Company B, commanded by Captain Harris, were attached to the Royal Engineers, British Fifth Army, and participated in that work. They were still so attached when the German drive of March 21, 1918, was launched, and at that crisis were of great assistance to the British in laying out and constructing successive lines of trenches. Later they constructed and for several days occupied, as infantry, front line trenches in the gap between the British Fifth and Third armies, which was filled in by the picked-up force of General Carey of the British army. The trenches occupied by Captain Harris' company were directly in front of the city of Amiens and, therefore, in what, at that period, was the most critical part of the line. In a commendatory dispatch to the regimental commander, General Rawlinson, commanding the British Fifth army, stated: "I fully realize that it has been largely due to your assistance that the enemy is checked."

Because of the services rendered by these two companies, the commanding officer of the 6th Engineers was appointed a companion of the Distinguished Service Order by the British government, and was later made a brigadier-general in the United States army.

After having performed considerable engineering work in the vicinity of Amiens, including the construction of steel bridges over the Somme River, plank and macadam roads, and trenches, dugouts and wire entanglements for the defense of that city, the 6th Engineers rejoined the Third Division a short time before the second battle of the Marne. They participated in that battle and in subsequent engagements which occurred

during the advance to the Vesle River, and later in both the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Being trained for combat as well as for engineer duty, the 6th Engineers, when not engaged in building bridges and roads, in laying out and constructing trenches, or in other engineering work, were fighting as infantry. Captain Harris' own company was in action against the enemy, either as engineers or as infantry, almost continuously from the 21st of March until his death on October 20th. Referring to the services of Captain Harris, an officer of the 6th Engineers wrote: "The company he commanded was in every action in which any part of the regiment participated and in every work which was undertaken. Company B is the Color Company of the regiment."

At 7 a. m., on the morning of October 20, 1918, Company B and two other companies of the 6th Engineers went "over the top" behind an infantry regiment, carrying barbed wire and tools with which to wire Clairs Chenes Wood, should the infantry regiment succeed in driving the Germans from that position. Owing to the intensity of the enemy's machine gun fire, the infantry failed in their purpose, whereupon the engineers decided they would attempt the capture of the woods themselves, Captain Harris, as the senior engineer officer present, assuming responsibility for the decision after a conference with the other two company commanders. They accordingly threw down their wire and tools, and plunged into the battle, Captain Harris leading Company B. With a small detachment in advance of the remainder of his company, he captured two machine guns and three German prisoners. Observing that the Germans were reforming for a counter attack and not having with him a sufficient number of men to operate both the captured guns, Captain Harris himself seized one of them, moved it across an open space in order to get a clear field of fire, and was operating it against the enemy when he was shot through the left lung.

At the time he was wounded, Captain Harris was

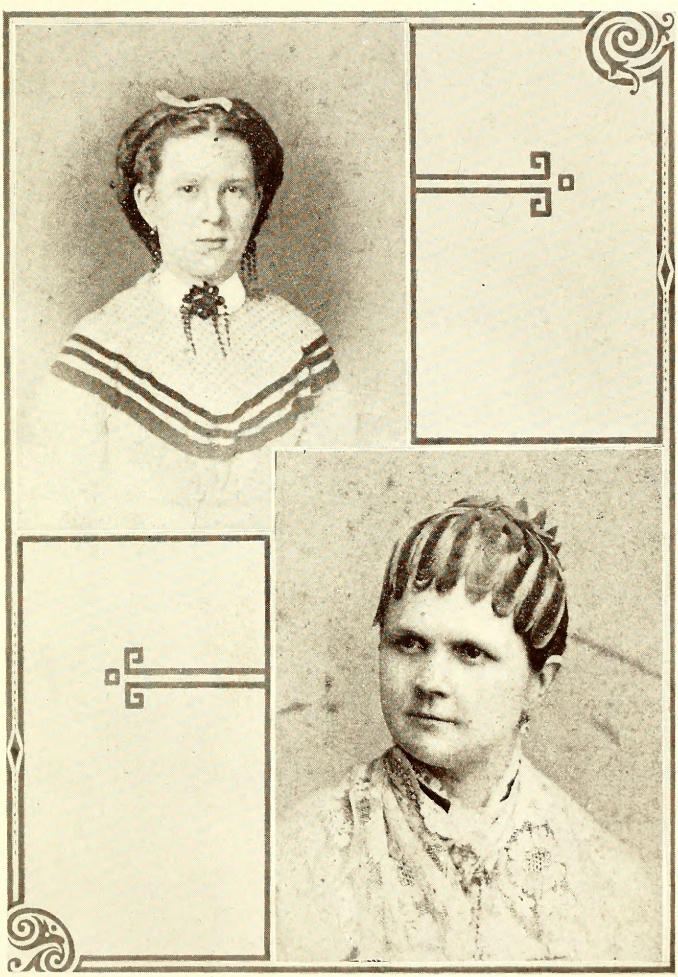
some distance in advance of his company and separated from it by a road swept by machine gun fire. He lay where he fell for some time before he could be carried across this road, the enemy having meanwhile laid down a barrage. As soon as the barrage was lifted two privates of his company and the three German prisoners started to carry him to an American dressing station, but the men lost their way in the woods and were captured by the enemy. Captain Harris was carried to a German first-aid dressing station near Aincreville, where he died shortly afterward.

After Captain Harris was wounded, it became necessary for his company to retire temporarily from Clairs Chenes Wood. They later renewed the attack, but before they succeeded in recapturing the wood Captain Harris and his two litter-bearers had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

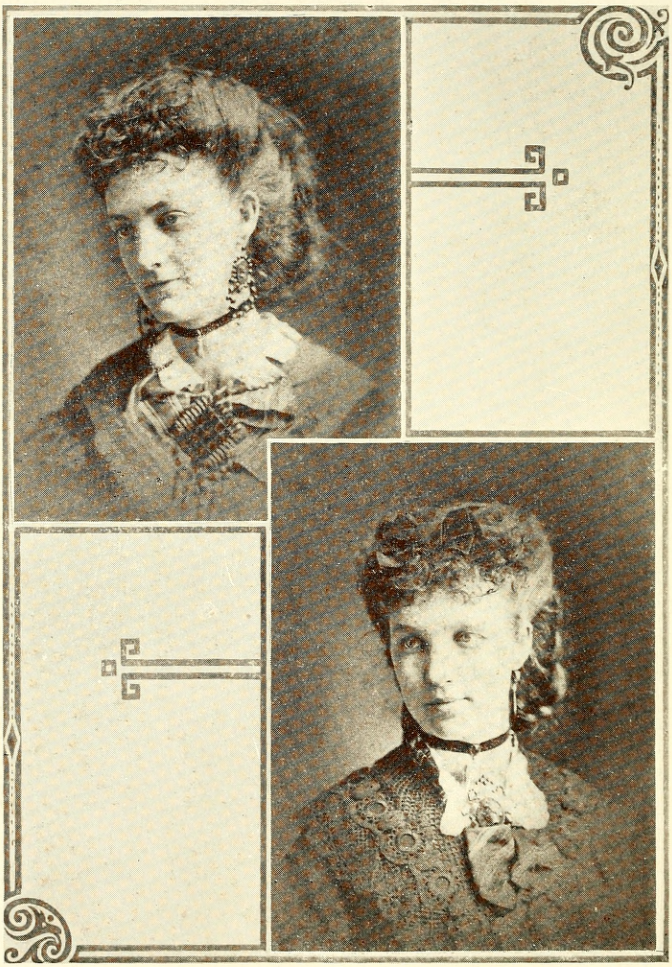
Captain Harris could very properly have sent a subaltern to clean out the machine gun nests which were delaying the advance of his company, but he chose to undertake this dangerous task himself, and so sacrificed his life for what he conceived to be his duty. His grave is on the south bank of Andon Creek, about six hundred yards southeast of the village of Aincreville.

Upon the recommendation of his division commander, the Distinguished Service Cross was, by direction of the President, awarded posthumously to Captain Harris for his heroic act by the commanding general, American Expeditionary Forces. The official notice of the award, published in General Orders No. 70, War Department, 1919, reads as follows:

> *Charles Dashiell Harris, Captain, Sixth Engineers. For extraordinary heroism in action in Clairs Chenes Woods, France, October 20, 1918. While leading his company in an attack on enemy machine gun nests he, with three of his men in advance of the remainder of his company, fearlessly attacked an enemy machine gun nest, capturing*



Top—Miss Lillie Bell Molton
Bottom—Miss Claudia Hunter



Top—Kate Ware Sistrunk
Bottom—Mary Ware Sistrunk

three prisoners and two guns, turning the guns against the enemy. He was mortally wounded while operating one of the guns in an exposed position. Next to kin: Major General P. C. Harris, the Adjutant General of the Army (father), The Dresden, Washington, D. C."

As a cadet at the Military Academy, young Harris was exceedingly popular. He was president of the Dialectic Society and cheer leader, and took a prominent part in all the social and other activities of his class. The parents of one of his classmates paid him the following tribute:

No finer or truer boy ever lived. Charlie was a born leader in enterprises serious or gay, in scholarship, athletics, and in friendship."

All the members of the 6th Engineers loved and respected Captain Harris. They tell of his coolness under fire and of his remarkable judgment. He said little, but when anything was to be done he was always ready with a well-defined plan which he could execute. He was of sunny disposition, and his cheery optimism is well illustrated by the following extract from one of his letters, written a short time before the second battle of the Marne:

I am all right and in the best possible health; with interesting work to keep me busy and enough exercise and good food to keep me healthy; nothing to spend money on, so also wealthy; and lots to learn, so wise.

A fellow officer of the 6th Engineers speaks of him in the following terms:

Captain Harris was one of the finest characters I ever knew—brave, he seemed not to know the

meaning of fear; loyal, cheerful, kind, confident, proud of his country and his men, who loved him and were inspired by his courage, endurance, his utter lack of selfishness, and always his first thought was for their comfort and welfare. The fact that he was the youngest captain in the army made them doubly proud of him. They would have followed him anywhere—and did. His uniform cheerfulness and high sense of duty kept us up when our spirits were getting low. He was one of the coolest men under fire I ever saw—calm, steady, fearless—and merely by the fact of his presence helped the men to complete successfully very many dangerous and nerve-racking tasks.

Many of the family have filled positions of honor, trust and responsibility for generations back, but I feel that it would be incomplete for me not to mention those who have achieved distinction above the ordinary.

My record of the Harris family is imperfect, except as to Charles Hooks and his children. The father of Charles Hooks was Peter Coffee, who maried Narcissa Hooks, and his other childdren were as follows: Sarah, m. Mr. Wood; Dr. Williams, no record of his marriage; Peter, no record, but had a large family of whom I know Mary, Sarah and Charles D. They reside in Georgia.

TWO BRILLIANT WRITERS

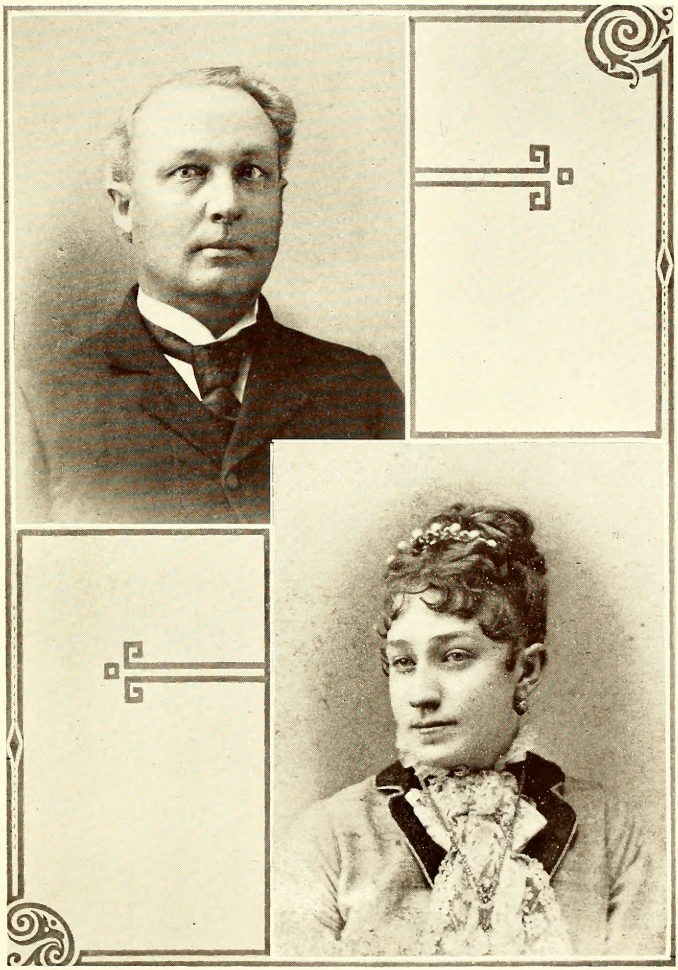
John Trotwood Moore and Leila Jordan Torgerson add lustre

IT WILL be impossible for me to give any lengthy account of the numerous kinfolk, but I am not satisfied without mentioning some of my most distinguished relatives. Amongst them on my mother's side was Judge John Moore. He was born and raised in Perry County, Alabama, a practicing attorney, and afterwards for a great number of years one of the circuit judges of Alabama. No man was held in higher esteem in Alabama than Judge Moore. In point of service he was the oldest circuit judge in Alabama. His wife was Miss Billingsly, and to them were born three children: Wooten, John Trotwood and Lucy. John Trotwood started his career as a school teacher, but soon gave that up, moved to Columbia, Tenn., where he took up literary work, and he has written a number of beautiful books and many poems. He now resides in Nashville, Tenn., and is director of the Department of Library, Archives and History of the State of Tennessee. He is a most accomplished gentleman and a relative to be proud of.

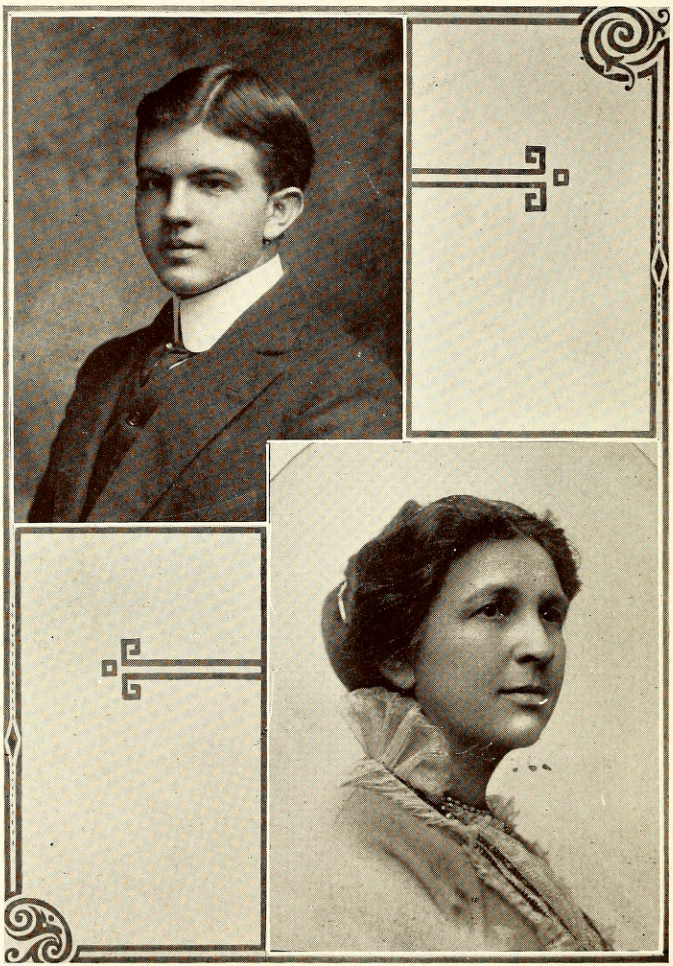
LELIA JORDAN TORGERSON

In making special mention of those of my relatives who have distinguished themselves, I feel that I should not omit Lelia Jordan Torgerson. She was married, first to William Vaughn, second to Ed Torgerson. During the time that she was a widow, her independence asserted itself, and without having previous experience went to work for the Birmingham Ledger, writing short stories. Soon she developed into a writer of attractive stories and commenced writing a series of articles which she titled "Vivid Vamps of History." Her style was so unusual it attracted great attention throughout the country and she had offers from several newspapers to have her on their staff. She accepted

an offer from the Birmingham Age-Herald, and while writing for this paper became more or less distinguished in this peculiar style of writing. After her marriage to Ed Torgerson, they moved to New York, where she made arrangements to have her articles syndicated, and they were published in a number of the leading newspapers in America. Not only Leila, but her husband, Ed Torgerson, is a writer of considerable note.



Robert Young Ware
Mary Harris Ware



Denison S. Ledyard
Mrs. Minnie Glover Ledyard

Mrs. Amelia Molton Embry

KATE MOLTON SMITH

THE LINN FAMILY

The romantic career of a Swedish boy in America

CHARLES LINN, my wife's father, was born of Swedish parents in Abo, Finland, on the 13th day of June, 1814. His name was Carl Shodahl. He left home when a lad and his life was in reality a romance. He arrived in the United States on June 13, 1833, settled in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1838, died in Birmingham August 5, 1883.

He was married three times, first, on September 5, 1842, to Emeli Antoinette Forss, b. January 30, 1821, d. February 16, 1852; second, on December 28, 1852, to Eliza Jane Summerlin (mother of my wife), b. February 10, 1825, d. March 22, 1875; third, on August 24, 1875, to Fannie H. Clark (no record of her birth or death).

By his first wife he had four children: Elvina Charlotte (called Ellen), b. September 24, 1844, d. June 10, 1921; Charles Washington, b. February 11, 1846, d. September 9, 1872; Antoinette Aurelia (Called Annie), b. November 23, 1849, d. June 12, 1921; Edward W., b. February 2, 1852, d. February 17, 1892.

By his second marriage: Mary Eliza, b. May 12, 1854, d. September 18, 1854; infant, b. July 6, 1856, d. same day; Lizzie Jane (my wife), b. November 28, 1857, d. April 29, 1919; George Thomas, b. May 5, 1860, d. May 21, 1860; George Marion, b. October 10, 1862, d. December 18, 1874.

In the family Bible there appears, in the handwriting of Charles Linn: "I, Charles Linn, was born June 13, 1814, on Bilnas Bruck, Pojo Socken, Nylands Lane, Finland; commenced the life of a sailor in April, 1830, arrived in the United States June 16, 1833, settled in Montgomery, Ala., in the spring of 1838. I have crossed the Atlantic ocean fifty-three times without accident."

His success as a business man was wonderful. After

moving to Montgomery, Alabama, he found that his foreign name was so difficult for the people to remember that he petitioned the Alabama Legislature to change his name to Charles Linn. The story of his life was told by a better writer than myself at the time that the first three-story building in Birmingham, constructed by him, was torn down to make place for a seventeen-story office building, known as the Brown-Marx building. This story was well written and the facts as given are practically true, so I cannot do better than to copy herein in the story as told in the Cincinnati Enquirer which had a special correspondent sent to Birmingham to interview Mr. Linn's daughters and obtain a true story of his life:

Linn's folly is of the past!

The last brick has been cast aside; the final foundation stone overthrown and on the site of the building famously known as "Linn's Folly," which bears the most remarkable history of fortune-making known to the South, a party of Birmingham, Alabama, capitalists are erecting a marble-lined steel structure, 16 stories and costing several hundred thousands of dollars.

Linn's folly has been justified!

The prophesy of a poor match boy has been fulfilled.

The little Swedish stowaway who endured terrible hardships on his journeys across the seas; who made and sold matches on the streets of Montgomery, Ala.; who slept on cotton bales at the river front, suffered both hunger and cold, yet kept ever for his watchword the noble maxim, "All will be well tomorrow!" would rejoice indeed, were he alive today to view the fulfillment of his prophecy.

The erection of the Brown-Marx building at Birmingham, Ala., has aroused vivid interest in the history of the original builder of this site, whose remarkable career was a most striking illustration of a man's rise from obscure poverty, and against countless odds, to position of wealth and prominence. He sleeps today not 12 blocks from the site of his bank—a bank which was built as the result of a bluff.

PECULIAR DEATHBED REQUEST

"Because the time allotted to man is of brief duration," Charles Linn, the builder of Linn's Folly, said upon his deathbed, "I shall have my tomb built upon a high promontory above the town of Birmingham, in which you men profess to have so little faith, so that I may walk out on judgment day and view the greatest industrial city of the entire South."

His tomb was built as he had ordered, high on a promontory, above the city of Birmingham, and stands today in bas-relief against the background of ore-filled mountains and smoke-dimmed skies, commanding a view of his bank site, now in ruins, but only awaiting the erection of a building which more than justifies the expectations of the far-sighted foreigner who received only laughter and jeers when he built a three-story brick, placing over its doors in bold lettering the sign, "C. Linn, Banker."

In 1872 Charles Linn, who was known in Sweden as Carl Shodahl, was gathered around a table with several wealthy men of the South when it was jokingly proposed that he build a bank in Birmingham, then but an insignificant and altogether hopeless village.

Their bluff was taken seriously.

He laughed with them, but compelled them to carry the joke even farther by sending out letters to his friends soliciting business for the proposed bank. He found the replies so encouraging that he erected a brick bank building on First Avenue and Twentieth Street, now the most important thoroughfare of the prosperous city of Birmingham.

"Linn's folly!" men exclaimed, tapping their foreheads significantly as they smiled. "Linn's wisdom!" the foreigner replied, imperturbably. "The time will yet come when it will be demonstrated to you that Linn's folly will be the nucleus around which a great city shall center!"

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Under Charles Linn's direction a contractor drew up a set of plans for the modest building, and when the first wagon load of bricks was dumped on the ground, people gathered to gaze at the wonder, for, in those days, bricks and people were few, and a three-story building was a curiosity, indeed. Blind stairways led from the second to the third floor, while from the second floor to the sidewalk below, then but an uneven pathway of mud, a flight of open stairs of wood were the sole means of exit and were placed on the outside of the building. The contractor had very few definite ideas regarding light and ventilation, so the building was dark, so dark that the supporting columns of iron, which were so plentifully sprinkled throughout the dark hallways, unrelieved by windows, impeded progress and wrought much injury to the hurried man meeting them unexpectedly.

The comparisons of the two buildings but serve to verify the faith which inspired Charles Linn in the building of his modest brick. A contractor, the best to be had, but who knew little of architecture, was engaged to draw up the first plans of this site. An architect from the East was called upon to draw up the plans for the second building to be placed upon the site of Linn's Folly. The

three-story structure is to be replaced by a building which, if seen at that time, would have excited awe. "Linn's Folly" is no more, but "Linn's Wisdom" is to be a magnificent structure of steel, whose hallways are to be lined with white marble from Talladega County, just as Charles Linn predicted that the state of Alabama would yet produce marble equal in beauty and superior for building to the famous Italian marble. The blackened woodwork of the old building is to be replaced by mahoganized birch, and an open court will shed light and ventilation through the 15 hallways and 300 offices. The old blind stairway will be superseded by 16 broad flights of white marble steps, supported on steel stringers. The rathskellar in the basement will be lined with marble, and its construction alone more than covers the amount expended by Charles Linn on his entire building.

The life story of the man who possessed such a prophetic vision runs more like a romance than reality, and is familiar to the residents of this section. From his heirs, who, by the way, represent the wealth and social prominence of the district, and are, indeed, foremost among the best families of the South today, the Enquirer representative gleaned many sidelights on the remarkable incidents and character of Charles Shodahl. It was thus the story ran:

LIFE STORY OF CARL SHODAHL

"Adieu, Antoinette, I will return for you!"

Thus spoke Carl Shodahl, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, as he left his sweetheart in Sweden.

"When will you return, Carl?" she questioned.

"Not until I have grown rich in America," answered the Swede, little dreaming of the fortune which really awaited him there.

"You will be late for school, Carl," the girl answered, laughingly, thinking his words but a jest.

"But I will not be late for the vessel which today sets sail from Helsingfors," replied the boy seriously.

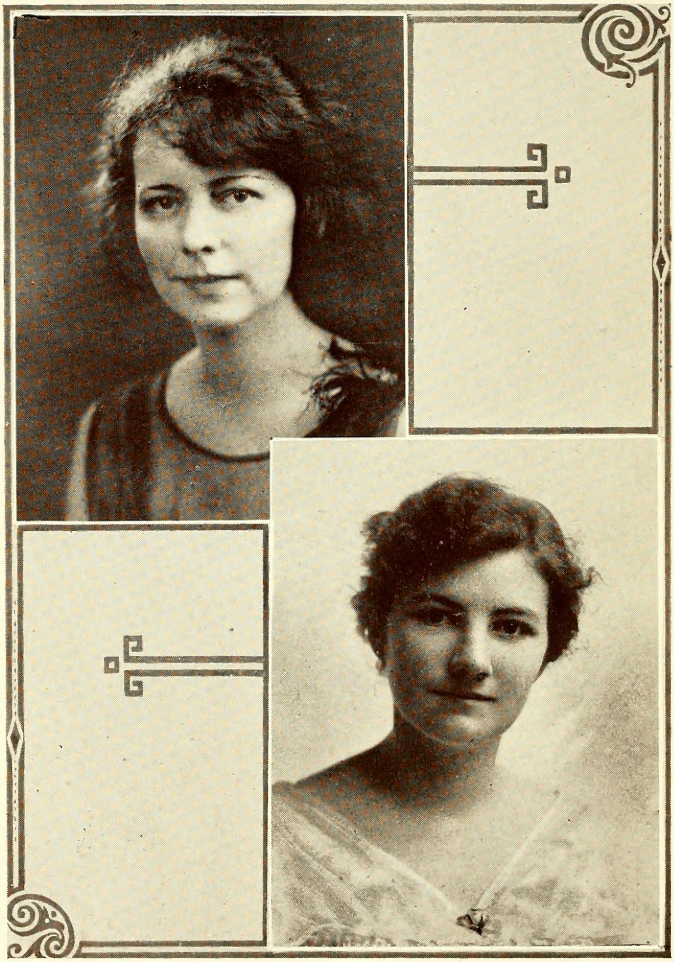
"Helsingfors is far from the village of Abo, and you cannot tramp the distance which lies between," said Antoinette.

"Nay, Antoinette, it is not far," answered Carl, "for even this morning I heard my father speak to my mother of a villager of Abo who will today set sail for America, so why cannot I, who am young and swift of foot, easily walk the road which leads to Helsingfors. I would look upon that great country where 'tis said that men grow rich."

"But you will not grow rich," said Antoinette, tossing her pretty head contemptuously.

"Even so I shall grow rich," replied Carl, dauntlessly, his eyes brightening and seeming to pay but small heed to her careless words. But as he made the statement there was no vision in his mind of the days to come in which he should see the truth of his words verified.

Mrs. Bettie Hurt Molton



Miss Annie Julia Molton
Mrs. Mary England Molton Patrick

"But you can do nothing which will bring you bread, Carl," said Antoinette, "and, even though we are but poor villagers of Abo, still do we have bread if the sight of gold is unknown."

"Ho, you speak of bread," answered Carl, grandly, "as though it were more scarce than gold. But I shall have both and you must await my return, so that I can bring you, too, to that great country where men have but to work in order to become rich."

THOUGHT HE BUT JESTED

"You speak foolishly, Carl," said the girl, even as her eyes dimmed with tears, for she loved Carl and feared in her heart that he really meant to leave the village of Abo, where they had spent their childhood.

"Some day I will prove to you that my words are truth," the boy answered seriously, "but I must be off now."

"Carl, do not go; America is so far and I hear that the sea is treacherous," pleaded Antoinette.

"I have always longed for a trip over the ocean, and now my chance has come to set sail for the land which lies far beyond the shores of Helsingfors," Carl responded, not heeding her protests.

"But your father and mother will grieve," argued the girl sadly.

"Nay," answered Carl, his eyes swimming with tears, "it is better that I should go, for there are many mouths to be fed, and I, who am only 14, can do but little toward helping my father. Perhaps when I am gone it will be easier for him."

"When will you return, Carl?" questioned Antoinette, still incredulous.

"Have I not told you that I shall not return until I have made a fortune?" answered the boy, who was destined to become one of the richest men of the Southern States of America, and who was to experience the vicissitudes of fortune long ere he reached man's estate.

"Here, Antoinette," he added, "take this apple which I was to eat for my lunch. It will be my last gift to you until I return with my fortune. Remember that you are to await my return," and with a last wave of his hand Carl was gone.

"Adieu, Carl, adieu," she called, and turning toward the schoolhouse gave her mind to her books, forgetting the rash words of the boy. But that night Carl's father came to her house.

"Did Carl speak to you today?" he questioned.

"Yes, he said he was going to America," laughingly responded Antoinette, who had herself become convinced that the boy but spoke in jest.

BECAME A CABIN BOY

"When was this?" inquired the father anxiously.

"Before school was opened for the day, but surely you do not fear for him?" asked Antoinette gravely.

"Even so," he answered, "and I will hasten to Helsingfors in order to prevent this rash step, for I now recall that he overheard me telling his mother of the ship which was to set sail today, and I thought he asked me many questions concerning the time, and I fear that he will try to board her."

The anxious man hurried to Helsingfors, and was greeted on his arrival with the intelligence that the ship had sailed. His worst fears were realized when he heard that his son had been seen going aboard. All efforts to trace the boy further were unavailing, and he returned to the saddened home at Abo, where for many days Carl was mourned as one dead. No word ever reached them from the runaway, and as the years passed the family lost hope.

The little Swedish stowaway crept out from his hiding place as the vessel sailed near the English coast.

"What is this?" roared the angry captain when he saw the shrinking form of the boy who stood before him, blinking at the light.

"Have we not neared the city of Liverpool?" inquired Carl.

No one answered, for he spoke in his native tongue.

"I will just make a cabin boy of this stowaway and so compel him to pay for the passage," remarked the captain.

Then did the pathetic little foreigner begin to realize the bitterness of earning his own bread. Each evening his tired form would drop wearily as he sank to sleep with a prayer of thankfulness for the night which brought him respite from his labors.

THE CAPTAIN'S WATCH

"All will be well tomorrow," he would whisper to himself in the darkness. "All will be well tomorrow," he would repeat dreamily. The words were his prayer, his creed, his hope and his inspiration until the day he died. Years later, when he had reached the summit of his ambition in the new country, this simple sentence was his watchword. Even as he lay dying, surrounded by all the luxury which wealth could bring, but with the bitter sobs of his loved ones breaking the deathlike stillness of the room, he turned his tired head on the pillow and murmured to them: "All will be well tomorrow."

The vessel finally cast anchor at New York after a long and wearisome trip, for travel in those days was difficult at best, the vessels relying altogether on the winds.

Carl fared but ill. The captain had an overfondness for the cup which cheers and brings forgetfulness of hard voyages and he proceeded to indulge on every possible and impossible occasion.

When he left a port safely he celebrated in honor of the propitious event; when he saw land in sight, he celebrated again, and when the ship cast anchor in order to unload he promptly accumulated a load himself. He seemed to be convinced that New York was a dry town, for he had absorbed all the whiskey on board when that port hove in sight. He had also absorbed a vague idea that his watch needed repairing and so called Carl to him.

"Take this watch to the jeweler whom I have named here and have it repaired," he said, handing Carl a little slip of paper with the address written thereon.

"What?" questioned Carl.

"Watch, stupid!" thundered the captain furiously.

Carl carried the watch to the jeweler, leaving the captain in the last stages of a huge snore, and he never awoke until the ship made ready to leave the port, when all the memory of the assignment he had given his cabin boy was entirely obliterated from his drink-befogged brain. He had missed his watch, and immediately the entire ship became aware of the loss.

FLOGGED FOR STEALING

"Watch?" questioned Carl, "yes," and he thereupon added in his native tongue the details of the assignment given him by the captain.

"The little thieving scoundred has stolen my watch," angrily shouted the captain, "and he shall be flogged! Bring out the cat-o'-nine tails!"

Carl was flogged. All during the painful ordeal his pitiful ltttle voice was raised in expostulation and explanation. "Watch," he would say, "Watch," and then the broken sentences which followed were spoken in his native tongue, which none on board could understand.

"Tie him to the deck and let him lie there the night long," commanded the captain, "so that his spirit may be broken and he will tell where he has hidden my watch."

The spray beat over the little cabin boy that night, and when dawn broke over the sea he knew not the merciful day had come. His clothes were frozen to his slender body; his head was pillowed on his arm and he was unconscious of the friend who bent over him and lifted him from the hard deck. The sympathetic sailor carried him below and thawed out the icy garments, giving the child a stimulant. He then begged him to tell where the watch was hidden so that he might escape further punishment. But Carl could only shake his head and protest.

Finally he made the sailor understand that he knew nothing of the watch and wished to learn English so that he would be able to understand. So, under the rough but loving tutelage of the sailor, Carl began his laborious study of language, and not until months

later, when he had sufficiently mastered part of that language, was he able to explain where the captain's watch had been placed. So, in bitterness and despair and in order that he might protect his honor, did the poor Swedish boy acquire his knowledge of language. The value of the lesson was never lost, for ere he died he had mastered seven different languages and was a fluent linguist.

BOUGHT A MONKEY

He stayed with the cruel captain, however, not knowing how he might earn his way through life save on the sea, until his knowledge of English was such that he decided he could leave the ship and land in New York. Fifty-three times he had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic ocean. The salt spray in his face but served to make him immune to the sharper storms which followed. He would throw back his head and face the gale courageously. The roll of the deck had become less rough to him and he was rapidly becoming an expert seaman. This valuable knowledge stood by him when the proper time arrived, for Carl manned his own boat ere he died. His sinews had developed and he had grown strong. Then dreams of Antoinette came to him; thoughts of the old home in Sweden, visions which were softened and toned by time and the lonely pang at his aching heart. He thought of his father and mother and longed for his native land. But he set his teeth hard, threw back his noble young head and kept ever in his hand the scepter of his self-control, for his determination had never faltered, and he decided to land in America, there work out his fate, make his fortune and return to Antoinette and Sweden.

He left the ship in New York never to return to the vessel. When the sailing date was due the captain inquired for Carl.

"No one knows where he is, but he will not return," the sailor who had befriended him informed the captain sullenly, for he knew why Carl had left the ship and he had grown fond of the boy.

Carl stood alone on the wharf. A sailor passed by. A monkey, half starved and lean, chattered at Carl volubly; with a bound it deserted its master and jumped on the boy's shoulder. The sailor came forward threateningly.

"I have but a few coins," said Carl, "but I will buy this ill-treated little animal."

"You may have the monkey," said the sailor, helping himself to the few coins which Carl displayed and walked rapidly away.

MADE AND SOLD MATCHES

Carl held the tiny animal to his heart. "We are both strangers, far from home," he said sadly, "and you were ill-treated just as I was."

For many days he kept his pet with him and had grown to love him very much when a sad thing happened. A man passed

them holding in his hand a gold watch. The glitter of gold attracted the monkey and he sprang mischievously at the man, throwing the watch to the ground and breaking the delicate mechanism.

"See what your beast has done," exclaimed the gentleman angrily.

"But he is only a dumb animal," pleaded Carl.

"Then you will have to pay," sneered the man, and Carl was compelled to sell his pet. It seemed this loss was the forerunner of bad times, for the little stowaway met with reverses. He could find no work and day by day tramped the streets of New York in vain searching for some means of a livelihood, sleeping anywhere he could find a place free from molestation, eating but seldom and daily growing more discouraged and heart sick.

He found an old matchmaker who taught him the art of making matches. Just as he mastered it he decided to go to Savannah, He grew discontent and wished to look upon new country. He worked his passage to Savannah and from thence to New Orleans. In the latter city he sold matches until he had made enough money to purchase a supply of tinware, which he carried through the country on his back, tramping his way to Montgomery. but his first months there were of untold hardships. In the mornings he chopped wood for an old woman who lived near where is now the capitol, who in return for this labor awarded him a scanty breakfast. She, in time, became so churlish that he gave up and made an arrangement to work at the market house in the earlier part of the morning for his breakfast. His bed was composed of cotton bales which were piled high at the river front. He would creep in between the big bales and sleep soundly, and often, in after years, he was heard to remark, "Well, poor little chap as I was, I slept on fine cotton mattresses." There, within their protecting walls, he spent his evenings making matches, selling them on the street corners in the day time.

HIS FIRST FRIEND

Carl selected a downtown corner. "Some day," he whispered to himself, "I shall know the men who conduct the government. I shall meet the men of wealth, and they will tell me how they obtained their money." And, so according to his dream, he met there the man who was to make possible the road to wealth. A foreigner passed him, and, stopping to buy matches, looked closely into his face. "Are you not a foreigner?" he asked in broken English, and went on to explain that he was a Portuguese, Thomas Joseph, by name. Between the two sprang a David and Jonathan friendship which brought about a business partnership. Joseph was a dealer in fruits and induced Carl to join him in the business. His name later became a famous one in the annals of the state, and he was the only man who ever went on Carl Shodahl's note. The

two foreigners prospered and gradually began to obtain recognition as keen business men of Montgomery. They acquired some valuable property and bought up the lot on which their fruit stand stood, which was the finest corner in the city, and is now by far the most valuable block of the place. Carl never gave up his matches, but worked on them each night with redoubled energy; tending the fruit stand in the day, and, when a bakery was added, alternating between the ovens and the counters.

Carl Shodahl, following an impulse, changed his name to Linn. "Carl Linn can be better pronounced by the Americans," he said in explanation, but the Americans found even this difficult as they clung to the English version and transposed the Carl to Charles, so that he was known always in this country as Charles Linn.

SUCCESS FROM FAILURE

The Civil War came on when his family had grown around him, and he was at the height of his business career. It laid waste the work of years, and Charles Linn sent his family to Dresden, Saxony, so that his children might be educated, keeping his eldest son beside him.

When his family returned to America they found that the war had devastated the entire Southland and practically ruined the business which he had so laboriously built up.

Charles Linn was induced to come to Birmingham, and, after he had looked over the place, seemed to be favorably impressed, but not until he called the hands of the men who bluffed him on the bank proposition did he fully determine to stay in the city and grow with it. Then, however, after his bank had become a certainty, he sold out his business in Montgomery and another in New Orleans, for he had been accumulating interests at both places ere coming to Birmingham, and invested his wealth here. To what proportions that wealth had grown was attested at his death when it was found that he was one of the richest men in the South. The poor match boy had not dreamed in vain. His efforts had not gone unrewarded. Not only did he attain wealth and prominence, but much wisdom came to him with the years, and his sayings are proverbs today in the State of Alabama.

"From every dime five cents, at least, should be saved," he would say, shaking his head wisely.

"The friend who goes on your note soon proves an enemy," was another of his sayings.

"Debt is a yoke which bends your head so low that your eyes cannot gaze ahead at the golden opportunities which are coming toward you," was a favorite remark, and endless other maxims of whimsical humor, sage wisdom and invaluable advice.

In his nature he was blessed with a heart which fairly overflowed with affectionate tenderness. In return for this lavish touch

to his already affluent nature he demanded return in love and sympathy. His sweetheart of Sweden, whom he brought to America as his wife, lived only for a short time in the new country, and he mourned her sincerely, for Antoinette was his boyhood love and her memory sweetened all of his life with its fragrance.

When in 1872 Mr. Linn established the National Bank of Birmingham it was not only the sole banking institution in Birmingham but was the first bank in north Alabama under the National Bank Act, shortly before passed by Congress. In 1883 he purchased the City Bank, changing the name of the institution to the First National Bank and for a great many years this bank has been the largest in Alabama, its deposits often exceeding any in the South. I served as a director of this institution for many years and have taken a pride in its growth. Mr. Linn not only added to the banking and industrial development of the young city but also to its social progress. The large block of property on First Ave between the Woodward Building and Morris Hotel he cleared, drained and beautified and for years this was known as Linn's Park, though he did not own it and improved it solely at his own expense. His "Calico Ball" given at the time of opening his bank is remembered by many still living who attended that noted function.

Although Mr. Linn had several children, only four lived to a mature age: Edward W., d. in 1892; Ellen, who married Thomas H. Watts, a Kentuckian, d. in June, 1921; Annie, who first married William Matthews, a Kentuckian, second, John Charles Henley, my first cousin. She died in June, 1921, just forty-six and a half hours after her older sister passed away. My wife, Lizzie Linn, who married, first, William L. Scott, second, Thomas H. Molton, died on April 29, 1919.

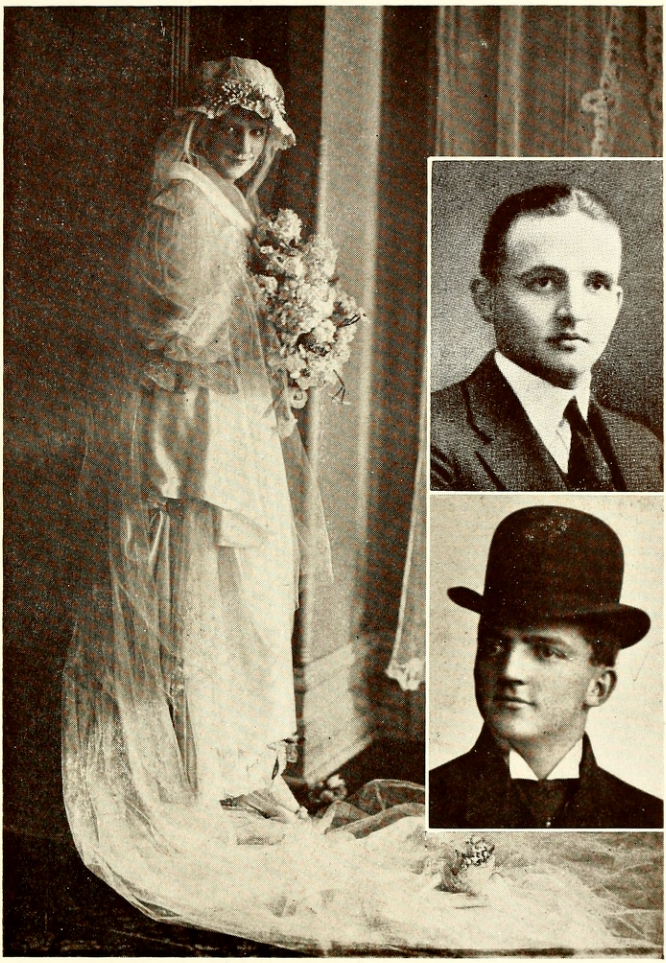
Mrs. Watts had several children who died in childhood, and left but one son, Thomas Haynes Watts, Jr., who was accidentally killed while out hunting when on a visit to the writer in November, 1921. Haynes married Miss Julia Glass of Memphis, Tenn., and they have one son, Thomas Haynes, Jr.

Of all the sweet sisters-in-law mortal man ever had, my sister Ellen was the dearest. She was a widow for many years and I handled her estate for thirty-two years. In that way I became more intimate with her than I did with Sister Annie Henley, but she also was a remarkable woman and a very loving and devoted sister-in-law, gifted as a writer and wrote many poems, but not for publication.

Mention of wife will appear elsewhere in this story.

Mrs. Haywood Molton Hasty
Bettie Margaret Hasty

Mrs. Bettie Harris Molton



Mrs. Lelia Smith Torgerson
Joseph Riley Smith, III
Hunter Molton Smith

Center—Elizabeth Molton Crow
Left to Right—Evylin Crow, Evie McKee Crow, Lucy Crow

THE SUMMERLIN FAMILY

Which is proud to claim a hero of the Alamo

MY WIFE's mother's maiden name was Eliza Jane Summerlin, daughter of Thomas B. and Susan W. Summerlin. My wife's mother was the youngest child of her father by his second marriage. The older members of the family moved to Louisiana and Texas and my wife's mother having died when she was very young resulted in her knowing very little of her relatives on her mother's side.

Her mother's oldest brother became famous and distinguished because of the fact that he belonged to David Crockett's little band who were massacred in the Battle of the Alamo March 6, 1836. Briscoe Atkins Trousdale, a nephew of A. Spain, has a stiletto found in his uncle's hand when taken from the Alamo.

The Republic of Texas ceded to the relatives of all those who were killed in the Alamo several thousand acres of Texas land. About twenty years ago I received a letter from some lawyers in Texas advising that they could still recover some of the land ceded to A. Spain Summerlin, notwithstanding the fact that he had been dead for more than fifty years and the heirs seemed to have been ignorant of the fact that this land had been ceded to them. I took up correspondence with these lawyers and finally went to Greenville, Texas, a small town seventy-five or eighty miles north of Dallas. There I found a lawyer who had been speaker of the House of Representatives of the state of Texas, and he told me of the facts in regard to the death of A. Spain Summerlin in the Alamo and informed me that his name appears on a granite shaft erected as a memorial to the heroes of the Alamo and which I presume still stands on the capitol grounds at Austin, Texas.

As stated before, neither my wife nor I knew much of the Summerlin family, but there were a large num-

ber of heirs and it became the duty of the attorneys in the case to ferret out those who were legal heirs of A. Spain Summerlin, so I will embody in this story copy of a paper which I was furnished along about the time that I went to Texas twenty years ago. It is as follows:

F. O. Summerlin, et al.,
No. 291 vs.
A. J. Rabb, et al.

DISTRICT COURT, RAINS COUNTY, TEXAS.

By request of the parties, the court herewith files the following Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law:

FINDINGS OF FACT

I. A. Spain Summerlin was killed in the Alamo, March 6th, 1836. At the time of his death he was a soldier in the Army of the Republic of Texas. He was never married, and died without issue. It did not appear from the evidence when he joined the army. He was a son of Thomas B. Summerlin and Susanna W. Summerlin, both of whom were living at the time of his death. Susanna W. Summerlin died September 4, 1842, and Thomas B. Summerlin died in May, 1860.

II. Thomas B. and Susanna W. Summerlin, father and mother of A. Spain Summerlin, had eleven children besides the latter, namely: William J. Summerlin, Jas. H. Summerlin, Eliza Summerlin, Mary Summerlin, Caroline Summerlin, Thomas Summerlin, Marion Summerlin, Susan Summerlin, Martha Summerlin, Margaret Summerlin, and one that was unnamed, the latter two of whom died before the death of their mother.

III. When Susanna Summerlin, mother of A. Spain Summerlin, died, her husband and all of her children, except A. Spain and the two referred to above as having died before she did, were living.

IV. William J. Summerlin died in the year 1889, leaving surviving him his wife Sarah, who is party plaintiff herein, and five children, namely: Mary Summerlin, Jas. T. Summerlin, F. O. Summerlin, Josephine Summerlin and Ollie Summerlin.

(a) Mary Summerlin married William J. Davis in the year 1866. She and her husband were made parties plaintiff in the original petition. She died in 1894, leaving surviving her her husband and two sons, namely: William, now about 24 years of age, and Irvin, now about 16 years of age, all of whom are parties plaintiff.

(b) Jas. T. Summerlin died in 1892, unmarried and without issue.

(c) F. O. Summerlin is still living and a party plaintiff herein.

(d) Josephine Summerlin married William P. Fitch, and died

before her father, Wm. J. Summerlin, leaving surviving her her husband and three children, all minors, namely: Charles, Jesse and Kate, all of whom are parties plaintiff.

(e) Ollie Summerlin is still living and 39 years old, never married, and was made a party Oct. 8, 1895.

V. Jas. H. Summerlin was a party to the original suit. He died in the year 1894, leaving his wife and five children surviving him, namely: Thomas H. Summerlin, Chas. A. Summerlin, Jas. L. Summerlin, William Summerlin, and Alice Hansen, wife of Henry Hansen, all of whom were made parties hereto by amended petition filed October 8, 1895.

VI. Eliza Summerlin married Chas. Linn in the year 1852. She died in the year 1875, leaving her husband and one child, viz.: Lizzie Linn, survivng her. Her husband, Chas. Linn, died in the year 1882.

(a) Lizzie Linn married Thos. H. Molton in November, 1888. She and her husband are both parties herein. Mrs. Molton was a widow when she married her present husband. Her first husband was named Scott, but the proof does not show the date of her marriage to Scott, nor the date of his death.

VII. Mary Summerlin married William J. Bently in the year 1834. Her husband died in the year 1864. She never remarried and died in the year 1866. She left surviving her seven children, namely: Thomas Bently, Joseph Bently, Westley Bently, Fannie Bently, Martha Bently, Susan Bently and Eliza Bently.

(a) Thomas Bently died in the year 1891, leaving neither wife nor children.

(b) Joseph Bently is still living, and a party plaintiff.

(c) Westley Bently died in 1880, unmarried and without issue.

(d) Fannie Bently never married, and died in the year 1892 or 1893, without issue.

(e) Martha Bently married Jas. K. Limerick in the year 1872. Both are living and parties plaintiff herein.

(f) Susan Bently married Jno. P. McKee, and died in the year 1870. Her husband died in 1888. They left four children, namely: William, now about 24 years of age; Eddie, now about 22 years of age; Franklin, now about 20 years of age, and Evie now about 18 years of age. All are unmarried, and are parties plaintiff hereto.

(g) Eliza Bently married Jas. Hood in 1869. Her husband died in 1894. She is a party plaintiff.

VIII. Caroline Summerlin married B. F. Hood. Hood died in the year 1869. She never remarried, and died January 27, 1876, leaving three children, namely: Maggie Hood, now about 45 years of age; Julia Hood, now about 43 years of age, and Jas. Hood, now about 40 years of age.

(a) Maggie Hood married J. C. Finley. She died March 7,

1880, and J. C., March 15, 1880. They left three children, viz.: Chas. Finley, now about 24 years of age; Fannie Finley, now about 22 years of age; Austin Finley, now about 15 years of age. They were all made parties plaintiff on October 8, 1895.

(b) Julia Hood married Henry C. Gibson, but in what year is not shown. She was made a party plaintiff in the original petition, and was therein alleged to be a femme sole. By amended petition filed October 8, 1895, her husband joins in the suit, and alleges that she was a married woman in the years 1884-5-6, but proof nowhere shows date of the marriage.

(c) Jas. Hood died in 1894. His children, Jas. F., now 19 years of age; Middleton, now 17 years of age, and Grover, now 10 years of age, were made parties plaintiff October 8, 1895.

IX. Thomas Summerlin never married, and died without issue in 1848, and prior to taking effect of Act of March 18, 1848. Paschal's Digest, Art. 3418.

X. Marion Summerlin married and died in 1880, leaving one child, a daughter named Maud, now about 17 or 18 years of age. She was made a party plaintiff October 8, 1895.

XI. Susan Summerlin never married, and died without issue after the death of her mother and before the year 1848.

XII. Martha Summerlin married David Brigham Trousdale in 1848. He died in July, 1885. She never remarried, and is a party plaintiff.

XIII. Thomas B. Summerlin married the second time in the year 1843. His second wife was named Mary Hinson. There was no proof as to whether she was dead or living. By this second marriage Thomas B. Summerlin had seven children, viz.: Francis Summerlin, Robert Summerlin, Jno. S. Summerlin, Lou Summerlin, Jennie Summerlin, Martha Summerlin and Aaron Summerlin.

XIV. Francis Summerlin died in the year 1847, aged 2 years.

XV. Robert Summerlin died in the year 1849, aged 3 months.

XVI. Jno. S. Summerlin is still living and a party plaintiff.

XVII. Lou Summerlin married Jno. Hinson in 1865. He died in the year 1891. She is still living, and was made party plaintiff October 8, 1895.

XVIII. Jennie Summerlin married W. J. Martin in 1871. Both are still living, and were made parties plaintiff October 8, 1895.

XIX. Aaron Summerlin and Martha Summerlin died in the year 1859, aged 4 years.

Col. George T. Summerlin married Virginia Loomis Johnston in 1898. To this union two sons were born, George Thomas Summerlin, Jr., and John A. Summerlin. George T., Jr., is a cadet at United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., 1922.

Martha Elizabeth Summerlin married David Brig-

ham Trousdale. To this union 14 childrden were born of whom four are living, namely, James Harvey Trousale, m. Jennie Belle Weaks; Briscoe Atkins Trousdale, m. Sarah Ava Duncan March 4, 1891; Martha Elizabeth Trousdale, unmarried; Louis Carter Trousdale, m. Jamie Tucker. Briscoe Trousdale, Jr., is now a cadet at West Point, United States Military Academy, 1922.

EVIE MCKEE CROW

Evie McKee was the little orphan my wife took into her home, raised and educated. Her mother was Susan Bentley, my wife's first cousin. Her father was John P. McKee of Wilcox County, Alabama. Evie was one of four children, the others being William, Edward and Frank L.

Evie married Edward C. Crow, a young lawyer of Florence, Ala. They moved to Birmingham in the year 1903, and are still living in a nice home on Eleventh Avenue, South. To this union were born four children, Elizabeth Molton, b. July 28, 1900, unmarried; Lucy, b. June 6, 1903, unmarried; Evelyn, b. December 4, 1908, a young girl of 14 summers; the fourth child died in infancy.

Evie was a lovely girl and now a splendid wife and mother. She worshipped her cousin, Lizzie, and is like a daughter to me.

After removal to Birmingham, Edward C. Crow was elected and served six years as judge of the circuit court of Jefferson County and is now a practicing attorney.

THE TUTTLE FAMILY

Prominent in South Alabama for generations

THE Tuttle family came originally from England, and the grandfather of my present wife, Adele Tuttle, settled in Connecticut, where her father, Charles Elliott Tuttle, was born March 4, 1831. He died in Mobile, Ala., January 12, 1889. On November 26, 1868, he married Ann E. Spencer, b. October 2, 1842, died May 25, 1914. Her parents lived in Virginia, and her father was a graduate of West Point.

Charles Elliott Tuttle had two brothers, Miles Tuttle and Amos G. Tuttle, the latter was a prominent merchant in Montgomery for many years, and two sisters, Ann Tuttle, wife of Robert E. Bolling, and Hattie, who married, first, a Mr. Officer, and second, Mr. Mitchell.

Ann E. Spencer had three brothers, Thomas, Frank and Sidney, and two sisters, Virginia, who married James Manghum, and Florence, who married Hiram Griffing.

Charles Elliott and Ann Spencer Tuttle were the parents of the following children: Charles Elliott, Jr., b. July 27, 1870; Edwin Montague, b. June 10, 1872; Hattie Adele, b. May 2, 1874, m. first, W. P. Williams, second, T. H. Molton; George Pitman, b. November 12, 1876, d. June 19, 1922, in Japan; Frank Amos, b. December 11, 1878; Helen Lucia, b. November 24, 1880, m. Joseph A. Ryan; Annie Bolling, b. December 2, 1882, m. J. Stewart Jones; Mary Louise, b. September 2, 1885, m. Thos. W. McDonald, Jr.

My wife, by her former marriage, had four children: Elliott Tuttle Williams, b. February 28, 1894, married my daughter, Gertrude Molton, November 9, 1918, now living in Birmingham; Loula Catherine, b. September 18, 1987, m. Edward Lennon Murphy, August 2, 1922, Washington, D. C.; Ann Davenport, b. April 22, 1900,

d. June, 1902; Frederick Paul, b. February 3, 1903. Frederick is now a cadet at Annapolis.

Charles Elliott Tuttle was an officer in the Confederate army and served his country throughout the war.

Elliott Tuttle Williams, son of my wife, served in an aviation corps as lieutenant in the late war. He was educated in the common schools of Macon County and then at Marion Institute and the University of Alabama.

REMINISCENCES

Interesting Lights and Shadows in Family History

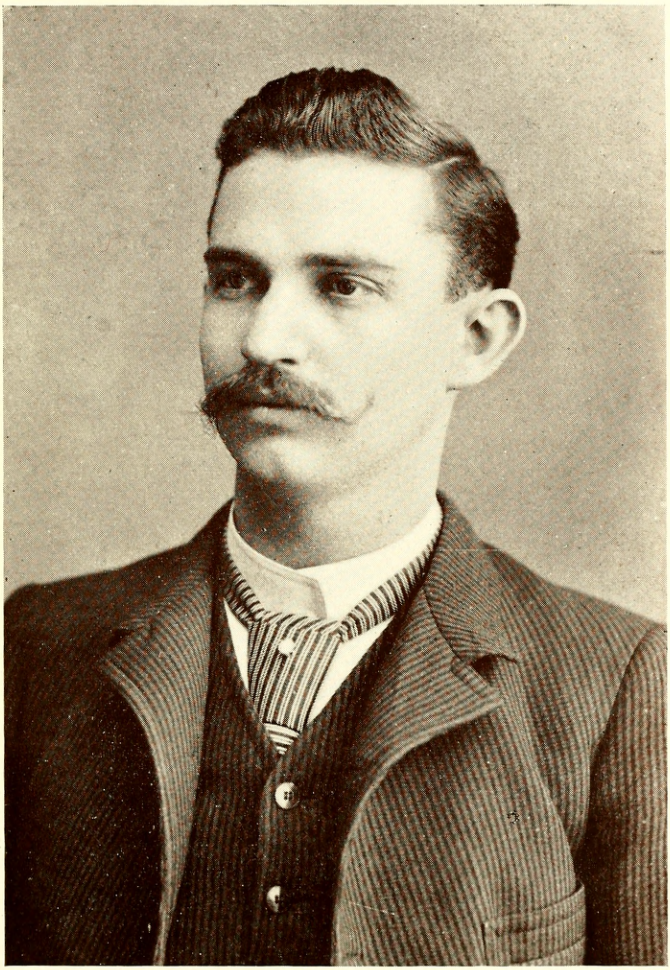
FROM now on, what I shall say will be more of a reminiscence, and much of it I trust to my own memory.

In 1908 I made a trip to North Carolina for the purpose of getting information in regard to the family, and my first stop was at Raleigh, where I saw Delancy Haywood, already mentioned. From Raleigh I went to Dunn, N. C., where I found two old ladies, first cousins of my mother, Mrs. Rachel Jones Pearsall, and Mrs. Jemima Haywood Pearsall. Their maiden name was Middleton, and their mother was a sister of my mother's mother. Cousin Rachel was the best informed person I have ever met in regard to the family. She was indeed a very remarkable woman, so much so that the people there called her a "walking encyclopedia." It was my desire to visit the homes of my ancestors and some of them were far from railroads. From Dunn we went to Goldsborough on the train, and there I secured a buggy with a good pair of horses, and the first journey was out two or three miles to the old Slocumb place where the bodies of Colonel Ezekiel Slocumb and Aunt Polly were interred. The graves are side by side, with heavy marble slabs and tombstones. On one is the following:

In memory of Col. Ezekiel Slocumb a patriot of the Revolution, who departed this life June 4, 1840, aged 80 years and 16 days.

On the other—

In memory of Polly Slocumb, wife of Ezekiel Slocumb, who departed this life March 6, 1836, aged 86 years and 24 days.



Allen W. Glover

MRS. ELLEN LINN WATTS

The old Slocumb house was located about two hundred yards east of the graves and across the railroad. It was known as Pleasant Green when owned by the Slocumbs. The old house had long since been destroyed, and it was in this house that the Slocumbs resided during the Revolutionary War, and when the British captured it they held possession as headquarters for Lord Cornwallis, and this fact has made it an historical spot down to the present time.

From this historic place we drove to the town of Faison and there spent the night with Mrs. Louise Hicks, who still resided in the Colonial mansion built by her husband, then long deceased, Captain Louis Hicks. The next day we drove to the old home of Colonel Charles Hooks. This place is about ten miles from Kenansville, and was then occupied by F. D. Hurst and Robert D. Hunter, distant relatives of my mother.

At the old Hooks place, about half a mile from the house, in a pine thicket, I saw a large slab over a grave with the following inscription:

In memory of Eliza Jane Hatch and her infant babe, daughter of Charles and Ann Hooks, was born on the 9th day of December, 1799, and departed this life on the 9th day of October, 1820, aged 20 years and 10 months.

"O Eliza, Eliza, my heart bleeds afresh at the sound of thy name,

And yet, I love to repeat it and dwell upon the sound."

After partaking of a splendid dinner at the old Charles Hooks place, we started for the home of grandfather Molton. We arrived there late in the afternoon and were greeted by its owner, Mr. Ben Pearsall. There I slept in the house where my father was born in 1825.

From the Molton place we left for Kenansville, about three miles distant, and there I spent several hours

looking through the records, and amongst other things found the original wills of Thomas Hooks, dated November 7, 1801, and of Abraham Molton and Isaac Hunter, copies of which I secured and appear herein. From Kenansville we drove to Warsaw, and from there that night took the train for Wilmington. At Wilmington I met three nieces (second cousins of my mother) of Cousins Rachel and Haywood Pearsall: Mrs. Lizzie Smallbones, Mrs. Ella Fenor Hill and Mrs. W. H. Northrop, most elegant, refined, educated women.

On my way between Goldsborough and Mount Olive, I was shown the old home, called Woodlawn, of my half uncle, John West. He resided there until he moved to Texas before the Civil War. The place was a beautiful situation on high land. His plantation where he kept all of his slaves was about six miles on the Neuse River. Uncle John West had quite a large family who moved with him to Texas, and I presume they are all dead by this time. One son was named Richard, one daughter Mollie, who lived with us for a time during the Civil War. I remember her as being a very fine young woman. She went back to her family in Texas and not for 50 years have I heard from her.

MY BOYHOOD HOME

My mind runs back to a period when I was only four years of age, when my father lived on the old Wood place, seven miles east of Montgomery, on the Wares Ferry Road. It was a beautiful place, and my father lived in great style for those days. He possessed carriages, horses, buggies and fine saddlers, and being his oldest boy I had two ponies, one named Alec and the other Kitty Clyde. I could not have been more than six years old when I would ride Alec over the plantation with my father.

In 1861 my father bought a large two-story house in Montgomery from Mr. Jeff Jackson, next to the old home of Gov. Watts, and it is still standing and is now used as a home for old ladies. It was in this house my

sister Annie and my brother Will were born. In 1864 my father traded the Jackson place for a home which had been occupied for a great number of years by my Aunt Narcissa, situated on the northwest corner of the intersection of Madison Avenue and Lawrence Street.

On the first day of December, 1864, he started with his mules, cows, horses, wagons, carriages, ponies and over two hundred negroes for Newton County, Mississippi, where he owned a place containing 1040 acres. He carried with him on this overland route myself and brother Charlie. We found the roads almost impassable and took thirty-one days to make the trip, landing at the Missisippi home on the first day of January, 1865. In April, 1865, the negroes were set free, and my father had no further desire to live in that Mississippi home, so in September following he sold out his place to my aunt, Mrs. Narcissa J. Watson, and moved back to Montgomery County, and purchased the old Molton plantation from Uncle Robert Y. Ware, who had purchased it years before from Marshall H. Molton. We lived there until October, 1866, and then moved to Montgomery on account of my mother's health. She died on the 2nd of August, 1867, in a rented house on the west side of Catoma Street, between Montgomery and Bibb Streets, and the following October we moved back to the plantation, where we resided until my father died in October, 1871.

I don't think any child ever idolized his father more than I did. Being his eldest son, I was his constant companion, even as a child. He gave me ponies, and at the tender age of eight years, he equipped me with a shotgun and taught me how to shoot birds, squirrels, etc. He was a great lover of fine horses and kept a stable of the best.

He was a very handsome man, as his picture in this booklet will show, and one of the most powerful men I ever knew, broad-shouldered, fine physique, very active, a fleet runner, and a splendid horseback rider. He kept deer and fox hounds and bird dogs and was fond

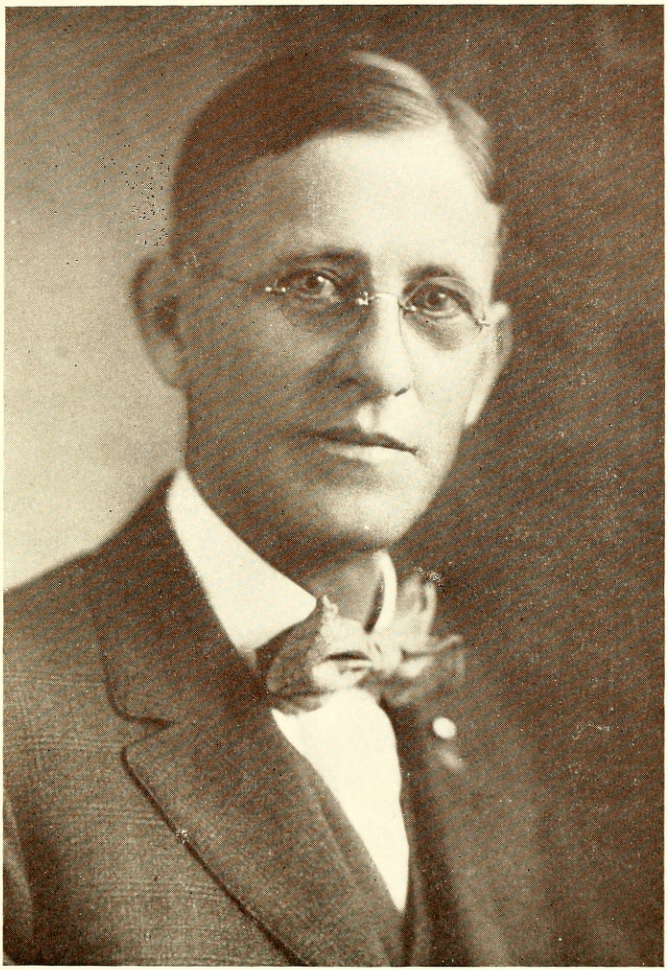
of the chase. He was undoubtedly in his day and time the best shot with the gun about Montgomery. He was public-spirited and took an active part in politics.

When the Civil War broke out, Gov. Moore commissioned him as colonel to raise a regiment, but for some reason, I know not why, he was persuaded to organize a home guard, and was captain of a cavalry company, called the Montgomery Mounted Rifles, during the period of the war.

Being the oldest, he was looked up to by his brothers and sisters as of superior judgment. He was indeed a wise counsellor. He was said to have been a most remarkable conversationalist, was fond of company and entertained a great deal. He was proud and usually wore broadcloth and silk hat and carried a gold-headed cane.

Before the outbreak of the Civil War, one of my father's most intimate friends was the Hon. William L. Yancey, the great secession orator, and his arguments and eloquence persuaded my father that the South would succeed beyond question. Entertaining such belief, he not only held on to the slaves that he owned but in 1863 bought sixty-three slaves from one large slave owner who had lost faith in the Confederacy. Finally in 1864 he "saw the handwriting on the wall' and decided to make an effort to get his slaves across the Mississippi River, where it was said that confidence in the success of the Confederacy was still so strong that slaves were being bought at good prices. This accounts for his having moved from Alabama to Newton County, Mississippi. The end came before he could get his slaves across the river. He had sold his valuable lands in Alabama and his slaves were freed, which left him in poverty.

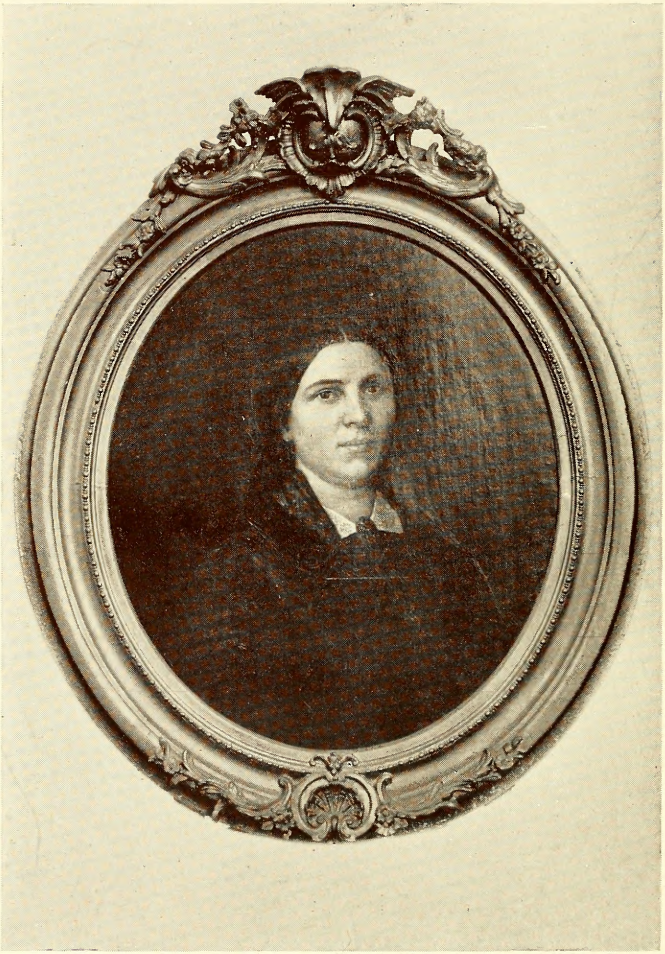
I well remember the time that he received news of Abraham Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves. He had promised his slaves that whenever he got reliable information he would so advise them, so when this news came he called them all into his back yard and read



Thomas Haynes Watts

Mrs. Julia Glass Watts

CHARLES LINN



Mrs. Eliza Jane Summerlin Linn

the proclamation to them and put it up to them as to what they wished to do. About one-half decided to remain with him and work a small crop which he had planted, and the other half chose to go back to their former homes.

INAUGURATION OF DAVIS

The inauguration of Jeff Davis as president of the Confederacy stands out clearly in my memory, and I could today go within ten feet of the spot on the State Capitol grounds where my father and his family stood. Only a short time before the inauguration, Colonel Tenant Lomax and my father had bought the two finest carriages ever brought to Montgomery. Mr. Davis was carried from the Exchange Hotel to the capitol in Colonel Lomax's carriage, drawn by four white horses. My father's carriage, drawn by a beautiful pair of blacks, was in the procession and carried his family to the capitol.

I recall many exciting times during the war. Well do I remember when Rousseau's Raiders passed through from the northern part of the state down across Bibb, Shelby, Chilton, Coosa and Macon counties. Nearly all of the men were at the front in Virginia and Tennessee, and the only difficulty that these raiders had was from the Tuscaloosa cadets, who gave chase to them and followed as far as Chehaw, six miles from Tuskegee. Couriers on horseback brought news to Montgomery of each little skirmish, and whenever a courier would come in the fire bell would ring, and though a boy of only ten years I would run at full speed to the city hall to get the news. When it was ascertained that they were headed toward Tuskegee, my father assembled his cavalry company, the Montgomery Rifles, and went up on a special train to join the Tuscaloosa cadets, but they reached Chehaw just after the skirmish there and Rousseau's Raiders had departed. I well remember what slavery was, and while my father owned over two hundred slaves, he was humane and very kind to

them. He forbade his overseers whipping them, and, while he probably punished them with the lash as was customary, it was so seldom I don't recall a single case. Kind treatment made all love "Marse Charles" and "Miss Julia."

A SELF-PORTRAIT

No man sees himself as others see him, and as the poet Burns has well said: "O wad some Power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us!"

As to my characteristics and disposition, I would say that I am high tempered, impulsive, bull-headed, but quick to forgive an enemy. I recall that on one occasion a man told me a lie, I called him a liar; he retorted, "you are another." I hit him a glancing blow and struck an iron post he was standing by, breaking my finger. An officer who chanced to be near by separated us and put us under bond to appear at the municipal court to answer a charge of "an affray." At the trial both of us were fined five dollars and costs. From the evidence I thought it was my fault, so I promptly paid my antagonist's fine, greatly to the surprise of those present. I believe in justice and I did not consider the verdict of the court was just to the other fellow.

LIZZIE LINN MOLTON

The record of a life marked by sympathy, love and service to others

SHE was indeed a very remarkable woman with a big brain and a big heart, educated in the schools of Alabama and spent a short time at school in Germany. She graduated at Dr. Price's College in Huntsville, Ala. I think she was the best English scholar I ever knew, and, as shown by some of the papers published in this book, she was a brilliant writer.

She became an active member of the Methodist Church when a mere girl and continued in her good church work and charity work up to the date of her death. The day that she died, she had attended a Methodist conference at Woodlawn. Her activities in charity work were along numerous lines, but her greatest love was to do something for the unfortunate poor women in the city of Birmingham. She made it a rule to keep on her list a number of deserving poor women, and especially on Thanksgiving and Christmas days would she fill baskets of clothing and food and drive around to each one's house to gladden their hearts.

Perhaps the most important work she ever did was in her connection with the Hillman Hospital. She was a charter member of the organization which established this charitable institution, and during nearly all of the time was its treasurer. It was her interest in the hospital which caused me to take an active part in financing it and in the construction of the building which now stands at the corner of Avenue F and Twentieth Street. I was chairman of a committee of three to have this building erected; the other two members never went into it until it was completed. I frankly acknowledge that I would never have taken an interest in the hospital had it not been for my dear wife.

As a member of the Highland Book Club, she was

regarded as one who prepared most interesting papers read to the club, one of which I have deemed advisable to print in this book.

One of the noblest acts of her life was in taking into our home the little orphan girl, Evie McKee, whose character as a woman with three grown daughters shines out as proof of careful training and education. Her charities were too numerous to mention them all.

As evidence of how she was regarded, I now give an editorial appearing in the Birmingham Ledger just after her death:

EDITORIAL BIRMINGHAM LEDGER

ANOTHER USEFUL WOMAN CITIZEN PASSED AWAY

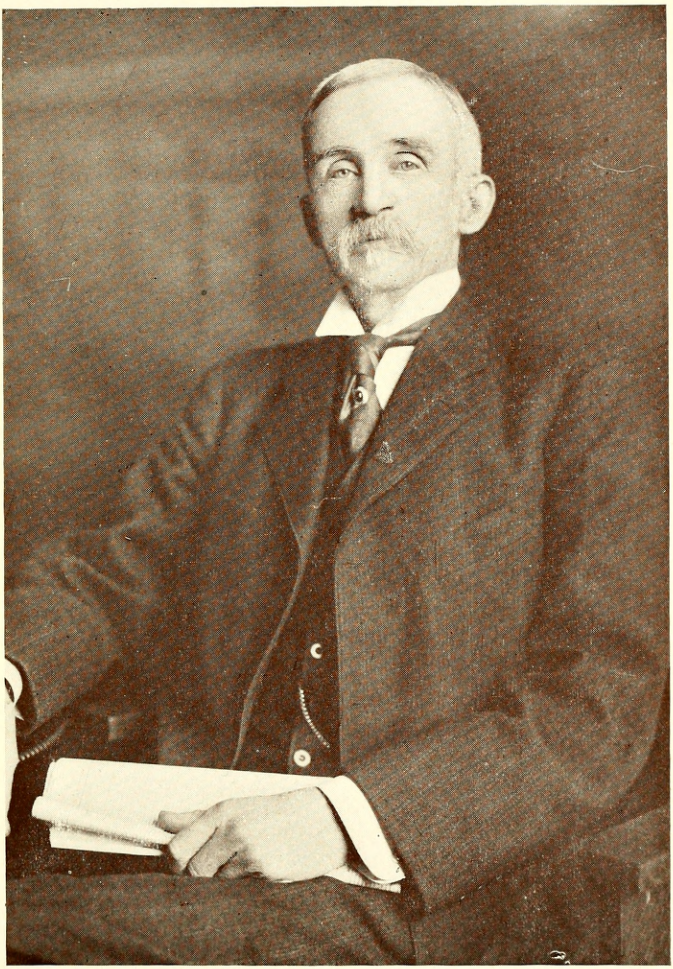
A woman whose name is associated with the founding of the Mercy Home and Hillman Hospital has left behind her a memory that is as dear and shall remain as treasured among us as that of any pioneer who builded blast furnaces or opened coal mines. Mrs. Elizabeth Linn Molton saw Birmingham in its infancy. She was here when her father, Charles Linn, built the first three-story brick structure in Birmingham and founded what has become a great banking institution. She took part in all the early affairs of women and she was prominent in the things that count for human relief for nearly a half century. Works of women like her are not sounded by trumpets, but they are as much the bulwark of community life as the biggest things men do. All honor to their memory.

The following is a paper written by my wife and read to the Highland Book Club. It is fiction based on her experience as a noble wife and a self-sacrficing and loving mother.

Birmingham, Alabama, January 28, 1901.

My dear Evie:

Does it seem so very long since my last letter to you? I hope that you are always sufficiently interested in us to be anxiously awaiting "the next." When I tell you how and where I have spent the last two weeks, think you will rejoice with me over the beautiful rest that I have had, and excuse the fact that letter writing was laid aside for that time. Just think of it! I have actually been on a visit to my old friend and schoolmate, Genevieve White, now Mrs. McClellan, of Minneapolis. You know she lives in a small suburb called "Bellehurst," and always dates her letters from her own home, "Villa Electra." Why she chose that name I could not appreciate



JOHN CHARLES HENLEY, SR.

MRS. ANNIE LINN HENLEY

before, but now—but I am anticipating; shall I tell you how it all came about? Two weeks ago last Sunday, our home was as peaceful and quiet, seemingly well regulated, as one could desire; we attended morning service, dined on turkey, cauliflower and cocoanut custard, took the children driving with us in the afternoon to North Birmingham Park, and we never more enjoyed a glorious sun bath, the children were never lovelier or smarter, and all together this world seemed beautiful enough for me to express the wish that I might be one of the few to usher in the next century. But who knows what a day may bring forth, or a night either! Presto, change! Before midnight the clouds had lowered, the distant thunder became noticeable, the rain drops lightly fell upon the roof. By daylight, the rain was falling in torrents, and a more dismal Monday never ushered in a dreary week than greeted us that day on arising. You know how I love my ease, how I detest the details of housekeeping, so rather think, after I relate to you the experiences of that morning, you will not be surprised to know that I was lying on the sitting-room sofa, with a splitting headache when Mr. Molton came home to dinner. He came in romping with T. H. Molton, Jr., the two making noise enough to indicate the near approach of the Jefferson Volunteers, and continued their frolic, each scream of the baby's and laugh of his father's causing darts of most excruciating intensified pain to shoot through my aching temples, till patience ceased to be a virtue, and a faint little moan escaped me; whereupon Mr. Molton quickly turned and exclaimed, "Why, wife, I did not know you were here. What is the mater?" "Headache," I murmured almost inarticulately. "Wife, what could have given you the headache? I see no cause for disturbance; everything seems delightfully quiet and peaceful to me here, even if it is a little damp outside." Then a la the fine old Irish gentleman whose wake was being held, but who could no longer resist the odor of good whiskey, even tho' dead, "I riz right up in bed" and poured forth the vials of my wrath upon his devoted head: "Mr. Molton, if the doctrine of reincarnation proves true, and God should decide to send me back to earth after I have had a good long rest in the hereafter, I do hope He will at least consult me just a little, and return me as the father and not the mother of a family. Had you encountered the vexations, trials and vicissitudes that surrounded *me* all the morning, your whole corporeal system would now be in the utter exhaustion of nervous prostration, and yet you wonder what *could* have given me the headache." Then I fell back on my pillow, and could think of nothing that so well suited my feelings as the following:

Oh, that I were where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not;
For where I am, I would not be
And where I would be I cannot.

Just listen, Evie, to my tale of woe. As I turned over for one more little nap before the rising bell should compel me to get up, T. H. Jr. awoke. I paid no attention to him, momentarily expecting Mammy to respond to his lusty call for his early bottle of milk; but presently a tap at the door, a rap, then another still louder, compelled me to answer; and Frank—the only Frank, the capable, prevaricating, incorrigible, but ever faithful Frank—stuck his head through the partly open door with the distressing intelligence that Mammy had telephoned from Ensley (where she usually spends her Sunday nights) that the trolley line had been broken by the storm and no cars were running, so she had no idea when she could get in. With a sigh, I turned toward Thomas, feeling that I had trouble enough ahead of me for one day, when Frank utterly crushed me with the next item of news, viz.: that Gracie could not come in to get breakfast, for the "rheumatiz" had struck her in the ankle again; but he grinningly added, "I done made your fire for you and the water most boiling." Was ever duty more pressing and less inviting?

After stopping the cries of the young tyrant of the household by getting refreshment number one, and hurriedly donning my working garb, I hastened to Ellen Linn's room, and after shaking her until I felt sure she was thoroughly aroused, left her with the injunction to dress rapidly and then go dress the baby. It took only a few moments in which to prepare our usual bill of fare when I cook the breakfast (milk toast, scrambled eggs, coffee and broiled bacon), so in a jiffy it was on the table and the bell had rung. I sat down and patiently waited, then impatiently waited, for the family to assemble; so after pouring my own coffee, and waiting until it grew cold, concluded it best to investigate. I found my liege lord loudly sawing gourds just as I had left him, and Ellen Linn had fallen across the foot of her bed, and was reposing in the arms of Morpheus as if she could not bear to tear herself away from the dear delightful old fellow; and as for Thomas, where do you think I found him? He had crawled from his bed, trotted in the library, found a bottle of ink, and had liberally scattered it on three widths of a new carpet, laid just a week before. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! How I felt, no ten dictionaries could supply words enough to describe. As I entered the room, he made a lake on the tile hearth with the remaining contents of the bottle, paddled both feet in it, then ran across the room, hid behind one of the lace curtains (also new), grabbing it with both little fists, leaving thereon not only ten little fingerprints but also the outline of one palm. From his hiding place, one little white head, two glorious brown eyes gradually became visible and he mischievously called out "Boo." Maybe you've heard poets rave about baby fingerprints and baby footprints, but was there ever mortal woman who could appreciate such prints under such circumstances?

Well, after so long a time, the family condescended to prepare

for breakfast and to eat what was most appetizing when steaming hot, but now, alas, served only to ward off attacks of hunger in the too near future, and to invite indigestion. You know, Evie, how I admire punctuality in everybody and deplore tardiness in school children especially, so thought to make sure of Ellen Linn's prompt arrival at school by having her ride. When I called for our boss to hitch up quickly, the unexpected reply came, "We can't drive either one of the horses today, for McKinley has lost two hind shoes and Wheeler has a lame shoulder." There it was again, and such a scurry and flurry as it required to get Ellen Linn and her necessary paraphrenalia in close proximity, and get her fairly started on her journey. Now, I thought I could see daylight ahead and quiet as well, so while the usual Monday morning thorough cleaning of the sitting room was going on, I addressed myself to the homely task of arranging the family linen in numerical piles for the convenience of the laundress, that task familiarly called "counting out the wash." In the very midst of this employment, Gertrude gave the most blood-curdling, hair-raising scream at the very top of her voice, and only those who know her well can imagine the altitude to which that little voice of hers can ascend. Not daring to leave Thomas alone in the room, I took him in my arms and breathlessly ran all over the house, upstairs and down, and finally located Gertrude behind the closed door of the cedar closet. Vainly had she struggled to release herself, only succeeding in adding to her misery by mashing one finger, and now loudly clamored for the "Pon Tack," which you know is her cure-all.

Once again things grew quiet, and I returned to my household tasks. A few moments later, Julia's daughter came to say that her "mother sends her compliments but could not do the usual laundering that week." "Well, Julia has been very faithful for two and a half years, and if she says she can't, I suppose she meant it, so Frank will have to go out and find some accommodating lady who will wash for us women and children." "Frank, Frank"—but no Frank responded, so very naturally I walked to the sitting room to find out why. The room was there, all the furniture was in the hall, windows wide open, fire out, but no Frank could I discover anywhere. Trusting to luck that he would immediately appear, I returned to *my* part of the work, and soon tidied bedrooms and wended my way to the kitchen, thinking to dispatch the breakfast dishes in short order. Horror upon horrors! The tank in the kitchen had sprung a fearful leak, the water was rushing like the old-time waters of Ladore all over the floor. I could reach neither the range nor gas stove without wading. While pondering over the advisability of either getting barefooted or donning Frank's rubber boots and sailing right in, the telephone rang. When I sweetly answered, "Well," Mr. Molton just as sweetly informed me that he was going to bring a friend home to lunch. My feelings were too

deep for utterance, so I said not a word, but instituted another search for Frank. In the meantime, I felt that the plot was deepening, also the water on the kitchen floor.

Over a small gas burner, laboriously and slowly I heated the dishwater, got the dining room in order for family and guest, prepared as nice a cold lunch as my pantry afforded, and in utter despair sat down to await results, it then being just a half hour to lunch time and *no Frank yet.* When he did come in, after an absence of nearly three hours, he hastily explained that some friend had notified him that his cow was out, on the direct road to the "Pond Pen," and he thought a few minutes would land her safely behind the bars again; but his search had been all unavailing till the last ten minutes, when he found her back in the alley. Fortunately, Mr. Molton was a little late, and more fortunate still, the expected guest did not arrive, so quiet reigned supreme (except for the noise of the plumber in the kitchen) when T. H. Sr. did come in.

Just before leaving the house, Mr. Molton suddenly remembered a letter in his pocket for me, and together we read the enclosed, which explains itself:

Villa Electra, January 1, 1901.

Dear old friend:

You may remember my telling you that I find a midwinter rest as necessary to my good health as a midsummer change, so next Wednesday is the first day of the appointed two weeks. During those two weeks, I propose to do only those things suggested by inclination, nothing that savors in the least of duty. I will so much more enjoy my rest if shared by some one equally in need of it and congenial; will you be my companion this time? Such fine old chats as we will have! Take the first train.

Yours sincerely,

GENEVIEVE.

Was ever anything more entrancingly inviting? "Wife, I wish you could go; it would do you a world of good, but how can you?" "Mr. Molton, this is one time I am going whether I can or not." So that settled *him.* Before night, Mammy had returned, Gracie's substitute was in the kitchen; Mrs. Miller, the trained nurse, was installed at the head of the baby department, and my trunk was packed. You know, I had just gotten home my new silk from Smith's, so dress did not have to be considered. By the way, Smith's dressmaker is very fine, but the bills are fine, too. I had hat, gloves, corset and shoes all new at the same time, a most unusual but lucky combination. This was one time when this woman got ready in short order, and early the next day I was rapidly going northward on a most comfortable Pullman. I do wish I could enlarge upon the many delights of that visit, for each moment was

one of specific pleasure, but will only touch upon a few of the points most interesting to housekeepers.

I arrived about 3 p. m., was met by my friend and rapidly whirled along in a new automobile run by electricity. This was my first experience in a vehicle of this kind, and the sensation was delightful. The approach to the house is just grand, such fine drives and such smooth lawns; lofty old trees; the house itself is about the size of Mrs. Pearson's and not unlike it in outward appearance. As we alighted at the porte cochere, my friend lightly touched the door bell, and immediately the door flew open, but no servant appeared in sight. We passed in and went at once to my room. Naturally my steps turned to the staircase, but, no, I was ushered into a small electric elevator for the ascent. That room, that room! It was a perfect symphony in green. I am almost as devoted to green as my sweet friend, Annie Nesbitt, with whom I lunched so delightfully tete-a-tete the other day, so you may know how the appointments pleased me. Adjoining my room (as with all the other bedrooms) there was a bath, the whole room in delicate green tile, with only the bath tub and handsome damask towels to appear still whiter by contrast. Before leaving me to remove the dust of travel, Genevieve prepared the bath for me, suggesting that I indulge in an electric bath at once to rid me of fatigue, so instructed me how to regulate the strength of the current by the pressure of certain buttons beside the tub. Such a refreshing bath as I enjoyed; I long for the invigorating effects of another right now. Presently Genevieve called for me to pilot me all over her new home. While I adjusted my belt, she stepped into the bath room, pressed a button not before observed by me, a panel slid back, out flew a long metal arm and hand firmly grasping a peculiarly shaped bristle brush, and in the twinkling of an eye, it swept round and round the tub till all traces of recent use had disappeared; then jumped back into its hiding place, the door closed and a more astonished and envious woman than I was you never saw. I did not understand how everything could be in such apple pie order with so few servants, and told Genevieve so, but she laughingly declared she kept one servant whom she fed on chemicals and he did the usual work of many.

Genevieve's own room was the gem of the house, being elaborately decorated in violet, so becoming to her fine eyes and lovely complexion. Her oldest daughter chose pink for her room, and the nursery—did I tell you she has three children just the ages of my three?—was plainly and sensibly furnished and had decorations of yellow. In every room I noticed a peculiar high-backed chair, with something like a metal head rest, and wondered at the sameness in these chairs, everything else being so delightfully varied; but asked no questions. The reception hall was a perfect treat to behold, with frescoe, tapestry, grills, mosaic floor, paintings and statues, enough to entertain untiringly, and some undiscovered beauty revealed itself to me every day I was there. The parlor was a dream, in white

and gold, with just enough old rose in the carpet, draperies and upholstering to give life and tone to the whole effect. We found the library an unusually inviting room, with its heavy leather chairs, regular "sleepy hollows," books, magazines lying around everywhere as if they were enjoyed daily, but not purchased to fill an empty bookcase. One especially beautiful ornament I noticed was a white marble hand, carved as having a frill of lace around the wrist, and also a bracelet of real jewels. After a little while, Genevieve, seemingly in admiration, touched a glowing ruby, and in a moment in came her old nurse with the three children, looking so clean, sweet and fresh, I could but wonder if they were just from an electric bath, too. I do believe Genevieve must train her children by electricity, for it has never been my good fortune to see such orderly, well mannered little ones, and they proved that, as I saw them the first evening, was their usual mode of acting. They froliced and played and seemed to have the jolliest kind of a time, but when they got through, the library did not look like a tornado had swept through it, as mine always does after fifteen minutes hard play with the three. Indeed, the contrast was so great it almost makes me weep to think of it. I found Mr. McClellan a very admirable man, quiet and dignified, but always cordial.

Words fail me when I endeavor to describe that dining room and that sweet homelike little tea. Everything on the table was delicious and just enough to make it teasingly appetizing; and so with every meal that followed. The delicate china, Genevieve's mother's family silver only seemed to brighten that glorious red room. No chance there for cold meals, for everything is sent in on an electrical carrier almost before the cook can lift it from the electric range. Oh, how delicious the Virginia waffles and beaten biscuit that seemed to appear miraculously every moment or two right at Genevieve's hand, and the soiled dishes disappeared just as mysteriously. As we returned to the library, I observed that Mr. McClellan leisurely sauntered to that beautiful marble hand, and gently fingered the topaz setting. In an incredible time, the colored driver was politely awaiting orders, and then it dawned upon me that the much admired ornament was the electric call, each jewel communicating with a different part of the establishment. Don't you wish we could have something like that instead of the ugly hanging green cords or the wall defacing push buttons?

When I retired, Genevieve stayed with me until I donned my night dress, and then suggested to me to try the high back chair that I had previously observed. Having unbraided my hair, Genevieve unexpectedly touched a little tassel dangling near my ear, and now just picture, if you can, the smile of delight on my countenance when two electric brushes caught hold of my hair, and brushed and brushed to my heart's content, and two others gently rubbed my feet. That was Utopian bliss, and no mistake. You may rest as-

sured I did not fail to avail myself of that luxury every night, and with the blessed assurance that no one was being tired.

Near the lunch hour the next day, I reminded Genevieve that I had not seen the room usually most interesting to ordinary housekeepers, the kitchen; so through a daintily clean and beautifully arranged butler's pantry, we went into the—I shall not say kitchen, but earthly paradise for culinary industries. Can't describe it, just cannot! But it was pure white tile from top to bottom, all utensils of aluminum and looked like so much silver ranged behind the glass doors of wall cupboards; had a large electrically heated range, a long table with knobs innumerable on the back side, a large dish washer here, as in the butler's pantry. Susie, the cook, was just beginning her lunch preparation, so I was only too glad to stay and see her manipulations of the various contrivances for convenience and rapidity in her department. She measured out the ingredients for her beaten biscuit, putting all in a tray shaped utensil with crank in center, placed it on the long table, and attached one of the electric knobs, leaving it alone to do its own mixing, which it did in a most satisfactory manner. While that was taking care of itself, the coffee mill ground as if by magic, the steak was placed on the chopping board, the proper connection made, and the most vigorous chopping done. Then some potatoes were washed and peeled by an electric contrivance on a small table, and sliced by another turn of the wheel. By this time the biscuit dough was ready to roll out, so Susie deftly lifted it to a marble slab, made a different connection, and a roller, then cutter, soon had all ready for the oven. Just think of a kitchen with no dust, ashes, soot, undue heat, no smoky walls or begrimed windows. Knowing only your kitchen and mine, am sure your imagination cannot stretch far enough to even conceive what I have seen. Wish I had timed the work, but did not, but we were eating our lunch in about the time usually necessary to make up the dough for the biscuits. On turning to leave the kitchen, I noticed about four or five steps that seemed to lead only to a small opening in the wall; my curiosity exceeded my politeness, and I hastened to investigate, and to my astonishment found myself looking straight through the walls both to the front and porte cochere doors. Genevieve then explained that time, patience and cooking material were often saved by that device, as the cook only had to peep through the walls to ascertain if necessary to go in person to the doors. If a member of the family had given the ring, a simple push of a button opened the door, without having to leave the kitchen at all. Seeing my great interest in the real housekeeping work, Genevieve invited me to see the dish washing, which astonished me no little. After placing the dishes in the large oval dish washer, the electrical connection was made, water grew hotter and hotter until it almost boiled, and the dasher moved with the softest, gentlest, most regular motion. After a few minutes of first washing, the water was changed without

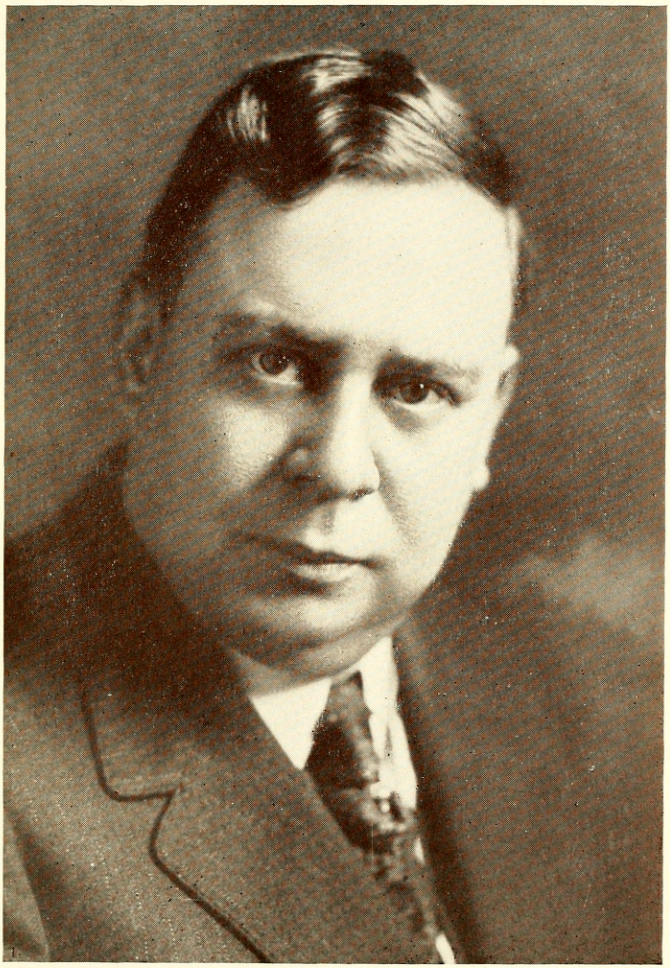
moving a dish, that water was drained off, a different cord was attached, and a volume of hot air dried those dishes before you could think it possible. While the dishes were bathing and drying themselves, Susie had tidied the dining room entirely. It makes me *ache* to think how slowly our home work sometimes goes on.

Now, that laundry! I wish I had time to describe it minutely, but will have to wait until my next epistle to expatiate on the composition floor, tile wainscoting, white porcelain lined tubs, water made hot as rapidly as desired, electrically operated mangling machine, only the smallest and most delicate article ever being ironed by the hand. The laundress managed all the work for the family in just one day. What bliss!

One day, with a most delightful concert in anticipation, I discovered my ribbons unusually crushed, so Genevieve took just a minute and a half to open a secret panel in the dressing room, touch a button to the tablet, put on the small iron, and my ribbon was pressed on a tiny little padded board before I realized what she was doing.

Once while resting after a morning drive, Genevieve quietly slipped in and inquired if music would disturb. Of course not, so by the change of location of a little picture on the wall, the sweetest strains of Il Trovatore softly lulled me into a sound slumber. That was too delightful an experience to enjoy only once, so another day Tannhauser greeted me as I slid the picture still further to the left.

On every hand, there were such lovely evidences of Genevieve's old time fondness for natural history, each room having a very live looking bird or animal somewhere adorning it, the natural color of plumage or skin harmonizing with the tint of the wall in each instance. On a bronze twig projecting from my mantle perched a dainty little Jenny Wren; in Genevieve's room, a saucy little canary swung from the chandelier, and the children enjoyed the possession of a tiny terrier chained to their mantle. I did not dream even these attractive specimens of the taxidermist's skill were useful as well as ornamental till the second evening, while quietly reading in the library, the soft notes of a cuckoo sounded quite near. Genevieve immediately arose, lifted the left wing of the bird behind me and answered the call. As at home, the Pond's Extract was wanted for a bruised finger, but no prolonged howl accompanied the request. Was not that the sweetest method of intercommunication you ever heard of? After that, I understood the occasional clear, delicate, thrilling sounds emanating from Genevieve's room, and the remarks made by the nurse to some invisible person always immediately following the bark of the terrier, which I had considered merely the workings of a piece of mechanism for the amusement of the little ones. The lifting of a tiny little claw served the purpose of calling from the various rooms. As in the case of the jeweled hand in the library, each claw elicited a different response, according to the kind of bird or animal with which it communicated. The parlor had the



WALTER E. HENLEY

JOHN CHARLES HENLEY, JR.

most magnificent pea-fowl I have ever seen, and the dining room a wild duck. Nothing delighted me more than the chirpings of Jenny Wren, as I was notified time and again of the readiness of automobile for fine bracing drives, or that mail from home awaited my pleasure.

Do you wonder that the whole place seemed like an enchanted palace, and that I was momentarily expecting Aladdin and his wonderful lamp to appear? And also that the limit of my stay was reached too soon? I though my investigating tours had acquainted me with all the usual arrangements of that wonderful house, but even the last hour's stay revealed to me one thing more. I had to leave early in the morning, and Genevieve assured me I could depend upon the alarm clock in the dresing room; so when it sounded I raised up to turn on the light, only to discover the light already burning, and the tiny kettle never before seen, had come from somewhere and was pouring forth a song of steam from its little throat, doing all it could to speed the departing guest, with the cup that cheers but not inebriates.

Amid all that splendor and ever-increasing business cares, Mr. McClellan never failed to have all, servants included, in the library for ten minutes after tea, when he sweetly and impressively read to us about that Land where by faith we see the "house beautiful," the Temple not made with hands. In imagination, we pictured the altar where stood four angels, one upon either side, dressed in flowing garments of white, with long slim trumpets of gold uplifted in their hands, as though waiting in expectancy the signal for their trumpet call. Long draperies of silvery gossamer hung in heavy folds back of the altar platform. Suddenly in the moment that we looked, we saw the drapery tremble and glow until a radiance far beyond the splendor of the sun at midday shone through them, and the whole temple was "filled with the glory of the Lord." We saw in the midst of the luminous cloud that filled the dome, the forms of angelic harpers, and as we dropped with bowed heads beside the altar rail, and hid our faces from the brightness of His coming, we heard the trumpet call of the four angels about the altar, and the voices of the Celestial Harpers as they sang:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity, Amen!

With a life brightened, cheered and rested beyond expression, the old reliable L. & N. brought me safely home, where all had fared finely without me, but actually seemed glad to have me back. Next week will write you of the wonderful window-washing, bed-making, sweeping and dusting, so different from our laborious way.

With love and a kiss to the baby,

COUSIN LIZZIE.

MARION LEE SCOTT

A brilliant career that ended all too soon

MARION was 12 years old when I married his mother, very large for his age, and possessed a brilliant mind. He was educated in the public schools of Birmingham, then attended Howard College, where he graduated as the youngest man in his class. He then attended the University of Virginia, where he studied law. There he was one of thirteen to get his diploma out of a class of 153 which he entered. On his return from the University of Virginia, he had many offers of partnership, and on my advice he went with Tillman & Campbell, one of the most reputable law firms in Alabama, and there pursued a thorough study of Alabama law and practice in the courts of Alabama.

When he was 23 years of age, he had mastoiditis, which resulted from scarlet fever which he had when a very young child. His intimate friend and college roommate, Dr. W. P. McAdory, went with him to New York to be operated on. An operation was performed but he passed away. He was regarded by many as the most brilliant young lawyer in Birmingham.

There never were sweeter relations between stepfather and stepson than existed between Marion and myself, and when he died I felt the loss as though it was my own son. Marion's father was Capt. William L. Scott of Janesville, Wis. He commanded a company in the Federal army during the Civil War and after the war settled in Montgomery, Ala. He moved to Birmingham in the fall of 1871, and here he was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery.

THOMAS H. MOLTON, Jr.

THE greatest ambition and desire of my life was to have a son who might love his father as I loved my own father.

On the 20th of May, 1899, there was born Thomas H. Molton, Jr., and to me he was the most beautiful and sweetest baby in the world. Day by day he grew more beautiful and interesting. I loved him from the beginning and I soon found that my boy loved his Dad just as I wanted him to love me. He soon became my chum and companion. I played games with him, walked with him, rode with him on horseback and in the buggy. We talked as boys would talk and as two old men would talk—about games, shows, business, sporting, politics, everything. He told me of his little sweethearts and I encouraged him to love the little girls. He was mischevious, but never bad; he was a great tease and nothing delighted him more than to play a trick on Dad. He was truthful, honest and honorable.

I could write pages in telling of incidents in my darling boy's life—every circumstance and condition having come back so vividly to my mind. Possibly no one would read anything of length which I might write, so I will confine this to a brief description of what he was and what he did his last day on earth, Monday, December 25, 1911.

About 6 o'clock in the morning I heard his footsteps in his room upstairs immediately over my own bedroom. Knowing he would want to catch me "Christmas gift," I opened the door from my room to the hall, then got back in bed and waited only a few moments when his merry voice rang out "Christmas Gift, Dad." He then proceeded to investigate and to find what Santa had placed for him in the chair in the sitting room set apart the night before to hold presents for him. He found a bugle with other things, and how delighted he was! He soon went to the yard and blast after

blast rang out. He had presents for the negro servants and carried them out to deliver before they got out of their rooms to attend to their duties. When he went into Fannie's room, he found her in the act of pouring a dram of whiskey into a glass. Without hesitation he knocked the glass from her hand and said, "Fannie, you must not drink whiskey." The old darky says now it was a lesson to her which she will never forget.

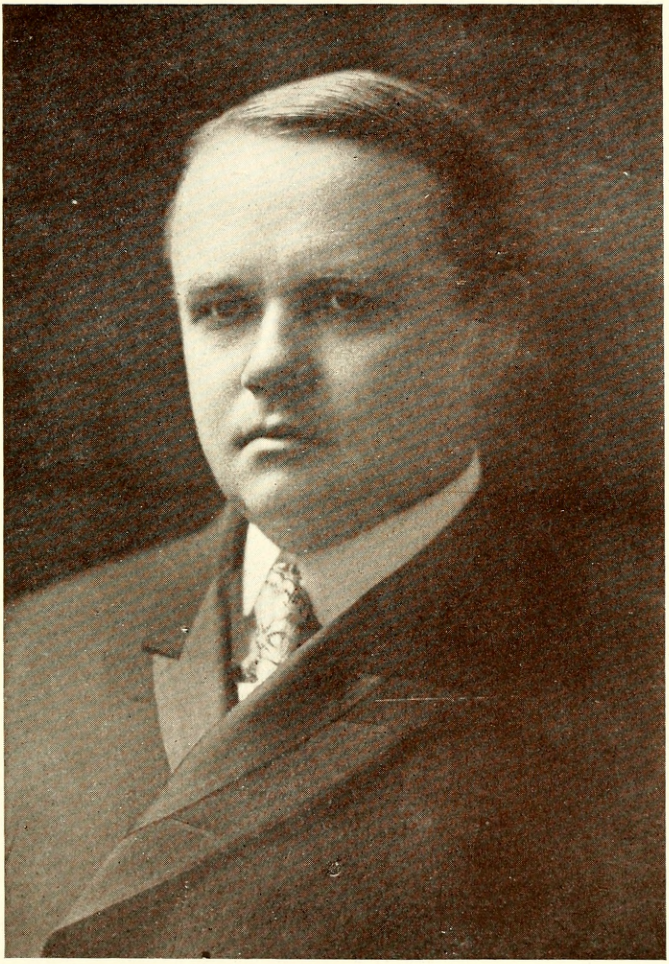
There was never a happier boy than he was all day. In the forenoon he went with his mother for a ride in the automobile and enjoyed it immensely. They returned by my office and brought me home. After dinner he requested me to go with him to the mountain to shoot the rifle, stating that Charlie DeBardeleben had found some robins over there. So we went by for Charlie and walked over on the mountain—found no robins, but practiced shooting at a target and shooting mistletoe from the treetops. I cautioned them not to shoot toward the city, lest the balls might fall on some one. They respected my caution and advice and aimed the gun in other directions.

After spending about one hour on the mountain we came back, and I took the car for my office, where I spent some time writing a personal letter to my cousin, Charles R. Forest. It was about 4:30 when the 'phone rang, and, on answering the message, came, as I best recollect it, "Dad, this is Thomas. Come on home and let's go back on the mountain. I expect the robins are over there by this time." I replied, "my dear boy, it is so late I cannot get there before it is too dark to see any robins." He promptly replied, "All right, then, good-bye." These were the last words I heard my darling boy speak.

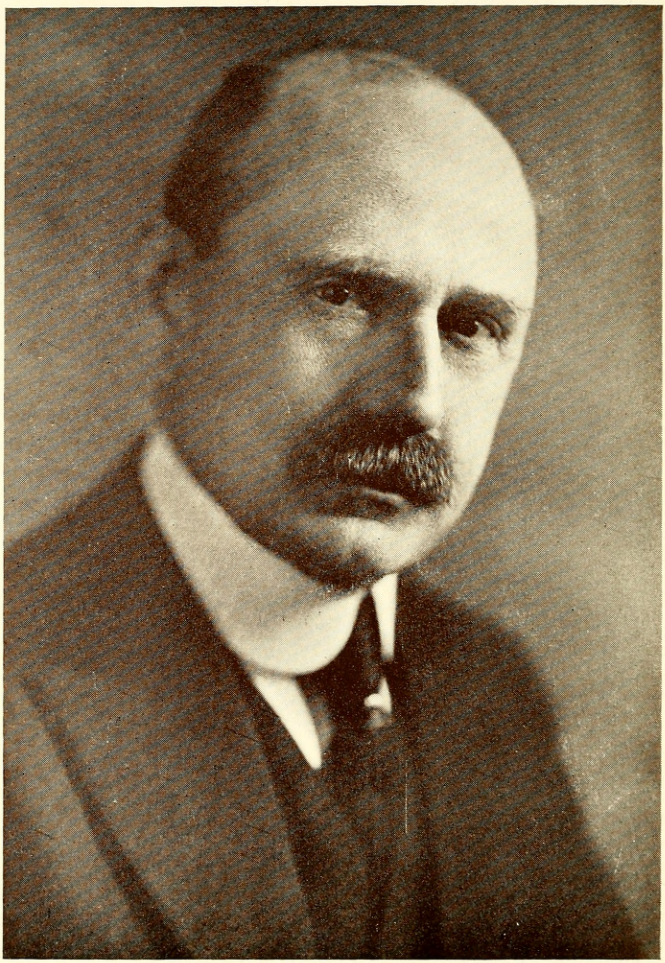
A few moments after calling me over the 'phone, Joseph Smith drove his auto up and requested the dear boy to go down and spend the night with him, and after consulting his mother and gaining her consent he took leave, saying, "Good-bye, Mother, good-bye forever—

COURTNEY SCOTT HENLEY

EDWARD W. LINN



William G. Brantley



James Coffee Harris

kiss me four times, Mother—good-bye forever." She gave him four kisses and the boys in a great glee and joy departed. Before reaching Joseph's home, Joseph suggested that they drive down to the Jefferson Theater for his mother, who had gone to a matinee performance. They met Joseph's mother on the sidewalk and just as they turned around to get into the auto my boy staggered, was caught by his aunt, who did not realize that anything had injured him and thought at first he was playing a prank as he so often did. The rest of the story was correctly told by the newspapers, copies of which are pasted in my scrapbook. The most accurate story was published in the Ledger.

How strange that God should have directed my boy's footsteps to the spot where he received the fatal shot from an unknown source! A messenger of death through the darkness—from an unseen and unknown source. If I had been killed it would not have seemed such a cruel fate. I have lived more than fifty-eight years, and had a son to leave as my representative. My health has not been good for several years and my death would be no great surprise—and certainly no such loss and grief to any one as my boy's death brings to me.

God simply willed that my boy should be taken first. A punishment to me! Yes! I shall never recover from it.

My boy was a little Christian gentleman—raised and taught by a devoted Christian mother; he loved God, and, more than any child I ever knew, remembered his obligations, and thanked God morning and night for the blessings he enjoyed.

Why God took my boy—I pray that I may some day know. Surely it was for a higher and better purpose than to punish his father.

A composition written by Thomas a few days before his death and found in his desk at school:

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

God had promised Mary a son on the 25th day of December, and the child to be a son of God, and to be named Christ. One day there shown in the sky a very bright star over Bethlehem, where he was born, the wise men" (and here it ended and was the unfinished story, it evidently being his intention to complete it some future time, but God called him to his Heavenly home before he wrote any more).

LETTER FROM MY WIFE TO THOMAS

Bad Nauheim,
May 5, 1911.

Whew-e-e!! What a big boy my little baby Thomas is getting to be! By the time this reaches you, Thomas, you will be having a birthday for twelve years old! My, how I wish I could eat some of the cake you're going to have. As I write, my eyes turn between words to the photo right by me. I am sitting at my desk with my left hand on the picture, so that the love from your heart to mine and from mine to yours may flow back and forth through my arm; for we do love each other, don't we, pal? No mother could have such an affectionate, loving, demonstrative son as you, and not love him nearly to death. You would not be you without the little mischief you indulge in occasionally, and I want you and nobody else as my big son. When you are mischievous and naughty, I feel very much hurt, and always wish you would not do and say things to make others unhappy, but I love you all the time. *I know* you are going to grow up one of God's noble men, and that the love of Jesus in your heart will always influence your life for good. You may laugh now when I speak of you as my future Methodist bishop, but I hope some of the family will live to see the day when you will be a shining light in that distinguished body of men. Have each member of the family (not forgetting Evie) kiss you for me on your birthday, and give my chickens *my* slice of your cake.

Tell father that Dr. Groedel is going to write a letter to Dr. McAdory. Ask Mac to let him have it, and while he has it in the office have Miss Parker make a copy of it. I wish to see what he writes. Nothing that he can say can make me feel any worse than I have felt before. Today and tomorrow will end my bath-taking, and I will see both Dr. and Prof. Groedel Sunday morning for the last time. We expect to leave here Monday or Tuesday, but not yet fully decided where we will spend the next two weeks. Dr. has suggested Weissbaden, as the continued cold weather makes it too cold yet in the hilly towns. You see he wants me to be where I can be out of doors all day in a balmy atmosphere. We object to W.

because it is a large city, with street cars, etc., and I know I cannot get the soothing, restful rest in a city of that kind. I'm too crazy about *seeing* things. Auntie asked me to cable when we left here, but I hardly think it necessary, as there will be no change of address for letters till they are sent to the "Amerika."

You may tell the News office that the papers come very irregularly, many times duplicate copies, and I *always* have to pay 2½ cents on each one received. Think the foreign mail man in that office ought to study mailing requirements so as to spare "nearly broke" travelers such heavy expenses. Your rabbits! Aren't they dandy. Maybe you will sell some to me to eat this summer. Have you and father yet drawn the plans for your rabbit house at Idlewild? You must have a deep trench dug around the space and put in a standing-up piece of closely woven wire, to keep them from burrowing out; must have a gravel or sandy yard so it will not get muddy; your hutch must have an open front so you can clean it out nicely and without trouble. I hope things will be fixed so you can look after your own things yourself, and never go off to school without doing for your pets, or never wait to be told about them if you prefer to look after them in the afternoon. If the owner of a business enterprise looks after things personally, the business is sure to be more prosperous than if left to the care of indifferent helpers. If you wish to keep your rabbits healthy, they must have clean homes in which to live and plenty of fresh water. If you wish to make money by selling them they must be kept in a healthy condition. You have not written anything about your pigeons in a long time. Wonder if they are all dead.

Am crazy to see Gertrude's new dress that she made herself! Suppose that is the dress that father referred to when he said that Mary was working with G.

Do you really think I am going to like father's new house? Am sure the trees look lovely there now.

With all the birthday love I can send and a kiss to everybody who loves me,

MOTHER.

Bad Nauheim is in Hesse-Darmstadt.

The following is copy of a letter which I wrote my father's first cousin, Charles R. Forrest, of Hartford, Conn., and I was writing this letter at the time that my boy received the fatal wound:

Birmingham, Ala., December 25, 1911.

Dear Cousin Charles:

Your favor of the 1st inst., now nearly a month old, reached me in due time and was appreciated; however, I don't much like the general tone of your letter. You write as if you have had a bad case of the blues and nothing to live for, and I know such is not the

fact. You are not by many years as old as John Bigloe, who recently died in New York. You may have a few aches and pains, as most of us have, but that is no sign or indication that you have passed your "visiting days." What you need is to forget yourself and all your troubles; get out of the rut you have fallen into and make the most of life as it is. If you can't see well enough, get better glasses. If you lose your sight entirely, think of others who have not surrendered for the want of eyesight. Remember the Merchant Prince of New York, Broadway Rouse—blind, but it made no difference with him, if I understand it correctly, for he went on in his useful career and enjoyed his other faculties.

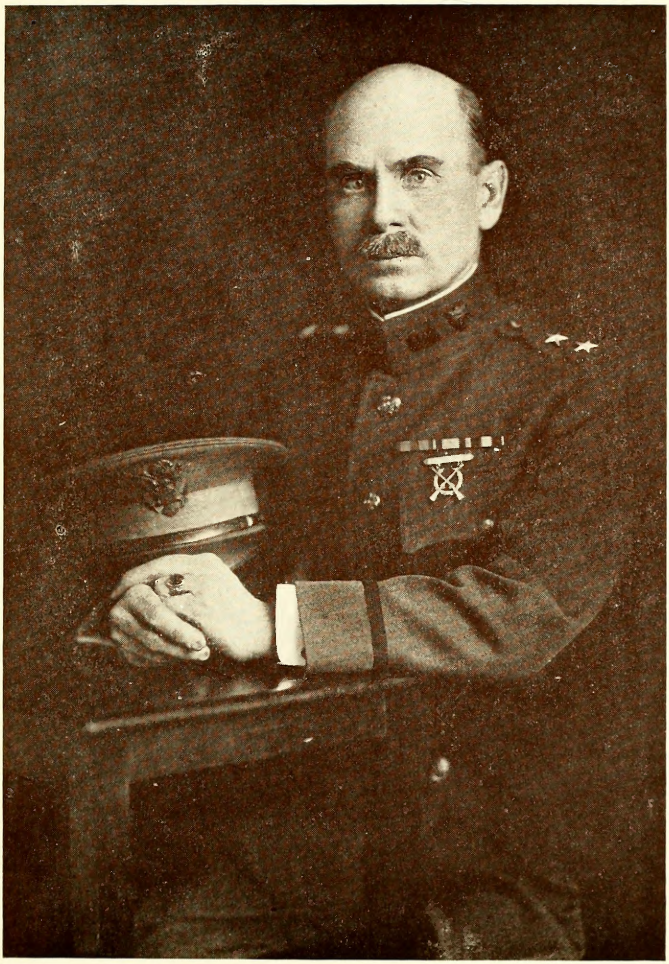
If you can't hear very well, get a trumpet and enjoy what you do hear. One of my good friends here in Birmingham has used a trumpet for years. He continues to enjoy life, and as a business man has been so successful as to be considered the richest man in Alabama.

Now, doesn't this kind of lecture and advice sound fine from me? I have had many accidents and suffered many misfortunes. Sometimes I get so despondent as to make me feel miserable, but my good wife gets hold of me and shakes me up and says to me about what I have here written to you. She is just about such a strong character as I think your wife is, and while she does not live so close to headquarters (Boston) as you do, she has imbibed enough of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine to believe we men folk sometimes need some of it (Christian Science).

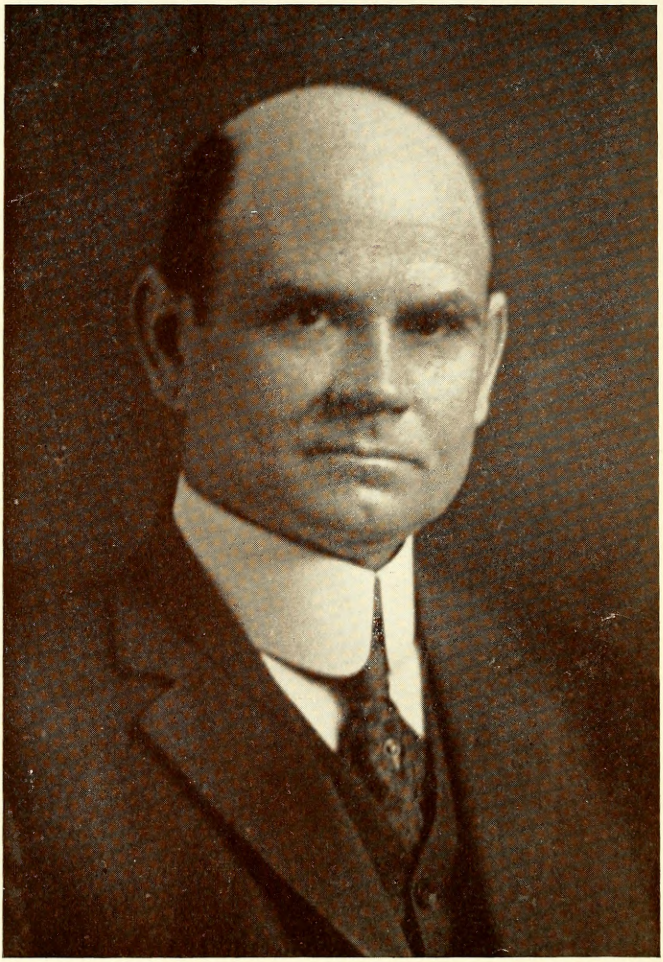
Today is the birthday of the man who came on earth to bless us and save us from sin. Down here in Birmingham the sunshine and balmy atmosphere make us appreciate what a beautiful world this is. How I would like for you to be here to see and fully realize what a splendid climate in this Southland, where you first saw the light of the earth.

My wife holds up remarkably well, considering the fact that she is afflicted with heart disease of a serious nature. She is making a systematic and determined effort to remain with her loved ones as long as possible. A wonderful woman; game to the core. She and Ellen Linn go tomorrow to Pass Christian, Miss., for a short visit. Our children are unusually strong and healthy. They were, as they always are, wild with joy and delight over the presents brought down the chimney by Santa last night. The boy, now twelve years of age, found a bugle as one of his presents and before good daylight sent forth a sound loud enough to disturb the entire household and to arouse the envy of every other boy in the neighborhood. Nothing would satisfy him later on in the day but for Dad to go over on the mountain with him to practice a little rifle shooting.

If you will just shake off your old self, resolve to be young again and make me the promised visit, I am sure you will not regret it. Here in Birmingham, I will show you a dozen or so of your blood kin. Amongst the number is Uncle Marsh, who I believe is,



PETER CHARLES HARRIS



William Julius Harris

with the exception of Dr. Charlie Harris, the only first cousin you have in the South. He is 75 years old and growing feeble, as a result of a kidney trouble he has suffered from a number of years.

Next we can go down to Montgomery and from there visit the old Charles Hooks place, three miles out; the old Molton place, 14 miles away, where Grandma locked you up in the smoke-house for disobedience to orders. Then we might go on up the river through the plantations formerly owned by the Moltons and the Wares, twenty thousand or more acres, where they raised hog and hominy—cotton and "niggers" most successfully; then we might go on over to Tuskegee, perhaps remembered by you as the home of Uncle Marshall Hooks and Uncle Peter Harris, now being made famous the world over by being the home of Booker Washington's school. Booker I know personally and consider him the most intellectual man of the negro race in the world. He is indeed a genius, if he did get caught in the wrong pew in New York last spring and received a good beating from a white man, which he deserved.

Then, if you would like, we could go up to Rome, Ga., and over to Cedartown, where we could visit and see some of the Harris family. Will Harris spends most of the time in Atlanta, being president of two insurance companies. Seale still resides in Mobile, where he is enjoying a fine practice and is regarded as one of the finest M. D.'s in the state.

Come—come along and we will have a good time. Leave your valet at home, or if you need him on the trip turn him loose here in Birmingham and be waited on by "Dick" and "Matt" at my home. They will remind you of the time when you had a black mammie and a black boy for a playmate and chum.

We moved into our new home on the 21st of July. It is just three miles from my office, but we have an electric line, an automobile, and a pair of good horses. We have large grounds, a big house with every modern convenience, and can be comfortable winter and summer. The auto is something new, as we never felt the necessity for one until moving out so far. Now the whole family would die if it was taken from us. It is indeed very fascinating—the children like it and the old folks enjoy it.

Love and best wishes to you all.

Sincerely yours,

T. H. MOLTON.

IN MEMORIAM OF THOMAS H. MOLTON, JR.

BY

REV. R. M. HUNTER

Mysterious are the ways of God
With all the human race;
He smites his children with the rod,
Yet saves them by his grace.
He is the author of the birth
Of all the sons of men;
He calls them from the common earth
And sends them back again.

His plans are wrought in ev'ry life
As e'en in ev'ry death;
Our days on earth are spent in strife
Unto our latest breath.
A child was born in Birmingham,
A father's pride and joy;
And all who came in touch with him
Loved this noble boy.

One day he walked the streets along,
And had no thought of harm
While in the great and moving throng
He leaned on Auntie's arm.
An unseen shaft—we never knew
From whence the evil came,
But on the wings of fate it flew
When shot from smoke and flame.

It struck the boy a mortal blow,
Then down in death he sank!
Oh, God! and shall we ever know
What meant this awful fate?
Some day we'll know the reason why
That we may understand
Just why this splendid child must die
In this a Christian land.

For Thomas Molton was a child
Of noble birth and manly form,
So brave of heart, but never wild,
Yet master in a storm.
Then why he went we cannot tell,
We'll leave it all with God,
Who doeth right and all things well,
And holds the chastening rod.

We'll watch and wait till coming morn
When darkness rolls away,
Then hail with joy the blessed dawn
Of Heaven's golden day.
A few more years at most we know
On earth we have to roam;
Then from this world of sorrow go
To our eternal home.

Then he who's gone will greet us there
Upon that happy shore,
And God will wipe each tear away,
Where partings are no more;
Our gentle boy we'll see again
And take to our embrace,
And never feel another pain,
But see him "face to face."

AS TO MYSELF

Just a bit of the record that may interest those who are to follow

As to my career as a busness man, perhaps it is as well for me to print a story written by Mr. E. W. Barrett, publisher of "Men of the South:"

Thomas Hunter Molton was born on his father's plantation on the Wares Ferry Road, eight miles from Montgomery, on November 15, 1853, son of Colonel Charles Hooks Molton and Julia Hunter Molton.

Colonel Charles Hooks Molton was a son of Major Thomas Molton and Katherine Hooks Molton. Major Thomas Molton was a son of John Molton and grandson of Major Abraham Molton. Katherine Hooks Molton was a daughter of Honorable Charles Hooks and his wife, Anne Hunter. Charles Hooks was a son of Thomas Hooks and Anne Hunter was a daughter of Isaac Hunter.

The family on both sides came from England and settled in Virginia and North Carolina in Colonial days, and many of them distinguished themselves as soldiers and patriots during the Revolutionary War.

Thomas Hunter Molton has cause to be proud of his ancestry on both his father's and mother's side. They were prominent and some were distinguished people, filling positions of trust and responsibilities in days of peace and war. They were large slave owners, and, while many of them engaged in different vocations of life, most of them were large cotton planters before the Civil War.

Major Abraham Molton won his military title during the Revolutionary War and Charles Hooks was an honorable member from North Carolina of the United States Congress for many years after the Revolutionary War.

Colonel Charles Hooks Molton, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in North Carolina August 18, 1825, and was only one year old when his parents moved to Alabama. He became a large cotton planter and owned more than two hundred slaves at the time that they were set free. He was ruined financially by the Civil War and his latter days of life were spent amid shattered hopes. He was active in public affairs and served a term in the Alabama legislature.

John Hunter and his wife, Elizabeth Whitfield Hunter, natives of North Carolina, came to Alabama about the year 1830, and were slave owners and large cotton planters in Greene County, Alabama. Elizabeth Whitfield was the daughter of John Whitfield, a lineal

descendant of Sir Thomas Whitfield, who settled in Virginia in 1607. Her relatives, the Whitfields, Hunters and Haywoods, were for generations active in affairs in the South. The Whitfields seemed to be more prolific than most families, and many of them, distinguished men and women, are scattered throughout the entire South. Most of those who settled in Alabama lived in Marengo County, and that branch of the family had a fondness for medicine. In the little town of Demopolis there was at one time seven or eight Doctors Whitfield. Another branch of the family settled in Mississippi, and they seemed to have turned their attention to education, one of them at one time being president of the University of Mississippi. Still another branch of the family settled in Florida, where they followed the profession of law, one of them filling the position of chief justice of the Supreme Court of Florida.

So it will be seen that Thomas Hunter Molton has a right to be proud of his ancestry, both on his father's and mother's side. His father's great aunt, Polly Slocumb, was perhaps the most distinguished woman during Revolutionary times. There is much said of her in Wheeler's "History of North Carolina," and also in Miss Ellett's "Daughters of the Revolution."

Thomas Hunter Molton's struggle in life began with the death of his mother in 1867, when he was 13 years of age. His father died four years later, in 1871, leaving largely to the young boy the responsibility of looking after the six other orphans in the home. His opportunities for an education were limited, but he acquired an English education in the schools of Montgomery and a six months' term at the celebrated school of Professor Henry Tutweiler at Greene Springs, in Hale County, Alabama.

As a young man, Mr. Molton attempted farming for a time, but meagre means seemed to prevent his making a success, so it was not until he began to deal in real estate did he find the calling in which he was to make a success in later years. He moved from Montgomery to Birmingham on October 18, 1886, and has been a citizen of that place through its periods of greatest discouragement and its greatest advancement and development. While his primary activities from the beginning of his residence in Birmingham have been connected with real estate transactions, he found time for much work of civic and public value. Among his notable achievements along these lines may be cited the following:

He organized the company which built the Hotel Hillman, was its president and had the building erected. He built the Jefferson Theatre for clients and was one of a committee of three which built the old auditorium, now the Bijou Theatre. He built and owns the Molton Hotel, one of the finest hotels in the South, and constructed numerous business blocks for those he represented, and for himself. He erected many handsome homes, three of which were for himself, circumstances having caused him to move three times.

Mrs. Thomas H. Molton was a charter member of the Board

of Lady Managers of the Hillman Hospital, and for years its treasurer. Mr. Molton became deeply interested in this charity hospital, and he was chairman of the committee which erected the building which now stands at Avenue F and Twentieth Street. He assisted in the establishment of the Mercy Home, made plans, and under his supervision, and that of the late F. G. Sheppard, the present building at Twenty-second Street and Eleventh Avenue, North, was erected. The baby ward of the Mercy Home was furnished by Mrs. Molton.

Mr. Molton was also for several years chief adviser to the ladies who constituted the board of directors of the Boys Industrial School at East Lake, and while acting in that capacity, looked after the construction of the main building of that institution.

Mr. Molton called and presided over the meeting which resulted in the formation of the Jefferson County Sanitary Commission and the issuance of $500,000 of bonds for building suitable sanitary sewers and septic tank for the city of Birmingham. He was not only a member of the commission but he was chairman of a subcommittee on water supply and another subcommittee on construction. He not only had important supervisory work in connection with the building of the sewer system, but the activities of his subcommittees resulted in securing the city's water filtration plant. Before this plant was constructed, Birmingham's water was very impure, and several years a great deal of typhoid fever prevailed. The construction of this filtration system resulted in Birmingham having as pure water as is found in any city throughout the country and as little typhoid fever as any city of its size in the United States.

In 1911 Mr. Molton served as a Jefferson County member of the State Legislature, and was chairman of the Committee on Banking. He introduced several general bills and local measures which stand today on the statute books as good laws. He was at one time president of the Commercial Club and was one of a committee of three, the other two being General Rufus N. Rhodes and E. J. Smyer, who framed a constitution and by-laws and organized the Commercial Club into the Chamber of Commerce. He was for several years president of the Birmingham Real Estate Exchange and for one year vice-president of the Birmingham Civic Association.

In 1906 the real estate business was incorporated under the name of "Molton Realty Company," still one of the largest concerns of its kind in the city.

On Nov. 6, 1888, Mr. Molton was married to Mrs. Lizzie Linn Scott, daughter of the late Charles Linn. Mr. Linn was the founder of the first bank in Birmingham, and in the early days of the city built a three-story building on the site which is now occupied by the Brown-Marx building. The building was at first called "Linn's Folly," because it was thought that Mr. Linn had built beyond Birmingham's capacity.

To Mr. and Mrs. Molton were born four children: Ellen Linn,

now Mrs. Albert Upmann of Havana, Cuba; Kate, who died in infancy; Gertrude, the wife of Elliott Tuttle Williams, who resides in Birmingham, and Thomas Hunter, Jr., who died on Christmas Day, 1911. Birmingham was shocked by the death of this young son whose end came as the result of a tragedy which stirred the city to its depths. It was an irreparable blow to the father and mother, for he was the idol of his parents and was looked upon to perpetuate the name which the father and mother had built up in Birmingham. For a number of years Mrs. Molton had suffered from a heart affection, and passed away April 29, 1919. They were members of the South Highland Methodist Church, where Mr. Molton is now a member of the Board of Stewards.

A few years ago Mr. Molton began to suffer from failing health, and on January 1, 1921, he went to Fairhope, Alabama, where he has established a country home, there dealing with nature and the cultivation of oranges, pecans, and such fruit and flowers as grow luxuriantly in that beautiful section of Alabama. His health is restored, and he looks upon Fairhope as the greatest health resort in America.

Few men have done more toward the upbuilding of Birmingham than Mr. Molton, and he regrets the necessity of spending so much of his time away from the city which he loves so well, but feels that the most important thing of all is to preserve health, and in this climate of Fairhope, his fondest wishes have been realized.

As already stated, I was my father's eldest son, petted and humored, but never spoiled as some children are. When adversities came, my father talked with me as he would if I had been much older. He seemed to think that he would not live very much longer and went over his business affairs with me and I was fully conversant with them, although only seventeen years of age at the time of his death.

AT WORK EARLY

Realizing that we were poor, I commenced working on the farm when but fourteen years of age. At the age of seventeen, my father put me in charge of a squad of negroes, with half a dozen mules, and that year we made a crop of corn and cotton. I rose early and was down in the plantation at sunrise, the hour that the negroes would commence work.

After my father's death I was at a loss to know what to do. My uncle, Thomas J. Molton, offered to

send me to school, my education having been badly neglected, so I went to Professor Tutweiler's school at Green Springs, Hale County, Alabama, and there spent six months. After that school closed in June, 1872, I made my way to Birmingham and endeavored to get something to do there, without success. Then I went to Montgomery and failed to get a clerkship or anything to do there. Finally my brother-in-law, A. J. Terrell, gave me a job to clerk in a country store at Judkins Ferry, ten miles from Montgomery. A great overflow of the Tallapoosa River and the army caterpillar destroyed my brother-in-law's crops and he faced financial ruin that fall. This resulted in the closing of the store, and I then sought other employment.

The next job was as a plow-hand for W. L. McCain, who lived near Wetumpka, at a salary of $12.50 per month and my board. In the summer of 1873 I had an attack of acute rheumatism in my right knee and could not follow the plow any longer. Then I made my way up to Shorter, Alabama, where I procured a position with John E. Trimble as clerk in a country store at the same salary which I procured as a plow boy. After being with him a few months, my uncle, Robert Y. Ware, gave me a position as superintendent of one of his plantations at a salary of $25 per month and board. In the fall of 1873, while the yellow fever was raging in Montgomery, and a number of our family died from the disease, I contracted what was known as "yellow disease," an intensified malarial condition. Only by the grace of God did I recover from that spell. I was out on the plantation at Wares Ferry, the doctors in Montgomery were too busy attending yellow fever patients to come to see me, and practically without a doctor I recovered.

The next year, 1874, circumstances made it necessary for me to provide a home for my sister Sallie and my brother Charlie, so I rented my father's old plantation, which had passed into the hands of Mr. Gresham of Lowndes County. There had been several

crop failures, due to overflows and army worms. Farming interests were badly demoralized and Mr. Gresham was glad to rent me the old plantation, with the understanding that I would sublet to negro tenants all cultivable land except enough for a two-mule farm. I had no money to employ labor and again became a plow-hand.

On August 4th of that year I went with my sister and Charlie down to spend the day with Jack Terrell. On our return home we found the old house in ashes. There was no one near enough to save the furniture, clothing, etc., so we were left without comfortable clothing and no money. Mr. Gresham declined to rebuild, and I was at a loss to know what to do. After a few days my father's old negro foreman, Oliver Jackson, came to the rescue. He got other negroes on the place to go with him in the woods, cut pine poles, split boards, and he erected in a very short time a two-room log cabin, where we lived the balance of that year, and I gathered my crop. I made no money and was not able to rent the place another year, Mr. Gresham having gone up on his price. So then I rented a small place known as the Compton place, four miles from Wetumpka, and there lived and ran a two-horse farm and barely made expenses with my year's work.

HARD TIMES

At the close of this year's work, Major Bolling Hall heard that I was a good farmer for a young man and employed me as superintendent of a large plantation three miles above Montgomery, on the opposite side of the Alabama River. There I managed the plantation with twenty-five mules and about fifty negro hands and was the only white person on the place—made a very fine crop, and Major Hall wanted me to remain, stating that I had been the best superintendent he had ever had on the plantation, but it was a sickly place, and having chills and fever so much, I decided that I could not live there any longer. I then went to Montgomery

HUNTER HARRIS

Dr. Seale Harris

and got odd jobs from time to time, and for a time helped Major Hall to run a vegetable garden over at his home place, about one mile from Montgomery. This was my last effort at farming, and for several years I did anything and everything that would come up to make a living, in the meantime sharing every dollar I made with my sisters and brothers who needed help.

In the fall of 1878 my sister Sallie died, leaving with me my sister Annie to support. I made arrangements to board with Aunt Mary (Uncle Tom's wife), sending Annie to school to Mrs. Annie Trimble, where she completed her course and received a certificate of graduation.

About the year 1880 my brother Charlie had gone to Texas in an effort to get a start out there. He was taken violently ill, and it fell upon me to get sufficient money to send and bring him to Montgomery, and then I had to care for him for about two years. Finally his health was sufficiently restored, and he moved to Birmingham and went to work as a clerk in a store. In the year 1882 my sister Annie married in Birmingham, and for the first time I was in a position to save a little money from my earnings. A great burden was lifted from my shoulders, and I was then encouraged to save. It was only a short time thereafter before I commenced trading in real estate, and I was fortunate enough in a year or two to have made about $6,000 profit, which amount of money I had on hand when I moved to Birmingham in October, 1886.

IN BIRMINGHAM

When I reached Birmingham, I associated myself with W. E. Brown, a young lawyer from Mobile, to enter into the real estate business. This was the period of the great real estate boom in the Magic City. The money which I had was too hard to make to risk speculating as most men did at that time, and it made me very careful as to my investments. I soon built up a profitable business and did make investments from which I

realized handsome profits. My successful business career really began at this juncture of my life. I worked hard, tried to be honest with my clients, and built up a reputation which brought me a number of very valuable clients who clung to me, and some of them are still represented by the Molton Realty Company, which I turned over to my son-in-law and brother when I became so ill two years ago.

During my business career in Birmingham I commanded the respect of the people and I was honored in many ways; was for several years president of the Birmingham Real Estate Exchange, also president of the Alabama Commercial and Industrial Association, a state organization of business men; for eighteen years a director in the First National Bank, one year president of the Chamber of Commerce, and during my administration as president of the Chamber of Commerce President Roosevelt visited Birmingham. It was my privilege to meet the President when he arrived at Birmingham, and I rode with him in a carriage to Capitol Park, where I presented Captain T. G. Bush to introduce the President to the enormous assembly of people who had come to see the President. The President spoke in the afternoon at Capitol Park and that night at the Fair Grounds, where I introduced the President with a very brief speech.

I was honored by the people of Jefferson County with a place in the Alabama Legislature in 1911. I was chosen by the business men of Birmingham to finance and have built the Hillman Hotel when Birmingham stood so much in need of a hotel. Having some talent as a builder, I constructed many business houses and other buildings of different kinds for clients. I was chosen as an advisor to the Board of Lady Managers of the Hillman Hospital and had the building erected. I was also chosen as advisor to the ladies who built the Mercy Home and constructed the building which is now occupied as the Home. I was also chosen by the board of Lady Managers for the Boys Industrial

School at East Lake to act as their chief advisor, and while acting in that capacity had erected the building now known as the Alabama Building, built with funds secured by an appropriation made by the Alabama Legislature.

I took interest in all charities and church work, due to the influence of my good wife. I contributed to the building of the Y. W. C. A. I gave liberally for my means to the construction of nearly every church in Birmingham. I was chosen as one of three to build the South Highland Methodist Church, and gave liberally to the construction of that building.

I built three nice residences, one at 936 South Twentieth Street, now owned and occupied by Dr. James McLester; one at 900 South Twentieth Street, which is now being rented to Mrs. A. P. Kennon, who runs a first-class boarding house, and an attractive home at Idlewild, where my wife breathed her last.

PUBLIC WORK

One of the most important and perhaps the greatest work which I was connected with was the building of Jefferson County's Sanitary Sewer System. All of the sewerage from Birmingham was emptied out into a canal or ditch about two miles west of the city. Much complaint was made and a number of damage suits filed against the city for creating and maintaining a nuisance. The situation was serious, so I wrote a newspaper article advocating the issuance of bonds by the county to build a system with septic tanks and purification plant at a point two miles below Bessemer. My suggestion for this work to be done met with such endorsement I called for a mass meeting at Seale's Hall, and this meeting was very largely attended. I presided at the meeting and presented the proposition. The plan was heartily endorsed and a committee was formed to prepare a bill and get it passed by the Legislature appropriating $500,000 for the work. In the preparation of the bill which I carefully looked after, drawn by

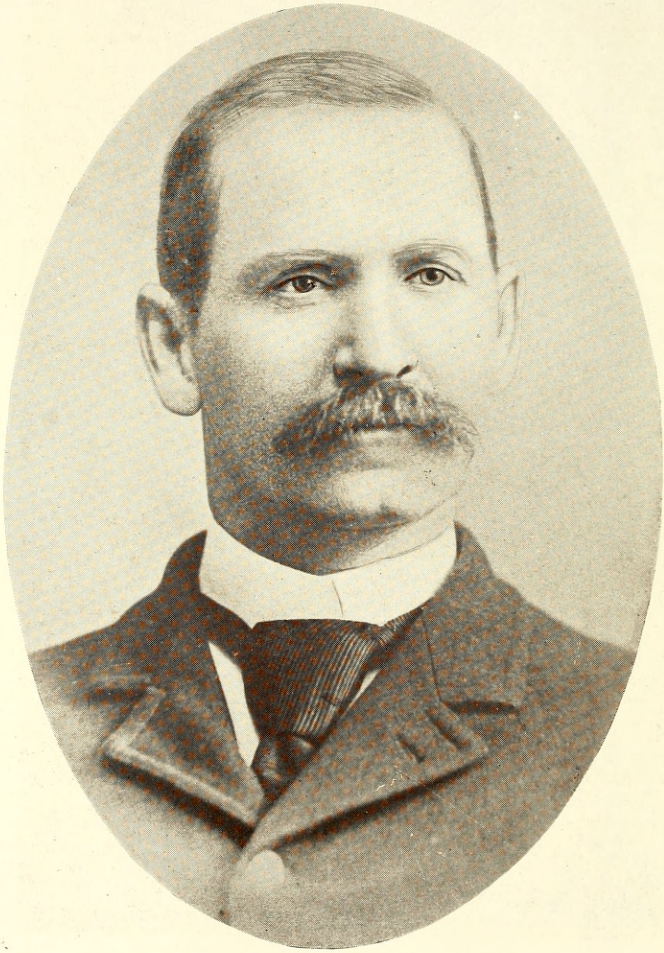
my esteemed friend, Mr. E. J. Smyer, it was provided that a commission should be created and authority given the commission to not only build a sewer system but to require the Birmingham Water Works Company to purify its water which was furnished for domestic purposes. Up to that time there was no filtration plant, and the people drank water from Cahaba River and Five-Mile Creek, which was so impure that it caused a great deal of typhoid fever for several years. I was put on the commission, was made chairman of a subcommittee on construction, and had much to do with the construction work. I was also made chairman of a subcommittee to require the Water Works Company to purify its water, and after a long and bitter fight the commission forced the Water Works Company to build septic tanks, which gives to Birmingham as pure water as any city has. Following the building of these filtration plants, there was less and less typhoid fever, and today Birmingham has a splendid record in that regard.

Having had experience in building the Hillman Hotel, I conceived the idea of building a hotel on a lot which my wife's father gave her in about the year 1875, situated on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. It was a tremendous undertaking for a man of my means, but under great difficulties I succeeded in financing it and constructing a building which stands as my greatest monument as a builder and of construction work. It is well that it proved to be a financial success, because, since my health failed, the hotel furnishes me with all that is necessary to take care of myself and family in my declining years.

DOWN AT FAIRHOPE

In April, 1920, I became very seriously ill, suffering from what is known as toxic delirium. I was delirious for two months, one month in Birmingham and one month in the Sheppard-Pratt Hospital in Baltimore. My condition was so serious the physicians in Birmingham and all of my family despaired of my living. It

Charles D. Harris



Andrew Jackson Terrell

Lizzie Whitfield Molton Terrell

Miss Augusta Hooks

would seem that I owe my life to my daughter, Ellen Linn, who came over with her husband from Havana, Cuba, to see me. When all others had despaired, she insisted that I should be carried to the best hospital in the United States for treatment of that disease. The physicians and all other members of the family insisted that I would die before I could get to Baltimore, but my self-willed daughter insisted, and after being at Sheppard-Pratt for one month, my consciousness came back and my health has been restored. After my return from the hospital on the 1st day of September, 1920, I continued to improve until some time in November, when I had a slight relapse. On the 23rd day of December, on the advice of my physician, Dr. Rudolph, I started to Biloxi, Miss., to see if the salt air would improve my condition. Fortunately as it turned out, the train was several hours late when I reached Mobile, and not wishing to get to Biloxi at a midnight hour I stopped over at the Battle House, and there was treated by Dr. Bondurant, a specialist on the nerves. After nine days' treatment, he advised me to go to Fairhope on the east coast of Mobile Bay, and this accounts for my being here now. From the day I reached Fairhope I continued to improve rapidly and then decided it was better to live here than to die in Birmingham. I was advised to break away from all business, but having been so active and such a hard worker all of my life I was tempted to become interested in pecans and citrus fruit culture—bought four small places and have about 950 pecan trees, 600 Satsuma oranges, a great number of Japanese persimmons, grapefruit, several varieties of hardy oranges, and all sorts of ornamental and flowering trees and plants. I have two fine saddle horses which my wife and I enjoy, as well as motoring.

My health restored, I find that I have a strong longing to get back to Birmingham where I have so many friends and relatives.

TO MY TWO DAUGHTERS

When I am gone
Don't be forlorn;
Your Dad stayed long
Whether right or wrong.

Now please do your part,
For I know you are smart;
And some future day
You'll come up our way.

And then we will meet
On that golden street
Our loved ones gone before
To that bright and glorious shore.

My two daughters are accomplished and very fine women, one the wife of Albert Upman, a cigar manufacturer of Havana, Cuba, the other the wife of Elliott T. Williams of Birmingham. Albert Upman, a native of Bremen, Germany, went to Cuba when a youth to enter the firm founded eighty years ago by his great uncle, Herman Upman, cigar manufacturer and banker. Albert is a cultured gentleman, a lover of art, and owns some paintings of the old masters. I have given my home in Idlewild to my daughter, Ellen Linn, and have provided money and a lot for my daughter Gertrude in Birmingham. My daughter, Ellen Linn has no children; Gertrude, one boy named for his father, a perfect image of my son Thomas, except that he has blue eyes and Thomas' eyes were dark brown. I am more than pleased with my sons-in-law; they are both affectionate and kind and make good husbands. Both daughters were educated in the public schools of Birmingham and at Hollins Institute, near Roanoke, Va., and took finishing courses in colleges in Washington, D. C.

The two daughters are very unlike in disposition; Ellen Linn fond of society and travel, a musician and linguist; Gertrude, domestic in her nature, loves home and is a devoted mother, and it is most gratifying that she has taken up her mother's work for charities and in the church.

INTERESTING PAPERS

Ancient Documents that tell a Story from the Past

FOLLOWING are some interesting papers which I have found in my search for data regarding my family:

For several years the Montgomery Advertiser opened its columns to inquiry as to the genealogy of public men and women in America, and the following appeared as an answer to an inquiry. It appears from this article that my grandfather, John Hunter's great-grandfather and his father were named Isaac, and he had children as follows: Elisha, Jacob, Jesse, Isaac, Daniel, Alee, Hannah, Elizabeth, Rachel and Sarah, and, as this article states, he was the grandfather also of Mary Ann Hunter, the last wife of Charles Hooks:

HOOKS—There is an interesting chapter in Mrs. Ellet's "Women of the Revolution," headed Mary Slocumb. This gives some facts about the Hooks family.

Mrs. Slocumb was Mary Hooks; she was born in Bertie County, North Carolina, about 1760. Her father moved to Duplin County when she was ten years old. Mr. Hooks, the father, was an open hearted, hospitable man and very popular. He settled in that part of North Carolina called Goshen, still famous for the frank simplicity of the manners of its inhabitants and their profuse and generous hospitality. Here were reared some of the noblest spirits of the Revolution; the names of Reanu, Hill, Wright, Pearsall, Hooks and Slocumb among others are remembered with pride. Soon after removing to Goshen Mrs. Hooks died. In 1777 Mr. Hooks married Mrs. John Charles Slocumb; each had three children; Ezekiel Slocumb, the oldest, married Mary Hooks. She died in 1836; he died in 1841.

They lived on a beautiful plantation on the Neuse River in Wayne County, North Carolina, on the Wilmington Railroad, one and a half miles from Dudley

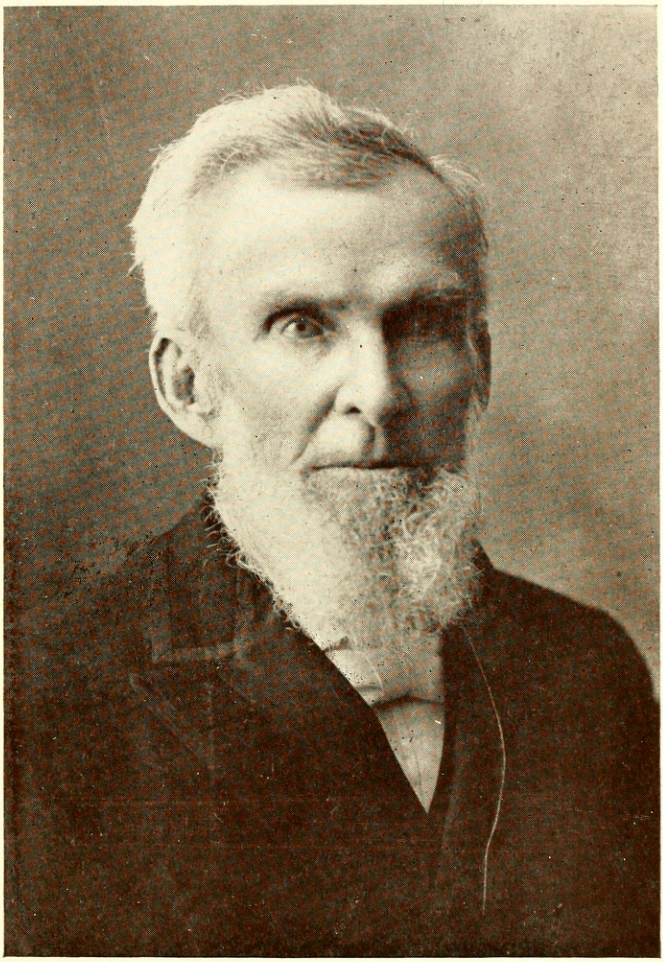
depot. This place was named "Pleasant Green" by Lord Cornwallis, a name retained ever since. Early in the Revolution Lieutenant Slocumb raised a troop of light horse called the Rangers to watch the enemy and punish the Tories.

Charles Hooks, the little brother of Mrs. Slocumb, although a mere boy, was accustomed to follow his brother-in-law wherever it was possible in his movements against the enemy. He was a lad of thirteen in April, 1781, when, after the battle of Guilford, C. H. Tarleton made his headquarters at this place during the absence of its master. The mistress, however, was equal to the situation and an account of her reception of the British officers and spirited conversation with them is well worth repeating if space permitted. They ordered dinner and this description of a good dinner of that time and in that region is given in her own words.

"The first dish was of course the boiled ham flanked with the plate of greens. Opposite that the turkey supported by the laughing sweet potatoes baked; a plate of boiled beef, another of sausages, and a third with a pair of baked fowls formed a line across the center of the table. Half a dozen dishes of different pickles, stewed fruit and other condiments filled up the interstices of the board."

The dessert, too, was abundant and various. Peach brandy distilled from the fruit of her orchard was served to the officers who had never tasted it before and called it the best whiskey ever set before them. Lieutenant Slocumb with Charles Hooks and others had been in hot pursuit of the Tories and returned home ignorant of the fact that Tarleton was in possession of the place. A faithful slave warned them that a thousand men were within pistol shot, and, although seen and pursued, they were able to make their escape.

After the Revolution Charles Hooks married Mary Ann Hunter. He was the son of Thomas and Anna Hooks, and she was the daughter of Isaac and Priscilla



Dr. Joseph R. Smith

HOME IN NORTH CAROLINA WHERE CHARLES H. MOLTON WAS BORN IN 1825

Hunter. He went to the legislature from Duplin County, North Carolina, in 1802-3-4 and again in 1810-11. He served seven years as a member of Congress 1816-17 and from 1819 to 1825. He moved to Alabama in 1826 and died in 1843, and is buried in Montgomery County. His name can be added to the list of Revolutionary soldiers in Alabama whose graves are known. In the North Carolina Historical Register for January and April, 1900, may be found some abstracts of wills. The will of Isaac Hunter of Chowan, dated April 17, 1752, mentions children Elisha, Jacob, Jesse, Isaac, Daniel, Alee, Hannah, Elizabeth, Rachael and Sarah. This must be the grandfather of Mary Ann Hunter and his son Isaac was her father. The will of John Hooks is dated November, 1732; he mentions wife Ruth, children William, Robert Thomas, John, Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah. This Thomas must have been the father of Charles Hooks.

The father of this John Hooks, William Hooks, died in 1746; his will mentions son William living, grandsons William, Thomas and John Hooks, great-grandson John, son of John Hooks; grandson William Hooks, son of John; grandson William Beal.

Charles Hooks then was the son of Thomas, grandson of John, and great-grandson of William Hooks.

MEMORIAL TO MICHAEL J. MOLTON

Meridianville, Tenn., August 31, 1817.

Departed this life on Sunday, the 31st ult., at his residence in Meridianville, in this county, Col. Michael Molton, in the forty-ninth year of his age. After a tedious illness he was fondly indulging the flattering hope of returning health, when he was suddenly called from the stage of mortal existence.

Col. Molton was born in the County of Duplin, North Carolina. He represented a county in that state in the Legislature several years. He afterwards removed and became a citizen of Tennessee. At the commencement of the late war with Great Britain, he flew with alacrity to the standard of his country; and continued his unremitting exertions in defense of our rights, until the final and glorious conclusion of the struggle. He accompanied General Jackson in his first descent of the Mississippi as captain of a troop

of cavalry from Tennessee; and also in his expedition against the Southern Indiana. Afterwards, having been promoted to the command of a regiment of militia, he descended the river a second time under the command of General Carrol, and contributed by his services to "foil the last demonstration" of our enemy at New Orleans.

Col. Molton has left a wife and only daughter to lament his loss; they will find their best consolation in the sympathies of numerous acquaintances and friends, whose unfeigned sorrow will testify his worth.

His remains were attended to the grave by many of his friends and his Masonic brethren of this place and interred with the ceremonies of their order.

In the death of Colonel Molton a society has lost a valuable and worthy member, and his country a friend.

MEMORIAL TO CLARK MOLTON

When, by the resistless hand of death, our nation is deprived of noble and valiant citizens, it becomes the duty of survivors to pay the tribute due to their memory, by handing down their names to posterity with respect and honour. Such is the painful task that has now devolved upon us in recording the death of the gallant Lieut. Molton, who fell after having scaled the walls of the fort at the last battle on the Tallapoosie. As a private member of society, the unaffected dignity of manners secured him the esteem and confidence of all who knew him—as an officer, his cool, determined valour must have placed him on the records of fame among the first of warriors, had not his premature and ever-to-be-lamented fall "nipped his glory in the bud," and deprived his country of those services his genius and talents might have authorized her to expect. He fell, however, covered with laurels, and deeply regretted by all his friends. It was the wish of his heart to die upon the walls of a hostile fortress; Heaven, propitious to his prayer, granted his desire and deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments. Peace to our departed friend! He is translated to those happy realms "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." May it be the wish of every patriotic heart to live and die like LIEUT. MICHAEL CLARK MOLTON.

Shall Molton sink beneath the fatal blow,
And not a Muse commemorate his fall?
Shall he, unhonoured, leave this vale of woe,
Nor find that fame for which his virtue called?
Oh, he was brave; yet he was gentle, too;
Fit to shine in courts, or on the martial plain;
With unaffected grace he met our view,
But now is summoned from this realm of pain.
Fierce, at his country's call, the hero sped,
From savage foes to guard his native land—
So prodigal of life, for her he bled;
He fought, he fell before the hostile band.
Ah, happy youth, could virtue ought avail,
Could dauntless valour its possessor save,
Still would thou live, nor would my mournful tale
Commemorate our hero's early grave.
Oft to thy memory shall the pearly tear
From friendship's eye bedew thy laurel wreath,
And future ages shall with sorrow hear
The sad recital of our *Molton's* death.

The above is a copy of a printed memorial on file in the Department of Archives and History at the Capitol in Montgomery, Alabama.

MEMORIALS PUBLISHED IN NEWSPAPERS AT THE TIME OF THE DEATHS OF ANN HUNTER HOOKS AND MARSHALL H. HOOKS

MARSHALL H. HOOKS

Died at his residence, in Tuskegee, on the 26th day of May, 1853, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was born in Duplin County, North Carolina, and moved to Alabama in the fall of 1826, where he continued to reside until his death. Mr. Hooks was a man of strong feelings; devoted to his family, and attached to his friends. He never wearied in kind offices. His character was marked; his heart was open, and his mind undisguised. He sympathized with the afflicted; was quick to relieve the needy, and his chief pleasure consisted in comforting the distressed. During his last illness, which was protracted through several months, his mind was principally directed to the subject of eternity, and his constant desire was to converse upon religious subjects with those pious persons who visited him. He left gratifying and satisfactory evidence

that he was prepared for the solemn change, and that he has only been translated from a world of care and labor to a world of peace and rest—

"Our loss is his eternal gain."

A FRIEND.

DIED

In Tuskegee, May 11, 1854, Mrs. Ann Hooks, consort of Charles Hooks, deceased, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

Mrs. Hooks was the daughter of Isaac and Priscilla Hunter, born in Duplin County, North Carolina, Sept. 9, 1776, where she resided until she moved to Alabama in November, 1826. Naturally possessed of a mild and amiable disposition, Mrs. H. made profession of religion and attached herself to the Presbyterian Church at an early age, and through all the years of a long and actively useful life, has made God her rock and the high God her trust. In all the vicissitudes of life the Savior of sinners was the rock upon which she anchored all her hopes. Her reliance was upon the divine spirit for strength to do the will of God. Her piety was deep-toned, living, active, persevering, proceeding from an enlightened mind, a quickened conscience and a consecrated heart. For her to know the truth was to know the path of duty. The Savior whom she remembered in the days of her youth did not forget nor forsake her when she was old and grey-headed. The last part of her life was spent in prayer and praise, and in acts of love and mercy; malevolence never found a lodgment in her bosom. For the last few years she has not known sickness nor felt nor found pain. Palsy visited her frame on the 9th, and on the 11th she fell asleep to remain, her life hid with Christ in God, until the resurrection of the just shall bring her, with all the pure to reign forever with the Lord.

WILL OF THOMAS MOLTON, MY GRANDFATHER

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

I, Thomas Molton, of the County and State aforesaid, being of a sound and disposing mind and memory, do publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills and testaments by me heretofore made.

First—It is my will that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon after my death as the same can be done.

Second—It is my will that my executors hereinafter named, or whichever of them shall qualify as such and undertake the execution of this my last will and testament, shall, if they in their sound discretion shall deem it most conducive to the interest of my children, sell such portions of my real or personal estate and invest the

proceeds of the sale of such real or personal estate in such other property as they may deem most advantageous for my children. And this power they may exercise again and again in their sound discretion until the period at which my sons, Charles Molton and William Molton, would arrive at the age of twenty-one years.

Third—I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Catharine Molton, the following named negro slaves, to-wit: Jack and his wife, Betty, and their youngest child, Sarah; yellow George and his wife, Viney, and their youngest children, Amos and Kitty; Sylvia and her son, Calvin; Hagar and her children; Sandy and Letitia and David and Rose, with their future increase, also my pleasure carriage and pair of horses.

Fourth—I give and bequeath unto my sons, Charles Molton and Thomas Molton, that tract of land known as my Tuckabatchie Lands, containing about sixteen hundred acres, and it is my will that the said Charles Molton and Thomas Molton shall each within one year after they shall respectively arrive at the age of twenty-one years pay to my son, William Molton, the sum of Eight Hundred Dollars.

Fifth—I give and devise unto my son, Robert Molton, the following tracts or parcels of land, to-wit: The lands purchased by me from Nathaniel Sledge, John Abercrombie, the estate of Chappel Sledge and Joseph H. Beck, together making about six hundred and seventy-five acres, also a quarter section of land purchased by me from Joshua Haggerty lying north of Mrs. Abercrombie's river plantation to have and to hold to him and his heirs forever.

Sixth—I give and bequeath unto my son, Marshall Molton, the following lands, to-wit: the lands purchased by me from Joshua Haggerty, with the exception of the quarter section lying north of Mrs. Abercrombie's river plantation devised to Robert Molton. I also give and devise unto my son, Marshall Molton, the lands purchased by me from Walter Ross, John K. Barton, Alfred Abercrombie and Hannibal Kavanaugh, in all making about fourteen hundred and forty acres, being the place on which I now reside, and it is my express wish that my wife, Catherine Molton, shall retain the possession, control and management of all the lands hereby devised to my son, Marshall Molton, during her natural life.

Seventh—I give and devise unto John Henley and Catharine Molton and the survivor of them the tracts of land purchased by me from Isaac Ross and James Loftin, and known as the Sledge upper bend place, containing about four hundred and ten acres and the following named negro slaves, to-wit, Joe and his wife Harriet and her children, to have and to hold to the said John Henley and Catharine Molton and the survivor of them, upon the express trust and confidence that the said John Henley and Catharine Molton or the survivor of them shall apply the rents and profits of said lands and the labor and services of said negro slaves and their future

increase to the support and maintenance of my son, William Molton, during the term of his natural life, unless the said William Molton should be restored to his reason sufficient to transact the ordinary business of life, in which event it is my will that the trust hereby created shall cease and determine and that the said John Henley and Catharine Molton or the survivor of them shall convey said lands and negro slaves and the future increase of said negro slaves to the said William Molton absolutely and discharged of all trusts or conditions. And in the event the said William Molton should depart this life without being restored to his reason, then it is my will that the said John Henley and Catharine Molton or the survivor of them shall convey the lands and negro slaves and the future increase of said negro slaves hereby bequeathed to my children, to-wit: Charles, Thomas, Robert, Marshall, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, or such of them as may be living at the death of the said William Molton, to be equally divided between them.

Eighth—It is my will that my executors, or whichever of them shall qualify and undertake the execution of this will shall sell either at public or private sale for cash or on a credit at their sound discretion all of my lands lying in the Ramer Creek settlement, with the exception of about four hundred and eighty acres of land bargained by me to Pleasant W. Spear. And it is also my will that they sell upon the same terms and conditions the place known as the Brinson place, containing about five hundred and sixteen acres, and to divide the proceeds of the sale of said lands in this clause of my will described equally among my daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, to be held in trust for them in the manner hereinafter specified, and it is also my will that my daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, have the following named negro slaves, to-wit: Indiana, Martha and Sophy, to be equally divided between them and also to be held in trust for them in the manner hereinafter specified.

Ninth—I give and bequeath unto Hugh W. Henry the tract of land lying in Ramers Creek Settlement, containing about four hundred and eighty acres, which I have bargained to Pleasant W. Spear, in the event the said Pleasant W. Spear should not complete and consummate said bargain, and if said bargain should be completed and consummated by said Pleasant W. Spear, then I give unto the said Hugh W. Henry two thousand dollars, the price at which said lands were bargained, and the following named negro slaves, to-wit: Albert, Gabriel, Peyton, Irvin, Nelson, Betsey and her children, Rachel and her children, Rhoda and her children, and their future increase, to have and to hold said lands or money and said negro slaves and their future increase to the said Hugh W. Henry, upon the express trust and confidence that the said Hugh W. Henry shall apply the rents and profits of said lands or the money to be received

in lieu thereof and the labor and services of said negro slaves and their future increase to the sole and separate use and benefit of my daughter, Narcissa Jane Henley, wife of John Henley, during her natural life, free from the debts, contracts, engagements or liabilities of the said John Henley, or such other husband as she may hereafter marry, and upon the death of the said Narcissa Jane Henley, then the trust hereby created shall cease and determine, and the said Hugh W. Henry shall on the happening of that event convey the lands in this clause devised or pay over the residue of the money to be received in lieu of said lands remaining unexpended at the death of the said Narcissa Jane Henley, and convey the negro slaves hereby conveyed to the said Hugh W. Henry and their future increase to the children which the said Narcissa Jane Henley may leave living at her death, to be equally divided between them. And it is my will that the provision here made for the said Narcissa Jane Henley be in full of her interest or claim upon my estate.

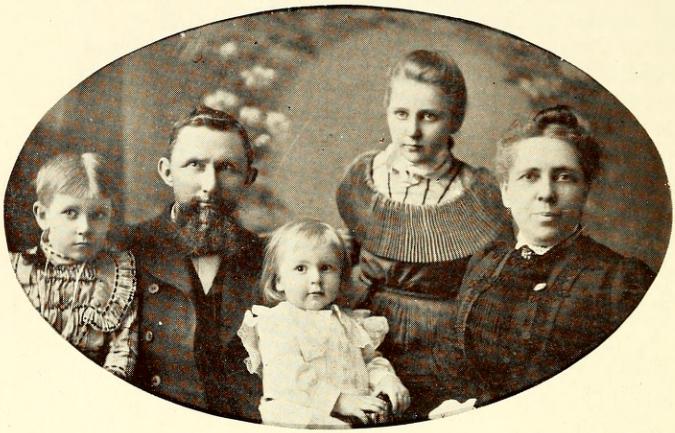
Tenth—It is my will that my personal estate be kept together, unless the same should be disposed of by my executors under the powers herein granted to them, and if any portion of my personal estate should be sold by them under that power and other personal property purchased by them, then it is my will that the property purchased by them be kept together until my sons, William Molton and Charles Molton, shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, at which time it is my will that each of my sons, William Molton and Charles Molton, shall receive one-eighth part of my estate not herein otherwise specifically devised or bequeathed, and in estimating the one-eighth share to which each of them shall then be entitled, it is my will that negro men be estimated at the price of eight hundred dollars, negro women at the price of six hundred dollars, negro boys under twelve years of age at the price of four hundred dollars and negro girls under twelve years of age at the price of three hundred and fifty dollars. And upon the arrival of my next oldest son at the age of twenty-one years or the marriage of either of my daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, then it is my will that one other part of the residue of my estate not herein specifically devised or bequeathed be set off for the son thus arriving at the age of twenty-one years or the daughter thus entering into the marriage state, to be held in trust for such daughter as is hereinafter specified. And in making such division or apportionment of the residue of my estate not thus otherwise disposed of, it is my will that the negroes of the same age and description as those mentioned in the preceding part of this clause of my will be estimated at the prices herein named. And it is my will that a similar division of my estate not otherwise herein specifically devised and bequeathed be made as each of my sons shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, or either of my daughters shall marry until the youngest of my sons shall arrive at the age of twenty-one

years and all of my daughters marry, so as to receive to my sons, William, Charles, Thomas, Robert and Marshall one-eighth portion of my estate not herein otherwise specifically devised, to be held by them in fee simple and to each of my daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza one-eighth part of my estate not otherwise specifically devised, to be held in trust for them in the manner hereinafter specified, and at each division or apportionment thus to be made, it is my will that negroes of the character, age or description of those named in the previous part of this clause of my will shall be estimated at the same prices as such negro slaves are estimated in the previous part of this clause of my will. And it is further my will that in the event of the death of either of my children, William, Charles, Thomas, Robert, Marshall, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, before such child shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, or such child shall marry if a daughter, then that the share to which such child would have been entitled to on arriving at the age of twenty-one years, or marrying if a daughter, shall be equally divided among the survivors of the said William, Charles, Robert, Thomas, Marshall, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, in all cases excluding Narcissa Jane Henley from any share of my estate to be divided under this clause of my will.

Eleventh—It is my will that in the division of my estate not herein specifically devised, that in setting off the portion of my son, Charles, that Minerva and her children be included in his portion or share of my estate to which he would be entitled under this my will, and that in making such division Minerva and her children shall be estimated at the prices at which negro slaves of the same character and age are estimated in the tenth clause of this my will. And it is my express will that Minerva and her children shall not be received in addition to the share or portion of the estate to which my son, Charles, may be entitled under the previous clauses of my will, but shall be by him received as a part and parcel of his share or portion of my estate.

Twelfth—It is my will that the share of my estate, both real and personal, hereby granted to my daughters, Julia Amanda Molton, Catharine Ann Molton and Sarah Eliza Molton, shall be held by John Henley and Catharine Molton, or the survivors of them, upon the express trust and confidence that the said John Henley and Catharine Molton, or the survivors of them, shall apply the rents and profits of the lands to which each of the said Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza may be entitled under this my will, and the labor and services of such negro slaves and their future increase and the money to which the said Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza each may be entitled under the division to be made by virtue of this my will to the sole and separate use and benefit of my daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, during the term of their natural lives re-

CHARLES H. MOLTON'S HOME IN MONTGOMERY



Left to Right—Gertrude Molton, Thomas H. Molton, Sr.,
Thomas H. Molton, Jr., Linn Molton,
Mrs. Lizzie Linn Molton

T. H. Molton's Home, 930 S. 20th Street,
Birmingham, Alabama.

spectively, free from the debts, contracts or engagements of such husbands as either of them may hereafter marry, and upon the death of either the said Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann or Sarah Eliza, then the trust hereby created shall cease as to the share to which each of them shall be entitled under this my will and to be held in trust for them, and the remainder of the share to which either the said Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza may be entitled in the manner herein provided shall, on the death of either of them, be conveyed in fee simple and discharged of all trusts to such persons as would by law be entitled to such share in the event that the estate created for the benefit of the said Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza had been a legal estate.

Thirteenth—It is my will that my wife, Catharine Molton, shall have the control of, possession and supervision of all my estate, both real and personal, until the same shall be distributed in the manner hereinbefore provided, at which time her control and supervision over that portion of my estate as may be set apart for my children shall cease, except in the case of my daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, and her control and supervision of the share herein provided for them shall only be in her character of trustee.

Fourteenth—It is my will that if my executors should deem it most conducive to the interest of my children, William, Charles, Robert, Thomas, Marshall, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza, to sell any portion of the lands or negroes herein specifically devised or bequeathed to them, under the power contained in this will, that they shall pay the proceeds of the sale of such lands and negroes, or hold the same in trust for the use of the particular child to whom said lands or negroes thus sold were specifically devised and bequeathed in the same manner as if the lands and negroes thus sold by them were to continue to be held by my executors without any change.

Fifteenth—It is my will that my wife, Catharine Molton, and my friend, John Henley, be executors of this my last will and testament.

In witness whereof I have on this the second day of November, A. D. 1844, set my hand and seal.

THOS. MOLTON (Seal)

Signed, sealed and published and declared by the above named Thomas Molton as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto on the day and year above written.

THOMAS WELSH,
HUGH W. HENRY,
ADLBERT G. ABERCROMBIE,
SOLOMON D. JONES.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

Whereas I, Thomas Molton, of the State and County aforesaid, on the second day of November, A. D. 1844, made my last will and testament in writing, and whereas a certain contract made between myself and one, Pleasant W. Spear, relative to certain lands, to-wit: the southeast quarter of Section number twenty-eight, Township number thirteen and Range number nineteen, the northeast quarter of Section number thirty-two in Township thirteen and Range nineteen, and the northwest quarter of Section thirty-three in Township thirteen and Range nineteen, has been rescinded; now I, the said Thomas Molton, by way of codicil to the said last will and testament, do give and bequeath unto Hugh W. Henry the said southeast quarter of Section number twenty-eight, Township thirteen and Range number nineteen, the northeast quarter of Section thirty-two in Township thirteen and Range nineteen and the northwest quarter of Section thirty-three in Township thirteen and Range nineteen, to have and to hold to the said Hugh W. Henry upon the express trust and confidence that the said Hugh W. Henry shall apply the rents and profits of said lands or the proceeds of the sale of said lands in the event the said Hugh W. Henry should deem it advisable to sell said lands, which he is hereby authorized to do at any time upon the request in writing of Narcissa Jane Henley, wife of John Henley, to the sole and separate use and benefit of Narcissa Jane Henley, wife of John Henley, during her natural life, free from the debts, contracts, engagements or liabilities of her husband, the said John Henley, or such husband as she may hereafter marry, and upon the death of the said Narcissa Jane Henley, to convey said lands, should they remain unsold at the death of the said Narcissa Jane Henley, to such childdren as the said Narcissa Jane Henley shall have living at her death. And in the event I should sell said lands, then I give and bequeath unto the said Hugh W. Henry whatever sum of money or other property I may receive for said lands, to be held upon the same uses, trusts and limitations and for the same purposes as said lands are to be held under this codicil in the event I should not sell said lands. And I, the said Thomas Molton, do hereby ratify and confirm my said last will and testament in all respects, save so far as any part thereof shall be revoked or altered by this present codicil.

Witness my hand and seal the twenty-third day of November, 1844.

THOS. MOLTON (Seal)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Thomas Molton as and for a codicil to his last will and testament and to be taken as a part thereof, in the presence of us whose names are herehunder subscribed as witnesses to the signing, sealing and publishing

of the same who signed said codicil as witnesses at the request of the said Thomas Molton in his presence and in the presence of each other this twenty-third day of November, 1844.

W. C. RICHARDSON,
SOLOMON D. JONES,
I. COLLIER FOSTER,
ALBERT G. ABERCROMBIE.

STATE OF ALABAMA,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

I hereby will and bequeath the further sum of Three Thousand Dollars to my beloved daughters, Julia Amanda, Catharine Ann and Sarah Eliza Molton.

Witness my hand and seal this twenty-third day of November, 1844.

THOS. MOLTON Seal).

Signed and sealed in the presence of the undersigned,
W. C. RICHARDSON,
SOLOMON D. JONES,
I. COLLIER FOSTER,
ALBERT G. ABERCROMBIE.

WILL OF ABRAHAM MOLTON

In the name of God, Amen. I, Abraham Molton, of the State of North Carolina and County of Duplin, being sick and weak of body, but sound of mind and perfect memory, blessed be God, do this twenty-third day of November, in the ninth year of the American and in the year of our Lord Christ One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-four, make and ordain this my last will and testament in the manner and form following:

1st. It is my will and desire that my beloved wife, Sarah Molton, do remain in quiet and peaceable possession of the one-third of my lands on Stewart's Creek and back branch, which I purchased from Felix Kenan, James Kenan and Joseph Williams, so as to include the house and plantation on the southwest side of back branch where I now live during her natural life.

2nd. I give and bequeath to my son, John Molton, that part of my land on Stewart's Creek beginning, running out with Thomas Johnston's line to his upper back corner, and from there a due west to the back line of my land and thence northward between the sd. back line and the creek as far as my land runs to him and his heirs forever.

3rd: I will and ordain that my son, Murael Molton, have a certain tract of land which I patented of two hundred acres joining Glisson's line and my own to the southwest of my plantation to him and his heirs forever.

4th: I will and ordain that the remainder of my land be equal-

ly divided in quantity and quality to the discretion of my executors so as to possess my son, Murael Molton, of the plantation and building west of back branch and the upper half of the plantation Est. of sd. branch to him and his heirs forever. And the remainder of the aforesaid devise to be my son, Abraham Molton's and his heirs forever.

5th: I give and bequeath to my son, John Molton, one negro boy called Ben to him and his heirs forever.

6th: I give and bequeath to my son, Abraham Molton, one negro boy named Ishmael, one negro boy named Jupiter and one negro boy named Pompey, one good feather bed and furniture and one horse called Driver, to him and his heirs forever.

7th: I give and bequeath to my son, Murael Molton, one negro named Harry, one negro boy named Cesar and one negro girl named Chloe with her increase before and after my sd. wife's death, one good feather bed and furniture, one young horse named Vortex and one other horse named Spider, to him and his heirs forever.

8th: I give and bequeath to my daughter, Patience C. Molton, one negro boy named Zach, one negro girl named Airy with her increase and one negro wench named Sall with her increase and one good bed and furniture and one mare called Juliet, to her and her heirs forever.

9th: I give and bequeath to my grandson, Abraham Hall, twenty pounds specie, to be applied by my executors for his schooling.

10th: I give and bequeath to my grandson, Molton Dickson, twenty pounds specie to be applied by my executors for his schooling.

11th: I give and bequeath to my grandson, James Hall, one negro boy named Peter, to him and his heirs forever.

12th: I give and bequeath to my daughter, Elizabeth, one negro girl named Rachel, to her and her heirs forever.

13th: I give and bequeath to my son-in-law, William Hall, five shillings Sterling.

14th: I give and bequeath to my son-in-law, Joseph Dickson, five shillings Sterling.

15th: I give and bequeath to my son-in-law, Jesse Peacock, five shillings Sterling.

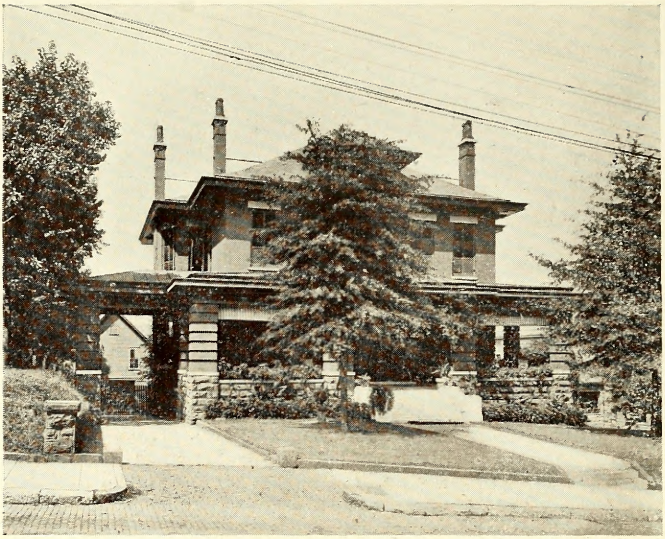
16th: I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Sarah Molton, my negro man Ishmael, my negro wench Pen with her increase to her only use to be disposed of as she may judge proper. Also my negro girl Chloe I will to her during her natural life and then to be the negro property of my son, Murael Molton.

17th: I will and ordain that all my just debts and funeral charges and other legacies that I have mentioned in this will be paid out of my estate not already willed, at the discretion of my executors.

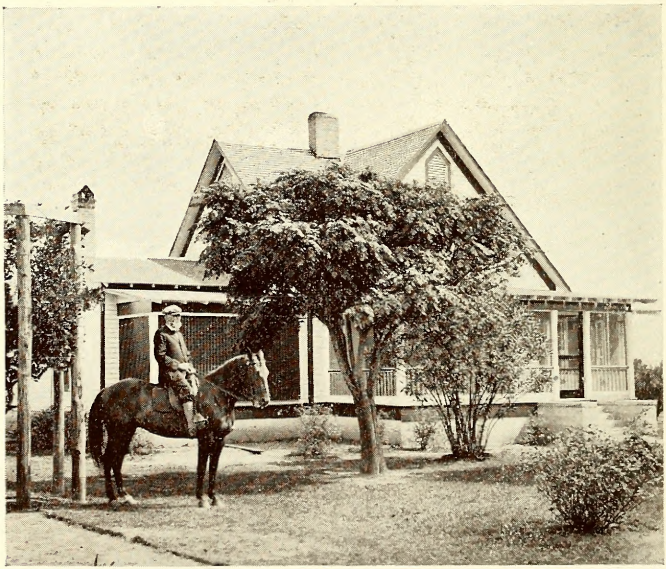
18th: I will and ordain that the remainder of my estate not already willed consisting of horses, cattle, hogs, household furniture,

Thomas H. Molton's Home, Idlewild, Birmingham

Left to Right—Albert Upmann, Ellen Linn Molton Upmann, T. H. Molton, Master Elliott T. Williams, Adele Tuttle Molton, Gertrude Molton Williams, Elliott T. Williams

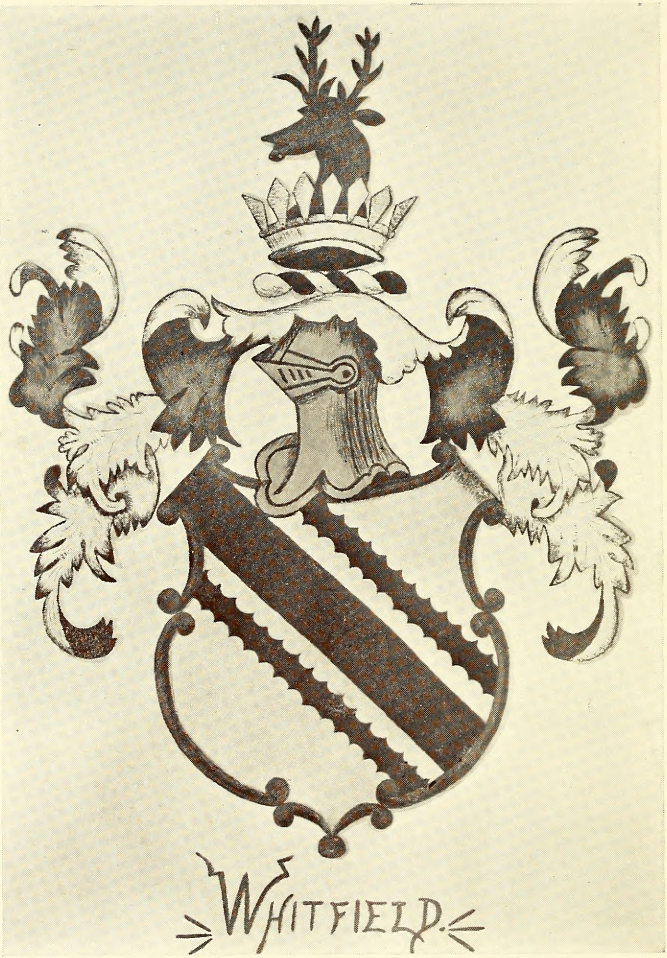


T. H. Molton's Home at 900 S. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.



T. H. Molton's Lone Pine Place, Fairhope, Ala.

Molton Hotel
Erected in 1914


WHITFIELD.

plantation tools and kitchen utensils be wholly and entirely the property of my wife, Sarah Molton, to be used and disposed of as she may judge most proper.

19th: Lastly I leave my beloved wife, Sarah Molton, executrix, and my trusty and worthy friends, James Kenan and Joseph Dickson, executors to this my last will and testament. In witness whereof the sd. Abraham Molton, the testator, hath hereunto set his hand and seal the date above written.

ABRAHAM MOLTON (Seal).

Signed, sealed, published and declared by Abraham Molton, the testator, in the presence of us who were present at the time of sealing and publishing the same.

JONATHAN THOMAS,
MARY QUINN (Her mark),
SALLY THOMAS.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
DUPLIN COUNTY.

January Term, 1791.

Then was the within will proved in open court by the oath of Jonathan Thomas, one of the subscribing witnesses to the said will. And at the same time a codicil to the will of the said Abraham Molton deceased, dated the 25th day of November, 1784, was proved in open court by the oath of Thomas Johnston and John Johnston, two of the subscribing witnesses thereto. And at the same time Joseph Dickson, one of the executors named in the said will, came before the court and qualified according to law, ordered that letters issue accordingly. TEST. W. DICKSON, C. C.

WILL OF ISAAC HUNTER

In the name of God, Amen.

I, Isaac Hunter, of the State of North Carolina, and County of Duplin, being in a declining state of health but of sound and perfect mind and memory, thanks be given to Almighty God for the same, do make and ordain this my last will and testament (revoking all others) in the manner and form following (that is to say) after my decease, I commend my soul into the hands of my Almighty God who gave it, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer that it will wing its way to the mansions of rest, and my body I request my beloved executor to bury in a decent and Christian manner.

Item 1st: It is my will and desire that out of the proceeds of the sale of such of my perishable property as in the discretion of my executor may be necessary to pay all my just debts, that the same be paid.

Item 2nd: It is my will and desire that my beloved wife, Pa-

tience Hunter, do have and enjoy the whole of my lands, together will all and singular the residue of my property (to do with as she shall see most proper to enable her to raise and support my dear children) during her natural life or widowhood.

Item 3rd: To my beloved son, Robert John Hunter, I give the whole of my lands, with all its improvements and advantages, not to be taken into possession by him until the death or intermarriage of his said mother, and in the event of her intermarriage I request that my said land be rented out annually until my said son, Robert John Hunter, shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, and out of the moneys thence arising it is my desire that all my children be properly educated to the proper fulfillment and due execution of this item, I most solemnly request the attention of my executors.

Item 4th: I give and bequeath to my youngest daughter, Priscilla Ann Hunter, one certain negro girl named Winny, aged six months, to her and her heirs forever.

Item 5th: All and every species of my property that may remain and that is not hereinbefore disposed of I give and bequeath to my two beloved daughters, Mary Eliza Hunter and Priscilla Ann Hunter, to be equally divided among them and enjoyed by them and their heirs forever. I hereby constitute and appoint my trusty and beloved friend, Andrew Hurst, sole executor to this my last will and testament, enjoining upon him the due execution thereof according to the most common acceptance and meaning of the words used therein. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal, publishing and declaring the same to be my last will and testament in the presence of my friends, the subscribing witnesses, the 12th day of October, Anno Dom. 1822. The word "property" in the fifteenth line from the beginning was interlined before the signing hereof.

ISAAC HUNTER (Seal).

Witnesses:
ROBT. WILLIAMS,
WILLIAM McCREADAY,
THOS. BRUKELL.

Duplin County, Octo. term, 1822.

Then was the within will brought into court and proved in due form of law by the oaths of Robt. Williams and Thos. H. Brukell? two of the subscribing witnesses, and at the same time Andrew Hurst, who was named as executor in said will, qualified accordingly. Tes. JAS. PEARSALL, Clk.

WILL OF THOMAS HOOKS

In the name of God, Amen. I, Thomas Hooks, of Duplin County, in the State of North Carolina, being now about seventy years of age, and finding myself fast declining in my bodily health

and afflicted with many of the infirmities incident to so advanced an age, but blessed with a retaining memory and reasonable consideration and reputation, and feeling a desire now to settle my temporal affairs and to make such distribution of my property (which God has blessed me with) amongst my family as now seems most just and agreeable to me, for which purpose I now make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner following, that is to say: First, it is my will and desire that all my just debts shall be paid out of such parts of my estate as may be sold for that and other necessary purposes, and such moneys as may be found remaining after my decease; secondly, I lend to my beloved wife, Susana Hooks, during her life the use and benefit of all that part of my plantation which lies between Bear Branch and Bear Swamp, including all my buildings, orchards, etc., with the privilege of cutting fire wood and other necessary timber for the use of said plantation off my part of my other lands where she may find it most convenient to her. I also lend to my said wife, Susana Hooks, my negroes, Sam and his wife, Betty and all her children, leaving it in her discretion to give up any of said negro children at any time she pleases to those of my children who may have a right by this will after her decease. I also lend to my said wife, Susana Hooks, during her life one yoke of work oxen (the youngest) and ox cart with six cows and calves, six ewes and lambs, four sows and pigs with all their increases, two feather beds and furniture (her choice), two iron pots, one skillet, a tea kettle, a frying pan, three pewter dishes, three basins, six plates, one chest, one case, and nine bottles, two stone jugs, one pair of cast andirons, her armed chair and three Windsor chairs and half of all my glass and earthen ware and knives and forks and spoons, and half of all my casks and coopers ware of every nature and kind whatsoever, to be sorted out for her use in such manner as she and my executors shall judge most necessary and proper. I also lend her during her life my sorrel horse and my mare, called the Ritter mare, and all my geese, and it is also my desire that any other articles which are not already herein named and lent which may be found of my estate after my decease, shall each in their kind be equally divided and one-half delivered to my said wife, Susana, for her use during her life. It is also my will that my executors after my decease shall lay off and deliver to my said wife, Susana Hooks, corn and other necessary provisions sufficient for herself and family and stock for one year.

Item—I give and bequeath to my son, David Hooks, all my lands which I now at this time possess, with all the improvements, etc. thereon (reserving to my wife, Susana Hooks, during her lifetime the plantation as above described), also my negro man, Sam, and my negro wench, Bett, after my said wife's decease, he paying into my estate fifty pounds current money to be disposed of as hereinafter directed. Also I give to my said son, David Hooks, one feather bed and furniture, four cows and calves, three ewes and

lambs, one negro wench named Lucy, one hand mill and one grind stone and all the remaining part of my plantation, tools of every kind which are not herein already given or lent to my said wife, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

Item—I hereby confirm to my daughter, Susana McGowen, one negro wench, Iin, and one negro girl, Candaw, both of which I heretofore gave and delivered to her. I also hereby confirm to my grandson, Thomas Jefferson McGowen, a negro girl child named Vina, which I heretofore gave and delivered to him.

Item—I give to my daughter, Polly Slocomb, my negro boy named Sam, to her and her heirs forever.

Item—I give to my daughter, Lavina Slocomb, my negro boy named Manuel, to her and her heirs forever, not to be sold from them.

Item—I give to my grandson, Thomas Watkins, my negro boy Daniel, to him and his heirs forever.

Item—I give to my son, Thomas Hooks, my negro man named Bob, to him and his heirs forever.

Item—I give to my son, William Hooks, one silver dollar.

Item—I give to my son, Charles Hooks, one silver dollar.

Item—I give to children of my son, Hillary Hooks, one silver dollar.

Item—I give to my daughter, Fanny Watkins, one dollar. And whereas I heretofore lent to my daughter, Fanny Watkins, my negro wench Milley, at the time of her marriage to James Watkins, and the said wench Milley having since increased several children, to-wit, Jack, Harriet, Spicey, Leah and Mary Ann, I now give and bequeath the said negro wench Milley and her said five children, with all her future increase, to the children of my said daughter, Fanny Watkins, to-wit, Needham and Thomas and James, together with such children as my said daughter Fanny may hereafter have, to them and their heirs equally and forever. The negro boy Daniel, herein already given to my grandson, Thomas Watkins, to be then considered in said division so as to make all of the children of my said daughter Fanny equal, and it is my will and desire that all the property herein lent to my wife, Susana Hooks, and not herein disposed of, and all other of my property which after her death may be found, shall be sold or otherwise divided at the discretion of my executors, and equally divided amongst all my children, to-wit, William Hooks, Hillary Hooks, Charles Hooks, Thomas Hooks, David Hooks, Lavina Slocomb, Polly Slocomb, Fanny Watkins and Susana McGowen, to them, their heirs or assigns. And lastly, I nominate, constitute and appoint my friend, William Dickson, and my son-in-law, Ezekial Slocomb, and my son, David Hooks, executors, to this my last will and testament, hereby revoking and utterly disannulling other will or wills by me heretofore made, declaring this and no other to be my last will and testament. THOS. HOOKS (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, published, pronounced and declared by the said Thomas Hooks to be his last will and testament in the presence of us this 7th day of November, 1801.

WILLIAM A. HOUSTON,
TEMPERANCE PENINGTON (Her mark),
WM. DICKSON.

A codicil to the above will, 13th January, 1803.

Whereas, since the above will was written, my negro wench Betty, has brought a girl child named Lucy, which is not bequeathed to any one of my children. It is my will that the said negro child, Lucy, after my wife's decease, shall be valued by my executors and by them delivered to any of my children who will choose to have her at such valuation, and the said valuation money to be equally divided amongst all my children above named.

THOS. HOOKS (Seal).

Test. CURTIS HOOKS,
Test. HILLARY HOOKS,
WM. DICKSON.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
DUPLIN COUNTY.

April term, 1803.

The within will was duly proved in court by the oath of William A. Houston, a subscribing witness thereto. And at the same time, Ezekial Slocomb and David Hooks, two of the executors named in the said will qualified as such according to law and letters were issued accordingly. Wist. WM. DICKSON, C. C.

Copy last will and testament of Thos. Hooks.

IN CONCLUSION

THERE are many incidents which I might add to what I have written, many things which different members of the family did or said. My recollection of my mother, who died when I was thirteen, is that she was a devoted wife and mother, a Christian woman who unselfishly gave her life to the care and training of her children, but I am constrained to write no more lest my story be too long for any one to read.

Approaching the end of time allotted to man, three score years and ten, I find myself living in the past. I remember many pleasures and much happiness, intermingled with sorrows, troubles and cares, but such is the life of most men, and I am thankful to God for all blessings bestowed by Him.

I make no pretense of being a Christian, although a church member from early manhood. I often bow my head in silent prayer and give thanks to Him "from Whom all blessings flow."

My gifted cousin, Rev. Robert M. Hunter, has written a poem which beautifully expresses the thoughts which naturally come to us when we are on the shady side of life. Bob and I were "chums" when children; we have not been thrown together very much since reaching man's estate. He is a Baptist minister, engaged in the work of trying to prepare men and women for the "Home beyond the skies."

THE HAPPY LAND OF LONG AGO

(Dedicated to Hon. T. H. Molton)

By Rev. R. M. Hunter

On mem'ries fadeless fields of glory,
Where lingering sunbeams glow,
I hear the song of love's sweet story,
In the happy land of long ago.

Like heaving waves on restless ocean;
Like salt sea tides that ebb and flow;
My heart still heaves in sad commotion,
In the happy land of long ago.

By mossy brooks and shady rills,
Sweet roses bloom and lilies grow,
And daisies kiss the emerald hills,
In the happy land of long ago.

I wander by the rippling stream,
And seek the grand old beech to show
Where once I carved my Mary's name,
In the happy land of long ago.

Sometimes I stroll at early morn,
Sometimes when evening's sun is low,
When stars shine out and day is gone,
In the happy land of long ago.

When winter's nights are clear and cold
And rocks and hills are robed in snow,
Then many tales of love are told,
In the happy land of long ago.

By crackling fires we sit till late,
And watch the burning embers glow,
And here the old folks tell our fate,
In the happy land of long ago.

The Yule log burns all red with flame,
While all the children want to know
Just where Old Santa got his name,
In the happy land of long ago.

With leaves so green and berries red,
The holly salutes the mistletoe;
Excuse the tears I often shed,
In the happy land of long ago.

As time moves on and onward ever,
As burning suns swing to and fro,
Forget the past my soul can never,
In the happy land of long ago.

Then and now embrace each other,
Arched by mem'ries golden bow,
Bending over Time's deep river,
In the happy land of long ago.

ADDENDUM

TO HISTORY OF MOLTON FAMILY AND KINSMEN

Written and Published by Thomas Hunter Molton in 1922

SINCE the publication of my book certain things have happened and some facts and information have come to my knowledge which prompts me to write briefly, and record the same.

On March 25, 1923, there was born to my daughter, Gertrude Molton Williams, a boy whom she named for his grandfather, Thomas Molton. This boy, now a little over two years of age, is a wonderfully fine child, large and splendidly formed. Gertrude's eldest boy, Elliott Tuttle, now four years old, is as perfect a boy, mentally and physically, as I have ever seen. They are both very bright and truly live wires. It is hard for Grandpa to keep up with them.

On February 14, 1923, my sweet sister, Annie Molton Smith, went out to see my daughter, Gertrude, who was then living in my old home in Highland Park. Late in the afternoon she got into an automobile to return to her home and when she stepped out on to the street another car ran by, struck her to the hard pavement, causing a fracture of the skull. No one present knew who she was, so she was carried to the South Highland Infiarmy where she expired in a very short time. Her husband, Charles J. Smith, died about three months ago after a prolonged illness.

In February, 1924, my brother, Charles Hooks Molton, was stricken with appoplexy. After a few days he regained the power of speech and was able to walk a little; however, on May 1st following, he had a second stroke and passed away in a few hours. I was then visiting in California.

On June 7, 1923, in Washington, D. C., there was born to my wife's daughter, Loula Williams Murphy, a fine boy, named for his father, Edward Lennon Murphy. He is a very fine specimen. And on August 24, 1925, came Catherine Adele, daughter of Ed and Loula Murphy, a fine 8½-pound girl.

MORE INFORMATION AS TO THE MOLTON ANCESTORS

MY FRIEND and Congressman, the Hon. George Huddleston, having read my book and becoming interested, found in the Congressional Library in Washington valuable data which proves that the Molton family were prominent English people several centuries ago. On his suggestion, I employed Mrs. Daisy C. Whitehead, a genealogist of Raleigh, N. C., to search the records and report to me as to the father of Abraham Molton, etc.

I now quote from a letter received from Congressman Huddleston as follows:

"I went over to the Library the other day and examined Hotten's List of Immigrants to America from 1600 to 1700. On page 135 it shows that Thomas Molton, age twenty, sailed for Virginia from the Port of London on October 13, 1635, and, on page 233, that he was present at a muster of Captain Roger Smith's Company 'Over ye Watter' at Captain Smith's plantation, 'James Citie,' Virginia, and was then twenty-five years of age. Also on page 174 that 'Thos. Moulston,' of whom I have previously written you, was living at 'James Citie' on February 16, 1623; also page 291 that 'John Moulton' on April 11, 1637, was examined at Ormsby, Norfolk. He, aged thirty-eight, and with his wife and children, Henry, Mary, Ann, Jane and Bridget, were about to pass into foreign ports, i.e. New England, to live.

"The Thomas Molton above referred to may have been your ancestor.

"Hotten's list covers only a limited fraction of immigrants who came into this country from England between 1600 and 1700. Many left the old world 'without notice.' This was particularly true of those who engaged in the civil wars about that time. Other records have been destroyed or no attempt has been made to keep them at certain ports, etc. Hotten's list probably does not mention one-fifth of those who came.

"I enclose a receipt from the Congressional Library for your book. They are always glad to get genealogies."

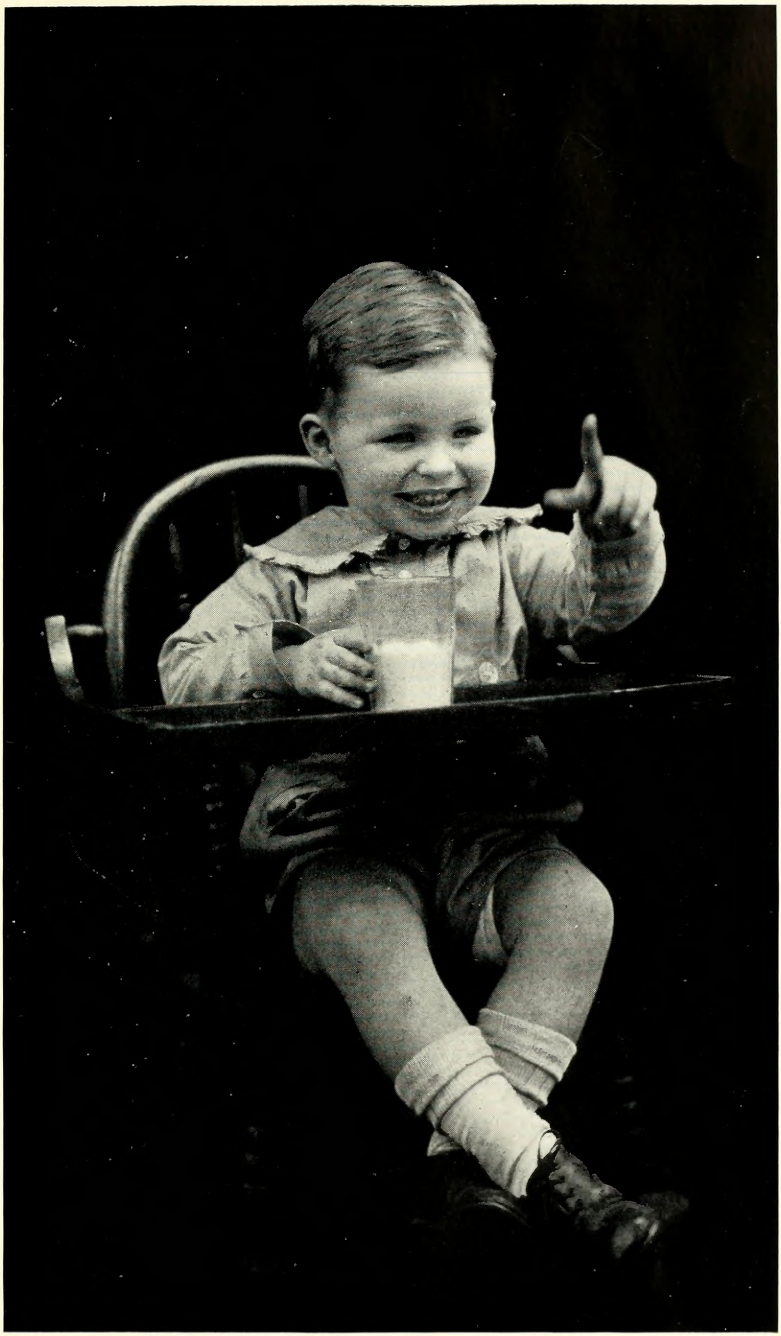
My friend Huddleston also writes as follows: "Many of the early settlers of North Carolina landed first in Virginia; some remained for a generation or two before going to North Carolina, others went directly. For this reason Virginia records will have some interest. Having this in mind, I consulted two Virginia authorities at the Library. Colonial Records of Virginia, 1619-1680 shows (page 42) in a list of persons living in 'James Citie' (Jamestown) on February 16, 1632, one 'Thos. Moulston.' This is probably a mere misspelling of Moulton. Greer's Early Virginia Immigrants, 1623 to 1666 (page 229), states that 'Jasper Molton' reached Virginia in 1637 and went to Accomac County, Virginia."

Mr. Huddleston further writes: "The Molton's are a very ancient English family. The original form of the name is 'de Molton,' later 'Multon.' Harrison's Surnames states that 'Molton' and 'Moulton' are merely varied spellings of the same name. It is also possible that Melton and Milton are variants. Molton is what is called an 'estate name.' There were no hereditary surnames in England prior to the Conquest (1066). During the next two hundred years they were gradually assumed by the nobles and land owners who took the names of their estates or their manors, borrowing the Norman 'de,' indicating 'of the estate.' The 'de' was usually dropped with the lapse of time and in this way estate names were formed. Surnames were not adopted by the commonality until from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth centuries. William the Conqueror confiscated all the lands of England and took title to himself, then distributed them among the lords and favorites who came with him. In a few instances he gave estates to local Saxon leaders, etc. In distributing the County of Norfolk, William retained the 'Manor of Moulton,' temporarily at least, for his own use. At the present time there are also villages called Moulton in Suffolk and Northhamptonshire which may have been estates originally. A further investigation would probably disclose the ancient origin of the Moltons and from which of the estates they came.

"Thomas de Multon of Gillesland (manor) lived in the time of King John (1199-1216), to whom he paid one thousand marks to be appointed guardian of the two daughters of Richard de Lucie, the deceased Baron of Egremont in Cumberland. Thomas died in 1271; he married de Lucie's widow by whom he had a son, Thomas, and who had a son, Thomas, who had a son, Thomas, who by summons between 1327-1337 was created Baron of Gillesland. He died leaving a daughter, Margaret, as sole heir, and the barony thereby lapsed. She married the Baron of Dacre and carried Gillesland into that family.

"The de Lucie daughters, wards of the original Thomas, married his two sons by a prior marriage, to-wit, Lambert, who married Annabelle, and Allan, who married Alice. Lambert had a son, Thomas, who took his mother's maiden name of de Lucie and founded the noble family of de Lucie, which ended with the daughter Maud, who married (1) the Earl of Angus, (2) the Earl of Northumberland and died without heirs, so that the estate passed to the Percy family.

"There is reason to believe that the Moltons originated in Yorkshire. Plantagenet-Harrison's History of Yorkshire, pp. 391-399, indicates as much and gives an interesting pedigree, which shows that Hervey, son of Ketel, founded the Abby of Egleston in time of Henry II (1154-1189), and was living in 1203 when he gave an estate to his son Alexander. The latter had a son,



EDWIN L. MURPHY, JR.

Thomas, who had a son, Thomas, called 'Lord of Molton' in Yorkshire, and died in 1240. He had a son, Thomas, who was 'Lord of Gillesland,' and died in 1271, leaving a son, Thomas, who had a son, Thomas, who died in 1291, leaving a son who was created a baron on August 26, 1307. This coincides with the pedigree of the Cumberland family."

Mrs. Whitehead reports as follows:

"Abstract of North Carolina Wills, Duplin County. Will of James Molton. Legatees: Mary Scott, Mary Carr, Frances and Jonathan Carr; Margaret and Frances James. 1761.

"John Molton. Legatees: Sons and daughters, Abram, Mary, Sarah, Elizabeth and Catherine Molton; Thomas Johnston. 1790.

"Abram Molton. Legatees: Sarah, John, Marshall, Abram, Dickson, Patience and Elizabeth Molton; Abraham and William Hall; James Hill; Jos. Dickson; Jesse Peacock. 1791.

"Marriage Bonds, Historical Commission, Raleigh, Duplin County. Thomas Molton (this was my grandfather) and Sarah Ward, August 31, 1812. John Dickson, Jr., Secretary.

"North Carolina Historical Commission. Wayne County Records, Vol. IX. Settlement of Estates—4. A true inventory of estate of John Molton, deceased, dated 22nd day of February, 1787. Signed by the widow, Millie Molton, administratrix, and Stephen Sesser, administrator."

Mrs. Whitehead reports quite a large number of real estate transactions showing conveyances to Abram Molton and John Molton, but I do not consider this worth publishing.

In my correspondence and further research, I find that in one of the Histories of Molton, in the Congressional Library, there is reference to the fact that Thomas de Molton was one of the barons who compelled King John to sign the Magna Charta..

In my book, I find that I failed to make mention of several kinsmen. I failed also to give some information of Charles Hooks and family. Charles Hooks was born in North Carolina, February 20, 1768; died October 18, 1843; buried in the Molton family burying grounds on the Molton plantation fourteen miles from Montgomery, now in Elmore County. His children were as follows: James, Thomas and Charles A.; by his second marriage, one son named Dixon; by his third marriage, Marshall H., Eliza Jane, Catherine Anne, Narcissa A., Amanda Anne (died in childhood), David I. and Sarah Amanda. In addition to his children mentioned in my book, his youngest daughter, Sarah Amanda, incorrectly given as Amanda Anne, born April 30, 1817, died January 24, 1854. She married George James Forrest and had children as follows: Anne Kate, married Rev. George Zabriskie Gray, an Episcopal clergyman, both now dead; Charles Robert Forrest, born January 28, 1843, married Harriet Chandler of Connecticut, October, 1868. They lived in Hartford, Conn., where I visited them some years ago; both have since died. They had five children, namely: George Chandler, Helen, Madeline, who married, first, Edward F. Burke, second, Henry S. Hooker of New York; Elsie and Virginia.

Dr. Molton Hooks Forrest, son of George James and Sarah Amanda Forrest, born January 18, 1849, married Emma Louisa Safford, March, 1872. Their children were Herbert Molton Forrest and Richard Earp Forrest, married Harriet L. Wright. Dr. Molton Hooks Forrest died very suddenly of angina pectoris in 1902.

To the union of Anne Kate Forrest and Rev. George Zabriskie Gray, married June 19, 1862, there were children as follows: Sarah Forrest Gray, born 1863; John Alexander Clinton, died in infancy; George Zabriskie, born October 11, 1873, died in 1895; Rev. Arthur Romeyn, born December 30, 1875, married Laura Ferguson of Birmingham, Alabama; Sarah Forrest Gray married George Zabriskie, a lawyer, in New York, June 14, 1889, and have children as follows: George Gray, born July 30, 1890; Helen Romeyn, born September 17, 1892, died in 1905; Reginals, born December 8, 1894, died in 1902; Alex-

JESSE CROOM HOME, IN GREENSBORO, ALABAMA
Where my parents were married December 14, 1847
(By error, this date is given on page 10 of the book as 1846)

ander Clinton, born January 21, 1898; Margaret Forrest, born July 13, 1901. The Zabriskies are strong Episcopalians and live in New York City. They have a beautiful summer home on Long Island where I visited them some years ago. One of their sons, Alexander Clinton, is an Episcopal minister.

David I. Hooks married and had two daughters, Anne and Kate. Anne married a Mr. Merriwether first, Bush second, and died in 1887. Kate married Renison first, Jordan second. Jordan after the death of his wife married his wife's niece, Mary Merriwether, and moved to Montgomery, Alabama. Anne Hooks by her second husband, Bush, had one son who lived in Texas when last heard from.

Since writing my book I have learned the names of the children of Cousin Catherine Campbell, daughter of Marshall Hooks. They are as follows: Richard, Tabitha, Marshall, Kate, Elizabeth, Sallie and James.

George James Forrest, who married Sarah Amanda Hooks, head of the Forrest family, was a merchant in Montgomery, Alabama, when he married the daughter of Col. Charles Hooks. The story goes that he failed in the mercantile business and moved to New Orleans, where he engaged in the cotton brokerage business with a partner named Frost. The firm was Frost & Forrest. He later moved to Shreveport, La., but made no progress there and then moved to New York where he was successful. He was one of the original group of men who organized a company to build the Metropolitan Street Car lines.

After all this investigation, I am unable to say with a degree of certainty who was the father of Abraham Molton, but am sure that his son John was the father of my grandfather, Major Thomas Molton. I am also quite sure that the family came from England and were prominent people several centuries ago.

I am greatly indebted to my friend, George Huddleston, for information found in the Congressional Library.

This book being largely personal, I include the fact that I am still living in Fairhope in peace and happiness with my second wife. Have had numerous house parties and visitors to while away the time. On July 4th of last year and again this year we had an old-fashioned Southern planters barbecue, cooked by an old darkie brought down for the purpose from Macon County. Had between forty and fifty relatives and friends to enjoy themselves.

Now, nearly seventy-two, I still engage in horseback riding and looking after my three places.

Fairhope, Alabama.
September, 1925.

North Carolina State Library
Raleigh

Elliott Tuttle Williams, Jr., and Thomas Molton Williams

Paste in Back of Book

Addendum No. 2

To Molton Family and Kinsmen

Since writing the addendum to my book, important events have occurred and more information in regard to the Hooks family has come to my knowledge, which prompts me to write again.

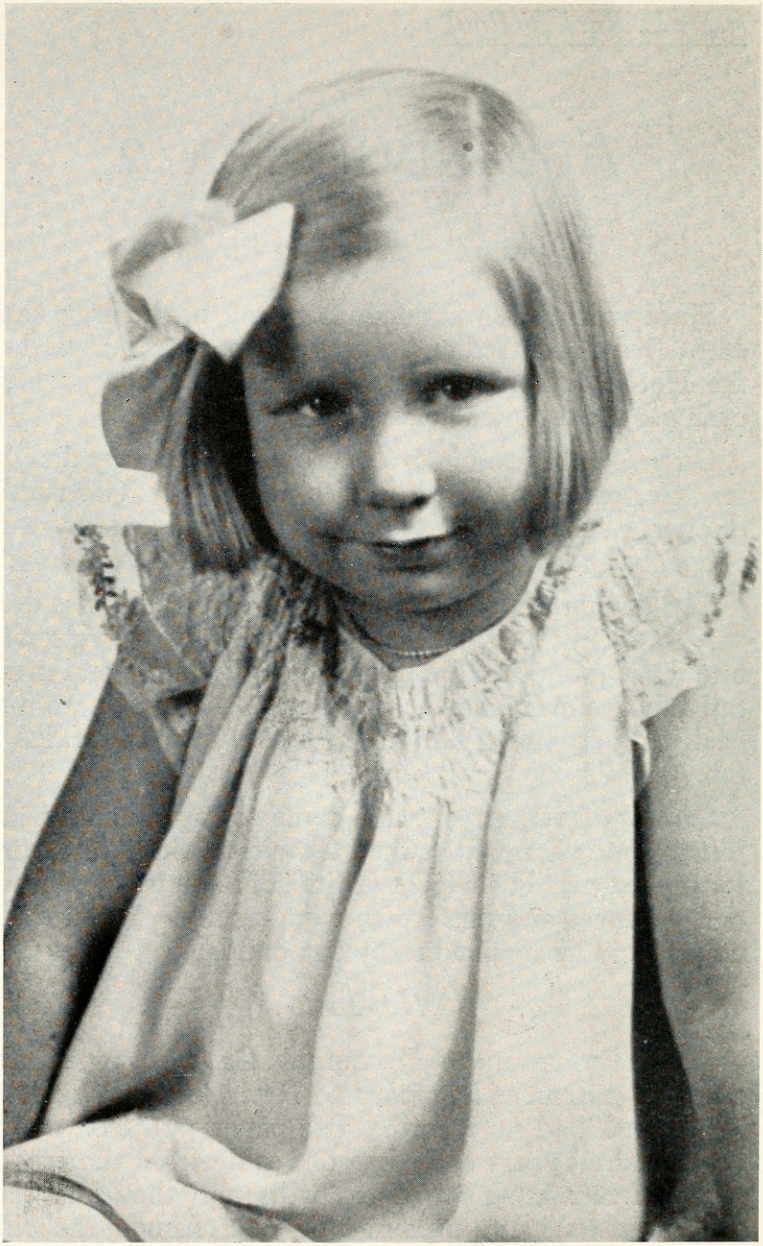
On September 29th, 1926, there was born to my daughter, Gertrude, a beautiful girl named for Gertrude's mother, Elizabeth Linn Williams. She is now four years of age, bright blue eyes, fair complexion and very smart.

My daughter's son, Thomas Molton Williams, died very suddenly on the first day of May, 1929. He was unquestionably the finest specimen physically and mentally I have ever known; a loving and affectionate disposition, very much like my own son, Thomas H. Molton, Jr.

On June 21st, 1930, there came to my daughter her fourth son, whom she named Charles Molton Williams, for my father. His weight at time of birth was 9 pounds and 3 ounces and has grown wonderfully. When three months old he weighed eighteen pounds.

Whitfield

About two years ago a Savannah, Ga., newspaper published a statement in regard to Rev. George Whitfield, of which I had no record. The paper said that about one hundred years ago some one stole from the record room in Savannah all of the wills and they had just been returned by an unknown person. Among the wills was the will of George Whitfield, which showed that



ELIZABETH LINN WILLIAMS—Age, four years.

he owned a cotton plantation near Savannah and forty slaves, each one of whom bore a Biblical name.

I think it was the Rev. George Whitfield, but having no positive evidence leave it for my readers to judge. The fact of naming his slaves with biblical names makes me feel certain that it was he.

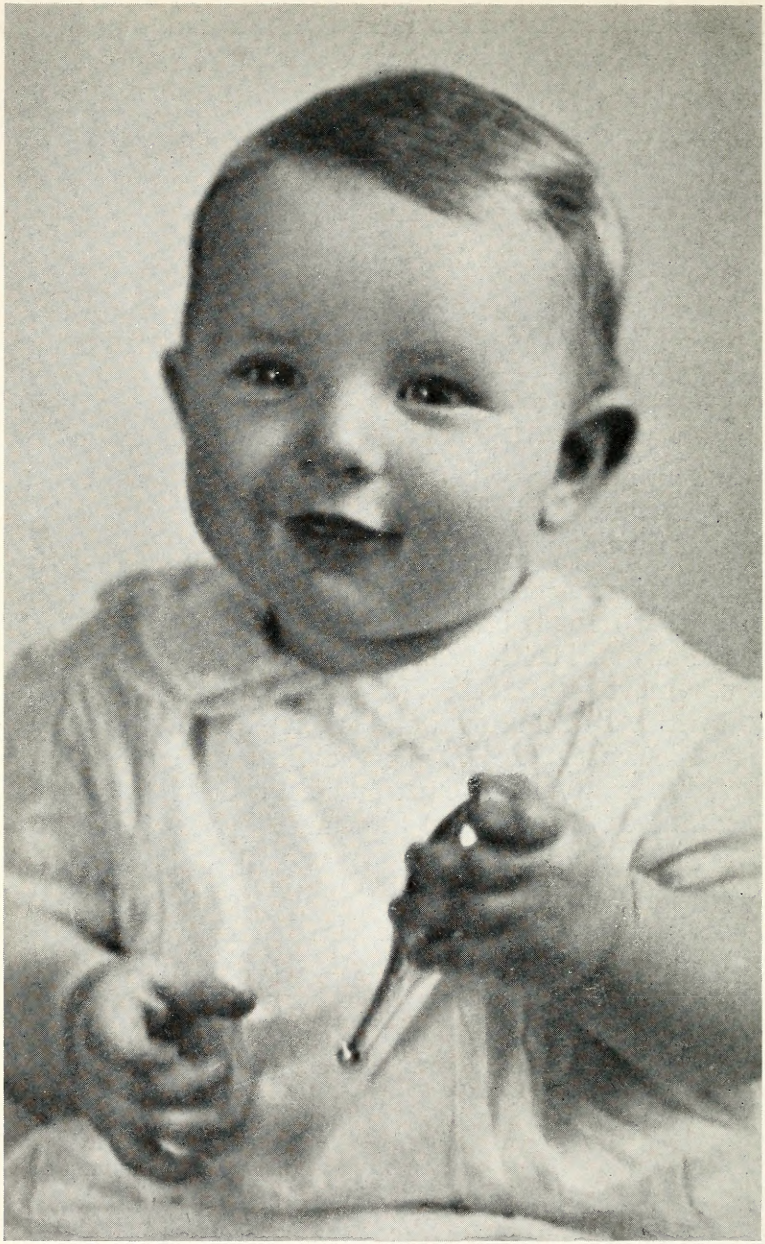
Slocum

About a year ago a Raleigh, N. C., newspaper contained an interesting story about Aunt Polly. It stated that after she was 75 years of age, she had cancer in one of her hands. Surgeons assembled to amputate the hand and had chloroform to administer. Aunt Polly told them not to give her chloroform but go ahead with the operation. She looked on and saw the operation without flinching.

The Government has acquired land at Moore's Creek where that famous battle was fought. The remains of Aunt Polly and her husband, Col. Ezekiel Slocum, have been removed from the old Slocum plantation three miles from Goldsborough and interred in the National Park at Moore's Creek; and the Government has had erected a monument to the memory of Col. Ezekiel Slocum and Mary (Polly) Slocum.

Hooks

As shown in my book, Charles Hooks was married three times. By his first wife, he had three sons, one named Charles A. Hooks, who I learn moved to Mobile and was in the drug business. He had two sons, Samuel and Charles A. F., and five daughters, Eliza, who married Edward Rew; Margaret, who married David Hooks; Laura, Mary and Cornelia. I knew the first two named—never knew the other three. Mary married Thomas Mason, who had a daughter, Josephine, who married John F. Wiatt. She is still living with her son, Henry F. Wiatt, at Chickasaw, near Mobile.



CHARLES MOLTON WILLIAMS—Age, seven months.

Two of Samuel Hooks' daughters are living in Mobile, Miss Mamie, now 72 years of age, and Mrs. John R. Cowley, living at Toulminville, a suburb of Mobile.

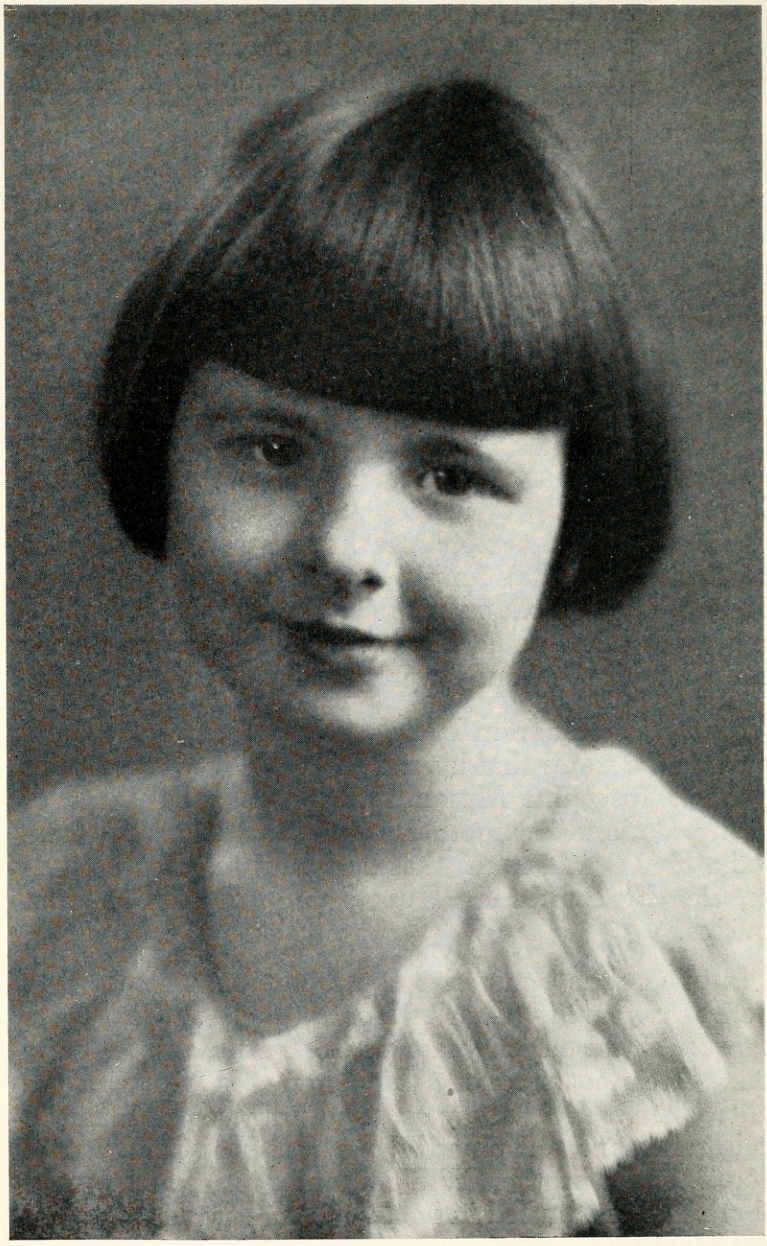
Charles A. F. Hooks is described as being less than five feet in height—broad shoulders and chest, very large head. He had two drug stores in Mobile, where he died not many years ago.

One of my friends in writing me about him, said he was very fond of dancing—a great chess and checker player, belonged to the voluntary fire department before there were any paid departments, and was a member of the Cleburne Rifles.

A few weeks ago, I received notice that Peter Forney Chapter D. A. R., of Montgomery, would at an early date place a bronze tablet on the grave of Col. Charles Hooks in the Molton family burying grounds on Laurel Hill, now Elmore County, Alabama, and wanted me to be present but I could not go. The tablet was placed and a few of the family were present at the ceremony.

I have a letter from Henry F. Wiatt, of recent date, in which he states that his mother, now over 80 years of age, was Josephine Mason, married John F. Wiatt, of Livingston, and her mother was a Whitfield, who married a Hooks. It seems that her sister married a Hunter, thereby connecting Hunter and Hooks as first cousins.

In one of the cemeteries in Mobile, on a tombstone, there is engraved, "Charles Hooks, died 1871, 89 years of age. Lived eleven years with his wife and had one son." I cannot reconcile this Charles Hooks with the other Charles Hooks, my great grandfather and his son and grand sons. Thomas Hooks, father of Col. Charles Hooks, had a brother, William, and I imagine that the Charles Hooks buried in Mobile Cemetery was a son of that Hooks.



CATHERINE ADELE MURPHY—Age, five years.

Thomas Hooks, whose will is printed in my book (page 140), had a large family and from him descended many children, grand-children, and great grand-children, scattered all over the South. All those with whom I have come in contact, were very respectable and some of them more or less distinguished in the different walks of life.

In addition to the Charles Hooks, who died in 1871, age 89, already referred to, I find, from the records of the Mobile Health Department, that there were buried in the Mobile cemeteries, the following:

Charles H. Hooks, age 28 years, died Jan. 10, 1891.
Laura Hooks, age 38 years, died Jan. 17, 1891.
S. W. D. Hooks, age 64 years, died Sept. 6, 1881.
Martha W. Hooks, age 26 years, died Jan. 26, 1884.
Sarah M. Hooks, age 27 years, died Aug. 25, 1879.
Catharine Hooks, age 51 years, died March 20, 1875.
Sally Hooks, age 10 years, died March 22, 1877.
Augustus F. Hooks, age 68 years, died March 3, 1914.
Margaret A. Hooks, age 7 months, died June 11, 1917.
Charles R. Hooks, Jr., age 1 year, died July 20, 1919.
Roy A. Hooks, Jr., infant, died Nov. 8, 1921.
Charles A. F. Hooks, age 76 years, died Dec. 7, 1926.
Ella K. P. Hooks, age 79 years, died April 26, 1927.

Professor James Coffee Harris, a descendant of Thomas Hooks, has claimed that the most distinguished members of the family inherited their brain power from Honorable Charles Hooks. But I would go back one generation to Thomas Hooks and his wife, Susanna, who had nine children, one of whom was Polly Slocum, quite as distinguished as her brother, Charles.

If we should consider the subject, we are compelled to give credit to this couple for being the forbears of many descendants. Had it not been for them, there would not have been the numerous ones who bore the name of Hooks, Slocum, McGowen, Watkins, Henley, Molton, Harris, Forrest, Ware, Campbell, Glover, Sis-

trunk, Jordan, Buhl, Rew and Smith. These and many others have this couple's blood coursing through their veins.

To this strong, healthy couple, hundreds of good children have been born and lived and they still live. It shows the importance of upright and virtuous living. More than half a dozen generations have passed and the same blood will be handed down for hundreds of years to come.

Two Bells

Since writing my first addendum, I learned that Mrs. Owen had in the Department of Archives and History in Montgomery a large bell used by John Edmondson in the Montgomery Tavern to ring up his boarders more than 100 years ago. As stated in my book, General La-Fayette stopped at the Tavern in April, 1825. John Edmondson's wife was the daughter of Col. Michael J. Molton. See in my book who he was.

The bell is too large to handle, so it must have been hung in something like a tower. The hotel was only one-half block from the court house, which was at that time at what is now known as Court Square, where there is now a large artesian well.

Still another very large bell now used as a fire alarm was given to the City of Montgomery by Charles Linn, father of my first wife. It is still in perfect condition and rings with a clear, loud tone.

Thomas H. Molton.

February, 1931.

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Molton, Thomas Hunter, 1853-
Molton family and kinsmen; Hooks, Hunter

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